

The Web;

OR,
TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER X.

A Love Match.

Lady Ferndale took her to her own rooms, and began at once to make a daughter of her, insisting upon unfastening the long coils of red-brown hair with her own hands, and petting her to her heart's content.

The earl and countess were alone and all through dinner—which was less stately than the meal at Santeleigh Court, and not in the least formal—they vied with each other in making her feel at home.

Lord Ferndale had seen a deal of the world, both the great and the small, and he had set himself to amuse the beautiful girl with whom he and his wife had fallen in love at first sight, and presently Norah forgot that she had known them for only so short a time, and talked too.

Lord Ferndale glanced once or twice at his wife, and the glance said plainly:

"We have found a treasure; a young woman who is not only pretty, but clever and sensible."

"Now, while you are drinking your claret, Edward, Norah and I will have a quiet ramble; and if you are good, very good, we will give you some music when you come into the drawing-room."

"I will be virtuous personified," he responded, as he opened the door for them, "and mind, I only give you half an hour."

Lady Ferndale took Norah into some of the old, time-honored rooms, her arms round Norah's waist, and they sat under the flower beds in the delicious evening until Lord Ferndale came out of the drawing-room window and called to them.

"Time's up," he said, "and tea's waiting."

Just as if Norah were, indeed, a daughter of the house, Lady Ferndale drew her gently to the chair in front of the little table, and intimated that she was to preside over the delicate service of antique silver and Sevres; and Norah, filled with happiness and gratitude for the affection they were lavishing upon her, poured out Lord Ferndale's cup of tea and gave it to him with a smile and a blush.

CHAPTER XI.

The Accident.

THE footman, having brought in the tea equipage, had retired, and though the room was as superbly decorated and furnished as the drawing-room at the Court, it seemed almost as homely and simple as the little parlor at Cliff Cottage.

Listening to Lord Ferndale's cheerful unaffected talk, Norah thought wistfully how much nicer it would be

A Woman's Problem

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If her father were a little less stately and formal.

"You refused to sing for us the other night, Lady Norah," he said, with a pleasant smile.

"But I will sing now," she said, promptly, and she got up at once and went to the grand piano.

He was going to follow her and open it for her, but Lady Ferndale motioned to him to remain where he was, and Norah, without a trace of self-consciousness, and with only the desire to please these two loving souls who had made so much of her, sat down and sang the first thing that came into her head.

It is not at all probable that Norah would have made a fortune on the operatic stage, but she had a sweet voice that, though it had been carefully trained, was as natural as a bird's, and as it filled the room, softly lighted by the rose-shaded candles, Lord Ferndale looked at his wife with a mixture of surprise and admiration.

Lady Ferndale was delighted.

"What a dear, clever girl it is!" she

andly Ferndale seemed, as she held her in her arms and kissed her, as if she could scarcely bring herself to part with her, and the last Norah saw of them they were standing, arm-in-arm on the steps waving their hands to her.

Norah looked out at the night—the moon was rising, a great yellow orb, above the hills—her whole being thrilling like some sensitive musical instrument, her heart melting under the influence of the lovable couple she had just left. For a time she leaned back in the luxurious carriage, and recalled their kindness to her, and forgot all else; but suddenly, almost with a shock, she found that her thoughts had strayed, and that they wandered to some one else, and she found herself thinking of Cyril Burne!

It seemed ungrateful to bestow a single thought upon any one but these two, and she tried to drive him from her mind but looking out of the window, she saw that they were ascending the hill on the other side of which Lady Ferndale had stopped to speak to him, and back he came again.

Would he accept Lady Ferndale's invitation and leave Santeleigh? How quickly Lady Ferndale had taken to him. Yes, he was a gentleman, though he might only be an artist poor and unknown. If he left Santeleigh, she would, perhaps, never see him again! The thought seemed to drive all the happiness out of her heart, and she leaned back and drew the shawl round her as if the night had suddenly become cold.

The carriage had reached the top of the hill, and was going down on the other side, and she bent forward to look at the gate upon which Cyril Burne had been sitting, when she saw something white flit from a tree and cross the road. It was an owl, and its screech startled her a little.

It seemed to have startled the horses a great deal, for she felt the carriage swerve, come to a standstill for a second, then rush forward so sharply as to jerk her on to the front seat. With a smile, she picked herself up, but the smile vanished, and a vague alarm fell upon her as she saw the hedges and trees flying past the window at racing pace.

Has any one ever yet been able to describe all the phases by which an accident progresses to the final catastrophe?

Norah knew and realized nothing more until she experienced a jar, as if the wheels had caught upon something, and felt the carriage away and fall over; but as she fell with it, she was conscious of hearing, amid the stamping and snorting of the frightened horses and the voice of the coachman, the sound of another voice.

If she fainted, it must have been only for a moment or so, for without any appreciable interval she saw the uppermost door of the overturned carriage wrenched open, and felt a man's strong arm round her.

The next moment she was in the road, the arms still circling her, and looking up, she met Cyril Burne's eyes looking into hers with alarm and anxiety—and something else that even in that moment brought the blood mantling to her cheek.

"Are—are you hurt?" he said, or rather breathed, for his devouring anxiety made his voice almost inaudible.

She shook her head and tried to smile.

"No—no, I think not!" she replied, and her own voice was very low.

"Are you sure? Ah, you can't tell!" he exclaimed.

(To be continued.)

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1862—Linen, lawn, madras, batiste, crepe or silk could be used for this waist, while serge, gabardine, repp, corduroy, poplin, broadcloth and voile are nice for the skirt.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the waist, and 2 3/4 yards for the skirt, for a 16-year size.

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

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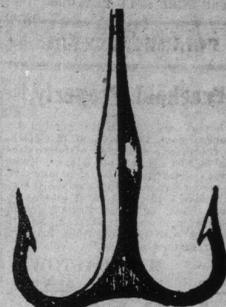


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THE RELIABLE

Randall Didn't Think Much of the Apollo Pate.



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"OH, YEAH, YOU'RE GETTING A PRETTY WAVE IN YOUR HAIR."

"NOT NOW."

"OH, IT MAY HAVE BEEN THE STYLE IN THE OLDEN DAYS, BUT—"

"I'm to witness it," said Lord Ferndale.

They both went to the carriage, and