

PAUL VANE'S WIFE

CHAPTER XXI.

Among the guests assembled in Forest Church to witness the marriage of Paul Vane and Loraine Lisle was Gordy Hall, his cold, crafty heart filled with the deepest hate as he watched from his secluded seat the triumph of Paul Vane, his hated rival.

For over a year Gordy Hall had hidden himself among the alluring scenes of the belle Paris, and one night, while seated at the green cloth in one of the gaming halls of that gay city, by a lucky turn of fickle Fortune's wheel he found himself a rich man.

His thoughts turned to America—to the lovely, cruel woman who had won his heart, and for whom he had ever since been in exile.

It had been the one redeeming trait of Gordon's Hall's life, this love for Loraine Lisle.

If she had not played with the man's heart as with a child's toy, and then cast it aside, bruised and bleeding, who knows but what Gordon Hall's life story might not have read differently.

As it was, the one impulse for good in his life was lost. Changed into a fiend by his disappointment, he flung himself recklessly into the whirlpool of life, seeking only to forget the fair, false coquette. In the words of the poet:

"And then I wandered forlorn,
To quell my spirit's wild unrest,
From place to place, a lonely one,
And rocked on ocean's heaving breast."

One day at the Cafe Auclair, while reading the "Galignani Messenger," he saw in the American Gossip column an announcement of Paul Vane's expected marriage with the heiress of Arcady, and a strong magnetic force drew him to the scene of action.

When Colonel Eugene Fairlie had fallen in that death-like swoon before he could utter a word to arrest the marriage, Gordy Hall looked at him with a bitter interest, supposing him to be, like himself, a victim to beautiful Loraine's treachery. A fierce sneer curled his lips, and as he saw Loraine advance bright as her diamonds as she leaned on her husband's arm, this man's heart gave a great, strangling throb of pain and rage, and, seizing his hat, he rushed abruptly from the church into the bright winter sunshine.

"Anywhere, anywhere, out of sight of her triumph!" he thought.

Unconsciously his feet strayed into the little path behind Forest Church leading into the woods, and in his despair at losing imperious Loraine, he wandered heedlessly on and on along the frozen path, crossing the narrow foot-bridge over the river; then, at last tired out and breathless, sat down to rest on the wooden bench beneath the window of the little red school-house.

Suddenly the moody man was startled by a low, deep groan, so near at hand that he sprang up in consternation. Again the groan broke the Christmas stillness, and he looked wildly about to locate the sound.

"It comes from within the little red school-house!" he muttered, peering through the window at last, and, with a gasp, he saw a man, with a low, guttural cry of surprise that was almost horror escape him. As he continued to stare into the room, his face blanched to an unearthly hue, he saw—

When Vivian Vane—poor, blind, unhappy girl—was left alone in the sleigh, a merciful oblivion came over the half-awakened brain. The long drive through the freezing air had chilled her delicate frame, until now a strange numbness overpowered her, and she slipped down among the heavy buffalo robes. The hoarse cry of the raven, as it flapped its dark wings close to his ear, startled the pony, and it dashed forward in mad haste, dragging the broken reins beneath its feet. Its rapid course lay along the river road, which it followed for some distance, suggesting the light of a lamp after it. Should it sever to the left the helplessness would be thrown into the wild, dashing stream twenty feet below. But no, it goes on. God's angels watch with pitying eyes over Vivian's fate. A little further on, at the fork of the road, runs into a deep snow-bank, overturning the sleigh and throwing Vivian to one side of the road. In falling she struck her head against some sharp substance, making a crimson wound in the white temples.

Alas! poor Vivian, as she lay lifeless and pale, with her sweet face upturned to the blue sky, had her pure soul climbed the rugged pathway to the stars!

How long Vivian lay there in the snow was never known. Billy Lester, a young country chap on his way to Lisle, came upon her, and, bending down with a cry of fear, gazed into her deathly white face.

Rubbing Vivian's face and hands with snow, he was rewarded by finding that she moaned feebly.

"She lives! I will place her inside the school-house and run for Dr. Beard!" exclaimed the frightened country rustic.

In a moment the slight, drooping figure was carried in his arms to the school-house and deposited on one of the wooden benches.

"She may wander away. I will lock the door." He did so, slipped the key in his pocket, and sped on to Lisle.

Gordy Hall stared with dilated eyes at Vivian, who had half risen from the bench and was staring wildly about her. The shock had done its work. The clouds had lifted from the shadowed brain, and, touched by the sweet mercy of our Father's hand, she lay before him—sane and seeing!

"Has the grave given up its dead!" he cried—and well he might say so. The lovely golden head was clothed with blood, the delicate cheeks were pale and ghastly. Gordy pressed his saturnine face against the pane, and his eyes gleamed with savage joy as it slowly dawned on his mind that Vivian was alive.

What a weapon was this to hold over the heads of Paul and Loraine! A sword of Damocles suspended by a single hair, that, if broken, would bend poor Loraine to the dust with shame. She was not the rectory's wife. Here before him lay the first wife, alive! Today's marriage was a sham. At last the fates were kind to Gordy Hall. Revenge was in his hand.

Gloatingly he ran over the situation, no—a brilliant thought: "I will return to the point of doing, else why her mysterious presence here. He would keep her secluded for a few days until Loraine's reputation would be lost, and then confront both his foes with the fatal truth.

"It was a cruel, wicked scheme, but I was not to blame when she sawed the seeds of hate that would reap for her so dreadful a harvest.

"I hold the trump card!" he cried, wickedly, and ran round to the school-room door. It opened to his touch. The lock had not fastened when Billy Lester turned the key. How he got her away to a place of concealment, what arguments he used, what promises to take her to her husband, are useless to repeat; but ere an hour had gone by Vivian Vane was in the toils of the spider's web. The spider had caught the pretty singing bird.

CHAPTER XXII.

That one, with a smile like the splendor Of the sun in the middle-day skies— That one with a spell that is tender— That one with a dream in her eyes, Cometh close in her rare Southern beauty.

Her languor, her indolent grace; And my soul turns its back to its duty, To live in the light of her face.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"I have triumphed," Loraine told herself, with a radiant smile. "He loves me now as madly as I love him. I have won him by the force of my own passion. Love has become to him, as to me, the mainspring of existence. I do not believe that he ever felt as much for Vivian as he does for me."

She gave a low and happy laugh at the thought, for she was thrilled, intoxicated at the thought of Paul Vane's adoration. Under the spell of her beauty and her love, wrapped in the delirium of her sensuous caresses, the man had indeed forgotten everything but her love. He was madly happy; Loraine had indeed triumphed over the spell of the siren.

"A worthless woman! Mere cold clay. As all false things are! But so fair She takes the breath of men away. Who gaze upon her unaware."

"You must live for me alone, my darling," the new wife said to him only a few days after their marriage, winding her white arms around her neck, and laying her cheek on his breast that she might look up at him with those glorious dark eyes swimming in tenderness. "We will go abroad as soon as Grand-mother Lisle is better. We will lead a life of pleasure among the glorious scenes of the old world. Do you not like that plan, dear?"

"But my church, sweet Loraine! You know they expect me to take charge of it. A pretty, mutinous light came into the dark, upraised eyes, and Loraine shook her head.

"Nonsense, Paul! You did not really expect to go back into the Church after we were married? Do you not know that I am very, very rich, and that I love the world and all its pleasures! With our wealth we can enjoy our life better than by staying on here at this stupid Lisle. Tell them you cannot go back to Forest Church—that you are going abroad with me."

"Let me forget her!" if Paul Vane said, with a manly pride, as he held the beautiful form close to his heart and rained kisses on the face so close to his lips.

"The rectory!" cried Loraine, in dismay. She looked at him with dilated eyes full of grief and reproach. "The rectory! Let me forget her!" if Paul Vane said, with a manly pride, as he held the beautiful form close to his heart and rained kisses on the face so close to his lips.

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AT R. McKAY & CO'S., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6th, 1908

A Rousing List of THURSDAY BARGAINS



Great Clearing Sale of LACES A Whirlwind of Reductions in GLOVES Special Sale of HOUSEFURNISHINGS February Sale of MANTLES AND FURS And 3rd day of HOUSEKEEPERS' LINEN SALE Manufacturers' Mill Seconds 1-3 off Regular Prices STUDY THESE PRICES and descriptions and see if you don't find them unusually interesting.

Sale of Housefurnishings Bedroom and Dining-room Screens at greatly reduced prices; 3-fold Screens, finished in golden oak and filled with artistic designs, in silkolines, variety of colors, regular \$1.65, Thursday \$1.15 Regular \$4.50 4-Fold Screens, filled with silkolines, Thursday \$3.48 Regular \$7.50 3-Fold Weather Oak and Grill Tops, Thursday \$5.58 Many other makes and styles at special prices for Thursday. Window Shades, white, green or cream, mounted on durable rollers, complete with brackets, nails and ring pull, regular price 45c, Thursday \$32c White Opaque Shades, 36 x 72 inches, trimmed with dainty white Irish point insertion, 32 inches wide, complete with brackets and pull, regular price 95c, Thursday \$75c Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3 x 36 yard long, finished with bordered top, very pretty patterns, regular price \$1.25, Thursday 89c Shades made to order, any color or size, on short notice; prices most reasonable.

First Showing of RAW SILKS Rough weaves in Silks will enjoy a stronger vogue this coming spring and summer than has ever been known. Our first showing of these compresses all new and wantable colors, and guaranteed French dyed, 27 inches in width and on special showing at \$1.70 yard

Specials in Linen Suiting & Lawns For Thursday Linen Suiting 25c Sky and Tan Mercerized Linen Suiting, full width, fast color, regular 40c, special value 25c

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\$3 Jumpers at \$1.19 Brown and navy Taffeta Silk Jumpers, nicely made and trimmed with ribbon ruching, worth regular \$3.00, to clear Thursday at \$1.19

\$1.75 Shawls at 79c White Ice Wool Shawls, assorted sizes, worth regular \$1.75, Thursday's sale price 79c

Thursday Specials in Hose and Underwear Vests 47c Ladies' Half Wool Vests, white or natural, long sleeves, with buttoned fronts, 65c value, special sale price 47c each

Children's Hose 15c Pair Children's Merino Hose, all sizes, seamless feet, with spliced toes and heels, nice fine quality for girls. Regular 25c pair, special sale price 15c pair

Plauen, Oriental and Guipure Laces 25c yd. 75 pieces of Plauen, Oriental and Guipure Laces, in white, cream, eoru, Paris, some straight bands and sectional designs, 1 to 4 inches wide, worth up to \$1, on sale for 25c yard

Great Clearing Sale in Laces Valenciennes Laces 25c per dozen yds. 300 dozen of dainty French Val. Laces, 1/2 to 1 1/2 inch wide in exclusive designs, also insertions to match, worth up to 4 and 5c yard, on sale 25c dozen yards

Fine French and German Valenciennes Laces 5c yd. Broken Sets in fine French Val. Laces, 1/2 to 1 1/2 inch wide, in dainty patterns, also insertions, worth up to 12 1/2c yard, on sale 5c yard Nottingham Laces 8c yd. 3,000 yards of fine round thread Val. Laces, 2 to 6 inches wide in pretty floral designs, also dainty Torsion Pillow Laces, 1 to 4 inches wide, regular 12 1/2c and 10c yard, on sale 8c yd.

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STEAMSHIPS DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS FROM PORTLAND. Welshman Jan. 25 Cornishman Feb. 15 Ottoman Feb. 1 Dominion Feb. 22 Canada Feb. 8 Welshman Feb. 29

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YEAST IS A PLANT. Can Be Seen as Such Only With the Microscope. Yeast is a small plant which can be seen only with the aid of the microscope, says a Good Health. There are two varieties, wild and cultivated, for these tiny plants can be improved through cultivation as large plants can be.

Found in Connection With Coal in Many Parts of World. In several parts of the world a resinous substance called ozocerite, and being considerable resemblance to beeswax, is found, usually in connection with rock salt and coal.

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE From October to May, Colds are the most frequent cause of headache. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes cause. E. W. Grove on box 25c.

Workers on the Ice Can find suitable clothing at prices that are amazing. Lined leather mits, 25c; heavy sweaters, rubber shoes and boots, reefers, extra heavy Sox, fur lined caps, etc. We must sell. M. Kennedy, 240 James street north.

Wireless From Balloons. The Italian Government are carrying out experiments by means of wireless telegraphy instruments in war balloons. The weight of the receiving transmitting apparatus is just under one and half hundred weight, and allows messages to be sent 60 miles.

Tariff revision will be undertaken by the United States Congress next year. A commission in lunacy may be appointed to inquire into the sanity of Robert C. Caldwell, who is being held for perjury in the Duces case.

MAN BADLY FROZEN. Former Railway Clerk at Niagara Falls Will Lose Hand. Niagara Falls, Ont., Feb. 4.—About 5 o'clock this morning John Pope, an ex-railway freight clerk, wandered into the M. C. R. station on Queen street in a stupefied condition, with both hands badly frozen. He was handed over to the police and was taken to the hospital. What he was doing out at this hour with the thermometer at five degrees below, no one knows.

INDIAN BOYS KILLED. Victims of Middlemiss Tragedy From the Grand River Reserve. Glencoe, Feb. 4.—It is now believed that the terribly mutilated bodies found on the Wabash tracks near Middlemiss a week ago were those of two Indian boys. Mr. McGugan, of Talbotville, now says two Indian boys stayed at his place about ten days ago. One was aged thirteen and the other fourteen, and gave their names as Reuben Lewis and Willie Jacobs, and said they came from the Branford reserve. Mr. McGugan describes the clothing worn by the boys most minutely. He says that they wore sweaters, and mentions a safety pin cap by one of the boys to pin up his cap.

INSULTING LANGUAGE. Allen Huber, Majority Candidate in Berlin, on Suspended Sentence. Berlin, Feb. 4.—At the Police Court this morning Magistrate Weir found Allen Huber, the defeated Majority candidate, who was instrumental in causing a new election in Berlin, guilty of using grossly insulting language respecting George Rumpel, a member of the Water Commission, at the nomination meeting. Huber was allowed to go on suspended sentence.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of