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### A Heavy Cost!

CHAPTER XXXIII.  
A RAY OF HOPE.

"Feels disgusted with the poor compliment she pays his skill, perhaps," Charley replies. "It strikes me you are a terribly unsatisfactory sort of patient, Addie," he adds. "I'd wash my hands of you entirely if I were Fuller! You can't have much regard for the doctor, or you would try to do him credit by getting back your roses."

"I do my best," she replies, with a weary little effort at cheerfulness that is more pitiful than complaints, "and which of us can do more?"

"Do you know, Lesley, I have lost all faith in Doctor Fuller!" Charley remarks, a few minutes later, as he follows me to the open window, through which the dismal strains of a German band come floating in from the street below. "Why does not Leonard assert his authority, and call in some higher authority—some eminent physician, you know?"

"She will not hear of it! Addie's faith in Doctor Fuller is perfect. Besides, she will not own that she is really ill," I reply.

"But she is ill!" he returns, with a pitiful glance at the pale face and shadowy figure in the little, lounging chair at the opposite end of the room. "Very ill, I am afraid. It makes my heart ache to see her wasting away, day after day, in that sad, uncomplaining way, before our eyes! In my opinion it is high time something was done! I don't believe that Doctor Fuller is able to cure her!"

"He cannot do impossibilities," I reply, standing up for the doctor's skill, as usual. "He would not be drugging away in an obscure part of London, examining people's tongues and dispensing medicine, if he could. Oh, Charley, you don't know, you don't understand!" I sigh. "I am afraid that Adelaide's is a complaint for which neither Doctor Fuller nor any one else can do much!"

"I don't say so to Charley, but all as she looks, I know that Adelaide is not so much ill as miserable, and sick at heart. But, alas! what can I do? What can any one do for her? I wonder, as Charley's words come back to me again and again with a miserable, haunting conviction that he is right. It is high time that something was done, I decide, with the feeling that this secret of Addie's is becoming too heavy a burden for my strength to support. I cannot bear the weight of the responsibility any longer alone, and yet, in whom can I confide? To whom can I speak? Not to Leonard! I am afraid, if he knew the truth, his anger against Mr. Warden might take a too demonstrative turn should they ever meet; and for such the same reason I dare not confide in Charley Denton; and, with the thought, the memory comes to me of Doctor Fuller.

What if I were to see the doctor, and tell him all? The secret would be safe enough with the owner of that intensely grave face that never fails to impress me with such a strong, deep sense of power and sympathy. Would it help him in his treatment of his patient at all if he knew the truth? Would it assist him to a better understanding of the case that has hitherto so effectively baffled his skill? I wonder, with a strong presentiment that it would—a deep, abiding conviction that, if any one can save my sister, Doctor Fuller is the man.

So far, whatever his suspicious con-

cerning the cause of her illness may have been, he has been working in the dark. But before I close my eyes to sleep this night my mind is made up. Whatever comes of it—and, alas, how little I dream of what is to come of it—Doctor Fuller shall know the truth.

It can do no harm, if it does no good, to confide my troubles to him; and the next day, without a word to any one, I attire myself in a quiet walking dress, and, by the aid of an omnibus, make the best of my way toward that part of London in which the doctor's house is situated.

A locality I have never seen since my return from Deepdene. And, as I open the gate of the trim little garden, and walk up to the door with the familiar name, "Doctor Robert Fuller," on the plate, something in the dull, little suburban street strikes me as a shade or two more shabby and dusty than I ever thought of before.

CHAPTER XXXIV.  
THE RAY BRIGHTENS.

THE doctor is not at home when I arrive; but a servant, unmistakably of the genus "general," informs me that he will soon be in; and, on receiving my announcement that I will wait, ushers me into an apartment that evidently serves the double purpose of parlor and consulting room, and asks my name.

"It does not matter; tell him a lady, who desires to see him as soon as he returns," I reply, and the next moment I am alone in the sad, grave man, whose fate is destined to become so tragically interwoven with our own!

Somehow the mere thought of con-

firming my troubles, to Doctor Fuller gives me a comforting sense of rest and help; and with a sigh of relief I sink into a chair and glance around the plain, unpretentious little room, with its homely carpet and curtains long since worn into the neutral tints of decay; at the albums and card baskets arranged with mathematical precision on the table; at the old-fashioned bookcases, with their long rows of medical treatises, all carefully polished and furnished to a condition of absolute brightness and neatness, that yet cannot conceal the brand of genteel poverty stamped plain and unmistakably upon everything; and my heart aches for the lonely man, the story of whose noble life of patient struggle and unselfish devotion it tells so plainly.

I do not wait long. There is the sound of a key in the latch, a step in the tiny hall, and the doctor, looking tired and care-encumbered, poor fellow! coming in from the druggery of his rounds, is standing before me.

"You will be surprised to see me here, Doctor Fuller," I begin, as he shakes hands with a puzzled look. "I have come to you to-day as I came to you that first time we ever met, in great trouble—in sore need of your kind aid—will you help me?"

"If I can," he replies, "But what has happened, Miss Kendrick? Is it for yourself you need assistance?"

"No," I return. "It is about Adelaide I have come to speak. She is very ill, I know. Will you tell me, Doctor Fuller, exactly what you think of her? Is there any hope?"

"There is always hope while there is life," he replies, looking down at me from his grand height, with evident reluctance to discuss the subject. "I wish I could do more for her," he adds; "but there are some diseases that are beyond the power of medicine to touch. That sweet, oblivious antidote that can pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, and raze out the written troubles of the brain," as one of the deepest students of human nature expresses it, has never yet been discovered. My impression of your sister's case is, and has been from the first, that it is more a mental than physical trouble."

"You are right, Doctor Fuller," I reply. "Adelaide has had a great sorrow that has broken her heart—that is, if hearts ever do break in these prosaic, matter-of-fact days—and I suppose they do, though we do not always die of the hurt. I alone know what this sorrow is, and I feel I can bear the responsibility of the secret to the last."

"And this degraded wife of Warden's still lives?" he asks, as I come at last to a pause. "What became of her after her liberation from prison?"

"Ah, Doctor Fuller, that is the strangest part of the story! You remember the mad woman at Ivy Cottage?" I reply, with a questioning gaze. "The reputed Mrs. Lennox is Ernest Warden's wife!"

"What!" he gasps, every particle of color going out of his face, leaving him white to the lips. "What is this you are telling me?" he asks, his whole form shaken with emotion. "There is some curious mistake in all this—there must be!"

"Unfortunately, there is no possibility of that," I return. "I wish there was, for Addie's sake. That unfortunate woman who is called Maud Lennox, and of whom you and I have spoken before to-day, Doctor Fuller, is only too surely Ernest Warden's wife. He admits the fact himself."

"She cannot be; to my certain knowledge the lunatic I saw at Ivy Cottage that evening was married long before she ever met Ernest Warden in London," is the earnest response.

"Oh, if you could but prove this—if you could be sure!" I cry, with a wild hope taking possession of me.

"I am sure—the misery of calling that wretched woman wife belongs to another and more unfortunate man than Ernest Warden," he returns, looking gloomily down at me as I stand with eagerly clasped hands before him.

"But I am afraid—afraid it is too good to be true. She may have been a widow at the time that second marriage was contracted," I reply. "I am afraid to hope—afraid to believe—that her husband could have been living at the time."

(To be Continued.)

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no longer. There is but one person in the world to whom I can speak of it," I add, with nervous rapidity; "that person is yourself, Doctor Fuller. I don't know that it can do any good for me to take you into my confidence—you cannot help her any more than I can; but I should like to tell you the story, if I may—if it will not bore you?"

"If you think it will be any satisfaction to you, Miss Kendrick, tell me by all means," he says. "I hope you know that nothing that concerns you or your sister can be uninteresting to me."

And then he is listening in his grave and patient way while I pour forth the story of Adelaide and Ernest Warden's ill-fated love; of Mr. Smiles' painful disclosure; of Ernest Warden's painful attempt to persuade her that the marriage performed that foggy morning in the obscure London church was null and void; and, last of all, that painful parting in Hanbury during Len's absence in Italy.

Once or twice his face changes; there is a strange look on the grave face as I go on with my narrative; but almost without question or comment he hears me out from the first word to the last.

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(To be Continued.)

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## Cable News

### WAR REVIEW.

The Germans are now on the ground over the entire 150 miles front from Ypres to Flanders. Seemingly the question is whether the Germans will be able to hold relatively their present line in Flanders to Champagne, which is answered apparently in the negative. The strategy of General Foch, which imposed upon the Germans the necessity of falling back in Flanders, Arras and Picardy now, likewise is compelling the enemy to withdraw from the Ypres River between Soissons and Rheims northward toward the Aisne, in order to avoid disaster. Outfanked on all defensive works along the western part of the battle line, and in great danger from a turning movement east from the regions of Nancy and Soissons, the German High Command at last has been forced to begin the retrograde movement in the Soissons-Rheims sector, which military experts had predicted would be necessary through the success of the British, French and American. The climax to the German manoeuvres along the Vesle culminated when the French virtually swept away the last remaining portion of the old salient in the region of Nancy, and the French and American north of Soissons and along the Vesle reached positions dominating the Aisne and the Chemin des Dames and crossed the north side of the Vesle on a front of nearly 20 miles. All behind the front towards the Aisne huge fires are to be seen, where the enemy is making his way as fast as possible north, in all probability pressed by outposts of French and American troops and by artillery and the machine guns and bombs of the Allied aviators. While the advance in the south seems complete in the north the Germans also are facing a crisis. Everywhere from Peronne to Ypres Field Marshal

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