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THE PANGS OF REMORSE —OR— A COMPLICATED TANGLE.

CHAPTER XVII.

"No, no, I will not have that," he said, with grave playfulness. "No pitying me, please, when you have endured such anguish. And I will tell you nothing until you have finished your story, so go on, my darling."

She then told him of the advent of the strange doctor.

He stopped her and looked thoughtful. "Describe him to me, dearest," he said. "His face and eyes, his very expression, if you can."

She did so, and he looked puzzled. "No," he mused, "I cannot recognize the picture. Go on, my darling."

Then, hesitating, she told of her illness, then, with tears, of the dreadful epidemic, the daily funerals, the perpetual mourning.

"At last she came to the scene in her own room, when, overhearing the doctor and Miss Lucas talking, she had incautiously shown them that she had unmasked them."

"They sprang on me," she said, "and forced me down, a handkerchief was pressed against my face and I remembered no more, until—"

Clarence rose to his feet, his face livid with passion.

"Oh, Heaven!" he cried, "grant me this prayer that I may live to punish them? Oh, what vengeance, mortal can take, will outweigh this crime? The brutes, the demons, to dare to lay a finger on you. Oh, my darling, my darling!"

With his revolver grasped in his hand he dropped at her feet, writhing in the tempest of his rage.

Lillian's alarm was great. "Not a word more! I will not tell you a word more if you are not calm," she said. "Oh, Clarence, if you love me—"

With an effort he restrained himself, and holding up his hand with a gesture that she might go on, sat like a statue gazing at the fire, but with quivering lips and a hand whose veins rose like knotted cords.

"The next thing I remember was waking, as it were, under a heavy covering, of waking and feeling that I was under something and that I

was in some vehicle. I lay still for some time, and then gained courage to cry out.

Clarence almost started to his feet again.

"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, "I heard you!"

"Heard me!" she repeated; "how could you?"

"No matter, darling, go on; I will tell my story presently and you will see."

"When I cried out, some one, I could not see whom, came and gave me some water. I would not drink it, I said, until they told me where my father was, and took me to him. The man in a gruff voice bade me be quiet, and told me that I was being taken to Sir Ralph Melville, if that was whom I meant, and advised me if I wished to see him to remain silent. Thinking it best to obey, for I felt that there had been some foul play, and that I was in some villain's power, I remained quiet, but feeling very ill and weary, tried to turn. To my horror, I found that I could not move a single limb."

"I think I must have fainted after that, for the next thing I remember is finding myself lying on that couch, with an old woman standing beside me. She gave me a glass of wine, forced it through my lips, and helped me to sit up. When I did so I saw—"

he calm, my own, be calm—that I was dressed in grave clothes, swathed like a corpse. Then as if with a flash of lightning, the truth burst upon me. They had drugged us both, papa and me, and passed us off for dead!

"I spoke to the woman, who commenced to release me from the dreadful things, but got no answer. I implored her to tell me where papa was, and offered her money—a hundred, a thousand pounds—if she would take me to him."

"Then when I had gone on for half an hour, and was crying till I thought my heart would break, she laughed, and pointed to her lips and ears. She meant that she was deaf and dumb!"

Clarence started.

"Deaf and dumb!" he repeated. "It is the same old woman. Go on, my darling!"

And he kissed her hand that trembled in his.

"For days and days I never saw anyone but her. I spent those days in walking up and down the room, in crying and praying."

"Sometimes, when I thought of papa and fancied that they might treat him cruelly, being a man, I feared I should go mad—don't groan so, darling, it is all over now, I know, for I feel, as if Heaven had whispered it, that you have been sent to save him and me. At last, after seven days, a man entered the room with the old woman. I knew him at a glance, although he was dressed so differently, and had light, golden hair, and was in the garb of a priest. Before he could get into the middle of the room I pointed my finger at him, and said:

"I know you, you bad man; you are Dr. Bromwell, and a scoundrel. Where is my father, Sir Ralph Melville?"

"He smiled, just as the false doctor had smiled at the Hall, and came forward with his hand stretched forth.

"Peace, my daughter!" he said; "cast for the the unclean spirit, I have brought two lowly women to administer to you."

"I laughed him to scorn, and told

him if he dared to come near me I would strike him with the chair, and, oh, Clarence, I think I should, for my despair gave me such strength that I had lifted it up above my head and stood ready to hurl it at him. Perhaps he knew I should, for he drew back and opening the door, said, to some one outside:

"Enter, sisters."

"And two nuns entered with a basket between them. Giving them some directions, he went away. I kept the chair near my hand and they waited until I was calmer and looked less angry, then came nearer and said that they were to make some clothes like theirs for me, and got out some materials. I asked them what for, and assured them I wouldn't wear them if they made them. They hushed me and soothed me like a child, and looked at each other significantly. They were very quiet, and by degrees, I learned from them that I was to be a nun, that my father was an old gentleman of great property and a Catholic, and that he had consigned me to the care of a Catholic priest to prepare me for a French nunnery, despairing to effect anything with my refractory temper himself. As I listened to the plausible tale my heart sank within me. I felt that if they succeeded in so carrying me from England I should never see papa again. I told them that the man who accompanied them was no Catholic priest, but a designing scoundrel."

"They smiled pityingly and looked shocked. They had been warned that I should talk wildly and tell falsehoods of the good father, and they worked on, taking no more notice of my ravings, as they called my tears and supplications, than they did of the dumb walls. They made the clothes and left them, telling me that I was to be conveyed to France in a few days' time."

"Since then I have seen nothing of the man, doctor or priest, or whatever he may be, and I have been expecting each day to be carried away."

Clarence rose softly and wound his arm round her waist. He could not trust himself to speak, and her sobs broke the silence.

It was marvelous how careful he was to avoid all mention of the scene attending his dismissal, and to speak of her father's name, when he had occasion, with a tone of deep affection and respect. But he avoided Sir Ralph's name as much as possible, for at every mention of it, Lillian's tears broke out afresh, and as concisely as he could, he went over the incidents with which the reader is already acquainted."

And then they fell to discussing this and discussing that point, Lillian telling of her suspicions of Kate Lucas being the female she had seen in the garden, talking with the false doctor, and Clarence dissecting the strange facts connected with the fortune supposed to have been left him, and his subsequent imprisonment.

(To be continued.)



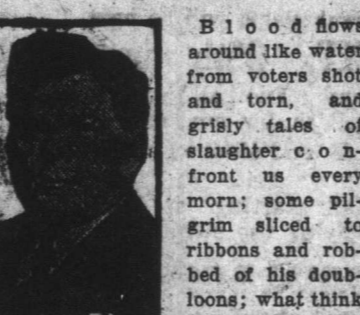
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DEPRAVITY.



DEPRAVITY.

Blow flows around like water from voters shot and torn, and grisly tales of slaughter confront us every morn; some pilgrim eloped to ribbon and robbed of his doobloons; what think the stately gibbons, what say the proud baboons? "The human tribes and nations are out with knives and guns; don't say that we're relations of such bloodthirsty ones. We monkeys in the jungle, whom you have doubtless met, may sometimes both and bungle the rules of etiquette. We have not all the graces that human people know, and on our mist faces unseemly whiskers grow. But we have rigid morals, though awkward be our port; we don't indulge in quarrels or murder just for sport. We strive to live together as friendly neighbors should, and you may tell us whether this rule of life is good. But oh, these human beings, they're always up in arms! We hear their hully-cheetings, excursions and alarms. They're shot and knited and wounded for any old excuse; the kangsters' warcy's sounded, and death has broken loose. The hosts of killers sally from every dark retreat, there's murder in the alley, there's slaughter in the street. They say we are related to raging beasts like these; by savants it's been stated till it's become a wheeze. We patiently meander along our destined way; we stand a lot of slander before we seek a fray. But when the yarn is bruted that we are big to men, denial must be tooted again and yet again. In highly moral fashion we always have behaved; we are not slaves to passion, and we are not depraved."

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NEWFOUNDLAND. NOTICE TO MARINERS No. 2—1925.

ASSIZES HARBOUR, Straits of Belle Isle.

Lat. 52° 17' 0" N.
Long. 55° 21' 30" W.

POSITION—On Copper Island, bearing from Caribou Head, South West by West half West—1 1/4 Miles.

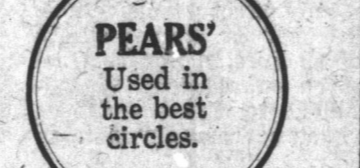
CHARACTER—A fixed WHITE light.

ELEVATION—Height of light from high water to focal plane—42 1/2 feet.

STRUCTURE—Square wooden building, Octagonal tower, painted WHITE.

REMARKS—This light will be put into operation August 15, 1925.

W. C. WINSOR,
Minister of Marine & Fisheries,
Dept. of Marine & Fisheries,
St. John's,
July 13, 1925.
July 25, 1925.



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Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.
THE BATTERED DREAM SHIP.
Oh, once I sent a ship to sea, and Hope was on her bow,
But Time has brought her back to me and Wisdom's painted bow;
Yes, Time has brought me many things, and some of them were good,
And some of them were failure's stings I little understood.

When Hope set forth the dream was fair, the sea was calm and blue,
I knew men met with storms out there and had to right them through;
But still I dreamed my ship would ride and weather every blow,
For hope sings many a truth aside which Wisdom comes to know.

The storms have come with bitter cold, I've prayed unto the Lord,
I've had false cargoes in the hold and had to right them through;
I've trimmed my sails to meet the gale, I've cut my journey short,
With battered hull and tattered sail at last I've come to port.

'Tis not enough to hope and dream for storms will surely rise,
However smooth the sea may seem, 'tis there disaster lies;
And I have learned, from time and stress, that those who ride the wave
And come at last to happiness, must suffer and be brave.

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Notice is hereby given that Frederick E. Perrot and Lester J. Rich, Proprietors of Letters Patent No. 648 for "New and Useful Improvements in and applicable to Multiplex Systems" is prepared to bring the said invention into operation in Newfoundland or to license the use of the same or to sell the same upon terms to be obtained from the undersigned.

Dated at St. John's this 21st day of July, 1925.

GIBBS & BARRON,
Solicitors for Patentees,
Bank of Montreal Bldg.,
St. John's.

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Dublin, Ont.—"I was weak and irregular, with pains and headaches, and could not sleep nights. I learned about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound by reading the letters in the newspapers, and tried it because I wanted to get better. I have got good results from it and I feel a lot stronger and am not troubled with such bad headaches as I used to be and am more regular. I am gaining in weight all the time and I tell my friends that kind of medicine I am taking. You may use my letter as a help to others."—Mrs. JAMES RACRO, Box 12, Dublin, Ontario.



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