



"ECHOES of the Past;" OR, The Recompense of Love!

THAT same night Sara stole into the house by the side entrance. Her dark face was hard and set, and her lips writhed as if she were muttering to herself. As she put aside the dark cloak which almost concealed her Oriental dress, her fleshless hands opened and shut spasmodically, as if she were in a state of suppressed fury and excitement, and for some minutes she paced up and down her room with the gait and the manner of a tigress. Then, as if with an effort, she regained her usual composure and, smoothing her white hair, she went to her mistress' room and knocked softly at the door. There was no answer and she opened the door as softly, but at the threshold she stopped with a startled exclamation, for Lady Edith was lying face downward on the couch, one arm pressed across her eyes, the other hanging limply down, with a letter crushed in her hand.

Sara locked the door swiftly and ran to her mistress. "Dearie, dearie!" she cried. "What is it, sun of my soul, what has happened? Speak to me, speak to your own Sara!" Lady Edith raised her head, her face was white save for patches of crimson, her eyes were glowing, burning, as if with fever.

"Where have you been?" she demanded hoarsely, her hand going to her throat as if she were choking. "I want you. I want you to laugh with me," she laughed discordantly. "This letter—look at it—read it! The vile thing! It is the second I have received. It is some enemy of his. I know that, and yet I am fool enough to be distressed, upset. Read it, Sara and tell me that I am a fool to take any notice of an anonymous letter!"

She still held the letter crushed in her hand, and Sara drew it away with gentle force and read it. Lady Edith was watching her with a greedy, devouring glance, expecting, hoping, to hear Sara's derisive laugh; but as she saw the woman's face grow white, her eyes flashed and her lips twisted with a hate that could not conceal itself, Lady Edith uttered a faint cry and she shrank back.

"Read it!" she commanded almost frantically. Sara moistened her parched lips and in a strained voice read:

"This is from one who knows Mr. Clive Harvey to be a hypocrite and a traitor and who thinks it right that the lady he has deceived should know it also. Let her ask him why he goes to a place called Benson's Rents, and what business he has with a young girl there. He has been acquainted with her for some time, intimately and clandestinely acquainted, and visits her frequently but cautiously. He was there to-day. Let Lady Edith, Chesterleigh make enquiries, secret enquiries, and she may escape the toils of this arch-traitor."

Sara read to the end; then raised her eyes and looked with an agony of supplication at the white, blotched face, as if she were appealing to her mistress' pride and spirit. Lady Edith met the gaze and shuddered.

"Is it true?" she demanded. "Speak, woman! Tell me the truth, the truth!" "It is true," said Sara. Lady Edith sprang to her feet, as if she had been struck, and every fiber of her being were in fierce revolt and resentment against the blow. Sara flung herself on her knees and wound her thin arms round Lady Edith's waist.

"It is true, it is true, dearie!" she cried in a kind of wail. "Light of my life, be calm! He is not worth a thought, a pang of yours. He is a liar, a hypocrite, and a traitor, as the wretch who wrote this says. It is the man Koshki. He and I have been watching, dogging Sahib Harvey. There is a girl—I have seen her. I went to her months ago and warned her, bade her cast him off."

Lady Edith writhed with humiliation; then grew rigid with rage. "You went to her—how dared you?" "Dared!" Sara laughed. "Is there anything I wouldn't dare to win happiness for my soul's love, my child! I thought it was all over between them. But no! He still cares for her; he meets her, goes to her."

"Who—who is she?" demanded Lady Edith, her bosom heaving. "She is called Mina," said Sara. "She is the singer girl—the girl at the concert who was struck dumb when she saw him among the people. As this man says, the sahib—the fool-beast—was with her to-day; I saw him." Her voice broke and she clung more tightly to the tense figure. "Dearie, you will cast him off, you will have done with him! He is not worthy that you should touch him with your finger-tips, not worthy that the glory of your eyes should rest upon him. Think no more of him, light of my soul, but spurn him from you. Let him go, let him go! He shall not go unpunished!"

"Unpunished!" broke from Lady Edith's white lips, and she laughed horribly. "Who shall punish him? He will not suffer. It is I, I only, who will suffer. He will marry this girl, this girl of the gutter in which she is so fond of dabbling. She is one of his 'people'. Pretty, I suppose?"

Sara's eyes fell and she ground her teeth. Lady Edith laughed again. "Yes; I know the type! And he can leave me for her! Leave me who loves him! Punished! Is there any punishment too bitter, too cruel for so vile a traitor? Yes; the word fits him. Oh, if I could only think of some way to strike him, to make him suffer a hundredth part of the agony he is causing me!"

Her voice choked and she became inarticulate, and she tore at the lace at her bosom as if she were stifling, as if her heart were bursting. Sara glided to her feet and drew the quivering form to the couch—her eyes were glittering, her thin lips twisting, her teeth clenched.

"Hush, dearie, hush!" she whispered, hissed rather. "Be at rest, my angel! Keep your soul calm. He shall not go unpunished, I, Sara, swear it!" Lady Edith tried to throw her off. "What can you do?" she demanded scornfully. "We are both helpless

and quickly disappears—catarrh of long standing is invariably cured because Catarrhoxone kills the germs that cause the trouble. As a cure for Asthma and a preventative of Grippe every doctor is delighted with Catarrhoxone. One eminent throat specialist says if Catarrhoxone is used two or three times each day you will never suffer from any disease of the head, throat, nose or lungs. This is good news to many of our readers who must require a safe, sure and permanent cure for their colds and winter ills. Every good druggist sells Catarrhoxone, large outfit \$1.00; small size 50c; trial size, 25c.

There is no cause for alarm, my dear Clive—she was taken ill last night. I sent for Sir Andrew as soon as I could this morning, and he said that she was suffering from some strain, that it was a kind of nervous collapse, and that she must remain quiet and see no one. He added that she ought to go out of town, up north somewhere, and Edith took it into her head to start for Scotland.

"To Scotland!" echoed Clive. "Do you mean that she has already gone?" "Yes," replied Lord Chesterleigh gravely. "She insisted upon going at once; she would not let me send for you or even let you know. I have just taken her to the station."

Clive rose and paced up and down, glancing with a troubled air at the mass of work on the table. "It is impossible for me to go to her," he said. "She knows that," Lord Chesterleigh said quickly, "and she does not wish you to. Don't be hurt, my dear boy. Sir Andrew thinks it would be better for her to be quite alone for a little while." He paused a moment. "You know Edith, Clive. She is—she is different to most women. I was going to say that she is peculiar, but that is not the word. You know how highly strung she is, how sensitive, and, for all her apparent calmness and self-possession, how easily and deeply she is moved. The strain at the election, poor Adolphus' sudden death, the postponement of the wedding—they have, to use a common but expressive phrase, got on her nerves. She has gone to our shooting-box—it is something more than a box—at Talymuir, and there she will be quiet, absolutely quiet, and well looked after."

How To Get Rid of a Bad Cough

A Home-Made Remedy that Will Do It Quickly, Cheap and Easily Made

If you have a bad cough or chest cold which refuses to yield to ordinary remedies, get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex (30 cents worth), pour into a 10-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking a teaspoonful every hour or two. In 24 hours your cough will be conquered or very nearly so. Even whooping cough is greatly relieved in this way.

The above mixture makes 16 ounces—a family supply—of the finest cough syrup that money could buy—at a cost of only 54 cents. Easily prepared in 5 minutes. Full directions with Pinex.

This Pinex and Sugar Syrup preparation takes right hold of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough in a way that is really remarkable. It also quickly heals the inflamed membranes which accompany a painful cough, and stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough. Excellent for bronchitis, spasmodic cough and winter coughs. Keeps perfectly and tastes good—children like it.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in quinine, which is so healing to the membranes.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex," do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

women and can do nothing but look on and smile at their happiness." "No, no!" crooned Sara. "Sara is not helpless. She comes of a different race to the mem-sahibs. They endure and bear and do nothing, but Sara's people take not a blow in such fashion. We strike back and strike quickly if the blow is for ourselves; how much more surely and quickly if it is given to the child of our bosom. Unpunished! We shall see! You shall see, dearie! And when the hour comes you shall say that the punishment is worthy of the evil he wrought. What! Sara stand by with folded hands and meekly bent head while her child, the life of her soul, is torn and lacerated!" Her eyes dilated, her white teeth gleamed, her whole aspect was that of a tigress thirsting for blood and already scenting it.

Lady Edith gripped her by the shoulders as she knelt, and, bending forward, looked into the dark, glowing eyes with an expression which reflected that in them. "Are you sure, are you sure?" she panted. "Can you—can you reach him—reach her?" She caught her breath. "Can you make him suffer—through her?"

Sara's distorted face twisted into a smile; she laughed, a low, harsh laugh and nodded two or three times with an expression of vindictive triumph. "Can I not, dearie!" she hissed. "You shall see. And seeing, you shall be satisfied. Yes; satisfied! Be calm, missie, possess your soul in patience. You will not have long to wait. Sara promises you that, Sara who nursed you on her bosom, Sara who knows how to strike when her beloved one is hurt and wounded to the heart!"

CHAPTER XXX. Clive did not go round to Grosvenor Square that night, for he felt that he could not meet Lady Edith and play his part in what had become a tragedy, with Mina's voice still ringing in his ears, the remembrance of her tears, the touch of her hand, so keen and vivid. He worked at his office up to a very late hour and, of course, got very little sleep during what remained of the night, or, rather, the early morning.

He was at his office again a little after ten, and looked so fagged and wan that his secretary was moved to remonstrate.

"You're rushing on to a breakdown, Mr. Harvey," he said. "I know the signs very well; I saw them in Mr. Mervyn."—"Mr. Mervyn was a former home secretary—he looked just as you look and he wouldn't listen to any of us when we warned him, but he had to cave in, he had a very bad time."

Clive laughed indifferently. "I'm stronger than I look, my dear fellow," he said, "but thank you all the same. I'll knock off for a bit when we get through this present batch of work."

The secretary had scarcely gone off with his pile of letters when Lord Chesterleigh was announced; and the moment he entered the room Clive saw that something was the matter. "Edith!" he said apprehensively. "Yes; it's Edith," responded Lord Chesterleigh. "She is not well—

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Girl's Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

This charming model has the front in attractive shag, forming a pointed extension over the belt. The collar is new and in Quaker style. The sleeve in wrist length is good for cool weather. The short sleeve is comfortable and attractive with its pretty shaped cuff. The style is good for gingham, galatea, percale, chambray, lawn, linen, serge, repp, poplin or cashmere. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3½ yards of 44 inch material for an 8 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1482—1433. WAIST—1482. SKIRT—1433.



A Practical Stylish Dress for Business, Morning or General Wear.

This design is made up from Ladies' Skirt Waist Pattern, 1482, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern, 1433. The Skirt is a six gore model and is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It is excellent for velvet, corduroy, serge, voile, poplin, cloth, linen or taffeta. The waist is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It will develop attractively in crepe, batiste, madras, voile, serge, flannel, taffeta, corduroy or velvet. Figured prunella in blue or brown, black or blue serge, with satin or velvet facings would make of this style a good suit for business wear. It requires 6 yards of double width material for a medium size. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

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and quickly disappears—catarrh of long standing is invariably cured because Catarrhoxone kills the germs that cause the trouble. As a cure for Asthma and a preventative of Grippe every doctor is delighted with Catarrhoxone. One eminent throat specialist says if Catarrhoxone is used two or three times each day you will never suffer from any disease of the head, throat, nose or lungs. This is good news to many of our readers who must require a safe, sure and permanent cure for their colds and winter ills. Every good druggist sells Catarrhoxone, large outfit \$1.00; small size 50c; trial size, 25c.

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