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## The Rose and Lily Dagger

A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND  
WOMAN'S REVENGE

"No, he will not ask me again," she said, forcing her face self to tell him all that occurred on the bridge, when the marquis started to his feet.

"You don't mean to say that you were harsh to him, Elaine? Good heavens! Such an offer! Such a match! You needn't have offended him. I—his usual carefulness—I wouldn't have had it happen for the world. Look here, I'm going down to the club."

Elaine put out her hand, and laid it softly on his arm.

"Foga!"

He looked down at her with an evasive, troubled look on his handsome, selfish face.

"Foga, it would be no use. Do not, dear."

He colored.

"Don't do what? It's all very well, my dear, but I can't afford to lose a friend like Sherwin. Why? His face reddened—'he's been awfully useful to me.'"

She understood, and her hand dropped. Her face dropped too, and she hid the shame burning in it with her hands.

"Do not," she said again. "I would be no use. I—I could never, never marry him, dear."

But the marquis had gone, and she heard his step, unusually hurried and heavy, as he passed through the room to the hall.

CHAPTER IV.

The marquis remained for some minutes in the attitude in which Elaine had seen him, then, without a glance even to the hall, walked slowly toward the house.

The grounds were of extreme beauty, and as carefully kept up as if their lordly owner spent most of his time at the castle, dotted here and there by noble trees, under which the deer flitted like shadows.

Presently he passed round one of the benches in the winding path, and came in sight of the house, looming ghost-like against the background of elms and firs. As he did so, the slight figure of a woman came down the path, toward him. He did not see her, for he was walking along slowly and thoughtfully, his eyes bent on the ground, but she saw him, and quick as thought slipped aside into the shadows of the bushes.

She had a dark silk shawl or scarf thrown over her head, which, as the night was warm, must have been more for concealment than warmth, and from under the dark folds her face shone almost white. Her hair was red, and her eyes, as they watched the approaching marquis, with a keen, hungry look to themselves a greenish hue.

It was the young lady whom Bridget had declared she could not marry—Miss Inchley, the housekeeper's niece.

The marquis passed her unsuspectingly, and avoiding the front of the house—along which stretched a wide white terrace, broken in the center by the steps leading to the front hall—made his way to a small tower at the side. He stopped at a door wreathed in ivy, and taking a key from his pocket, unlocked it. If he had reached the door a minute or two earlier he would have met Miss Inchley emerging from it, notwithstanding that the entrance was supposed to be reserved exclusively for the marquis, who imagined that he alone held the key.

The base of the tower was not of great extent, and was unlighted; but the marquis was too familiar with the place to need a light, and, ascending a short flight of steps, passed into a semi-circular hall. It was not quite dark here, for a glimmer of light issued from an opening at the end of which was the great central hall; and the mar-

quis was proceeding thither, when a sudden soft breath of music came floating downwards, and filled the silence with a weird yet soothing harmony.

He stopped and listened with down-cast head for a minute, then turned to a rather narrow stairway—it was the private approach to the picture gallery, at the end of which were placed his own apartments—and went up it quietly.

As he did so the music sounded nearer. It proceeded from an organ under a large oriel window. The thick pile of the carpet which covered the floor of the gallery deadened the marquis' footsteps, and he went up to the organ, and stood leaning against it and looking down at the player.

He was a young man, with a thin, emaciated face, like his body, seemed worn by pain and suffering; but, pale and wan as it was, the face was beautiful in its expression of peaceful calm, as if patience had set her seal upon his brow, and smoothed with pitying hand the tender, quivering lips. His hair, black as night, fell back from the white forehead in thin long curls that swept the thin cheeks and increased the pallor of the face.

He made no sign of consciousness as the marquis approached, and the soft grey eyes which had been fixed upon the window did not turn or waver.

He had not heard the marquis, and he had not seen him, for he was blind.

The long, thin fingers touched the keys softly, caressingly, for a few minutes longer, and the music continued to float like a cloud of sound through the magnificent gallery; but presently the marquis sighed, and in an instant the supple fingers stiffened to motionlessness, and, without turning his head, the player said:

"Nairne."

It was only a single word, but the tone in which it was uttered spoke eloquently of the humility of love, the tenderness of sympathy.

"Yes, it's I, Luigi," said the marquis, "and yet I did not hear you come in." said the player in a slow, low voice, like that of one more accustomed to silence than speech. "It was only when I heard you speak."

"I didn't speak," said the marquis with a half smile.

"You signed," said the other quickly, "by sighing softly, and that is enough for me. Shall I leave you playing?"

"No," said the marquis; "go on. What is it?"

"A nothing," he said gently, and began to play again.

The marquis remained motionless for a minute or two, then he began to walk to and fro, and this time Luigi heard his steps, and stopped playing.

"What is the matter, Nairne?" he asked.

The marquis pulled up short beside him, and laughed grimly.

"Nothing more than usual," he said. "One of my black fits; that is all."

"That is all?" echoed Luigi, with a sort of leniency of the words rather than a sigh. "What is it? Can you tell me? Ah, I am always forgetting your bargain—my promise."

"Bargain? promise?" repeated the marquis.

The other nodded and pressed down a soft chord.

"Yes, you may have forgotten—it would be like you, Nairne—but I have not. I remember, always; and often the remembrance keeps me silent when I know by the tone of your voice that you are troubled. Why?"

—he went on slowly, lingeringly, as if he were communing with himself rather than addressing another—"as I was playing just now before you came in, I was thinking of that day you found me. I was seeing, plainer than I ever seen anything, or shall ever see anything—there was no complaint in his voice, but a quiet, serene patience and resignation—the dark and grimy room, and myself lying there, the most wretched thing in all that wretchedness. They said I

was ill of the fever, did they not, Nairne? None of us like to use the true word, starvation. It is such an ugly word, is it not? But it was that of which I was dying. And then you came, I heard your step on the stair, and I thought it was that of the landlord—the landlord who had given me notice that morning to pay my rent or—"

He stopped a moment, in which the marquis said quietly:

"That will do, Luigi."

But the other went on, still as if to himself:

"I think Death must have been sorely disappointed. It was such a near thing, was it not? But you are so strong, Nairne. Even Death must own itself vanquished by that iron will of yours, and you snatched me out of his clutches. I thought at the time that it was scarcely worth the trouble, should still think so, but that I hug the fancy to me that my poor music sometimes soothes you; and it is all I have, Nairne, what I can give you my gratitude and love for the man who saved my life, and—ah, yes, made it worth living. So you were not satisfied with snatching me from death. Most men would have been; but not you, not you, Nairne. You knew that even death would have been kinder than the existence I had been leading, and you made the life that had been a hell a paradise."

"But?" said the marquis. "I got an organist—a musician—on cheap and easy terms, you mean?"

Luigi smiled.

"Yes, that is the way you put it when the world asks you wonderingly why you hamper yourself with the poor blight of music, which should have been satisfied with being sent from starvation, and not repaid his benefactor, so poorly by hanging on to him for the rest of his life! That is the way you put it, is it not?"

And it is like you. And the world is deceived. Ah, Nairne, the world is blinder even than Luigi Zanti. Poor world!

He touched the keys, and flooded the gallery with a sound of gentle derision and pity.

"But the bargain—the promise," he went on. "You forget. It was that I should never trouble you. Whatever I heard, whatever I saw—with these fingers of mine, which seem to have eyes sometimes—I was to ask no questions. And so, I am sorry to say, I must be silent, Nairne; must be silent, though I'd give—"

He laughed softly, with self-scoff. "Why, what have I to give? My life? That is yours already! But I'd give it over and over again to lift you burden, whatever it may be, from those strong shoulders, from that kind heart of yours, Nairne."

The marquis looked down at the pale, upturned face with a frown.

"Luigi," he said, as if by some impulse, "did you ever see—"

He stopped.

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ped and bit his lip at his slip of the tongue; but the other said smiling:

"Go on; see what?"

"I meant that picture of Murillo's in the Vatican; I mean the girl with the lilies."

"I know," said the blind man softly. "They call it 'The Lily and the Lilies.'"

"Yes, that is it; and yet it's a bad name for it. There is so much of the rose and the passion flower in her. I saw her this evening, Luigi; here in the park. As she was looking at me, they look out of the picture; shy, yet brave, sweet eyes, with the innocent wonder of a girl, the half-conscious witchery of woman, in them."

"A young English girl?" said the blind man mutely. "So beautiful?"

The marquis laughed grimly.

"Beautiful? I hate the word. It means just nothing; a doll's face and a simper. I told you this girl. He stopped with compressed lips, as if he repented what he had said.

"And you saw her for the first time, and here?" said Luigi, with intense yet unobtrusive interest and eagerness. "And it is her beauty, her witchery, that makes you sad, is that so?" He smiled. "Perhaps it is the sadness that comes before joy; the sight that precludes the smile."

"Pretty, but vague," said the marquis grimly. "You mean—what do you mean?"

The blind man touched the keys caressingly, and a love lyric began to throb round Luigi about them.

"They say, Nairne," he said, "that for every soul born into the world, some other is sent to mate with it. Perhaps—don't be angry—you have met your other soul here, and tonight?"

The marquis frowned, and thrusting his hands into his pockets said sternly:

(To be Continued.)

Not in His Line.

"What is his status in this community, if I may ask?"

"He ain't got none that I ever heard on. He run a grocery for a while down to the Corners, but if he ever had any status there, 'twas kept out in sight where anybody could see it."

## SIGNS OF SPRING

It is a season When Most People Feel Miserable, Easily Tired and Fagged Out

The spring season affects the health of almost everyone—of course in different ways. With some it is a feeling of weakness after slight exertion; others are afflicted with pimples and skin eruptions. Fickle appetite, sallow cheeks and lackluster eyes are other signs that the blood is clogged with impurities and must have assistance to regain its health-giving properties.

This is the season above all others when everyone—young and old—needs a tonic to brace them up, and the best tonic medical science has discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills tone the nerves and fill the veins with new, pure, rich, red blood. That's why they give you a healthy appetite and cure all skin and nerve diseases—anaemia, blood diseases, erysipelas, rheumatism, neuralgia, palpitation of the heart, and a score of other troubles caused by bad blood and bad blood alone. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give you new blood, new life, new energy; you cannot do better than start taking them to-day.

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