

An Indispensible **Favorite**

Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

me capable of entertaining. Your hopeless prospect. Miss Murray be- me for money," she thinks, angrily. own guest in your own house—a re- gan to think so herself lately—within lative and trusted friend of your high- the last six months—and to see more minded, noble-hearted wife! How material advantages than waiting for riage, and then stands with his hand could you imagine I would believe years or forever for her lover. Indeed, on the door, anything so base?"—and Miss Glover I think she would be very glad to have come with emotion. Opening them presently, she says briefly, as if too agitated to pursue the subject further, lordship cries, savagely.

"Well, I suppose it is that conceited Glynne himself taunted you with the fool Dallas Glynne and his wife that truth of my assertions in this very you mean to allude to," growls his room—you may remember? You said by the Serpentine, and then he says, lordship, looking down sullenly. "Not then you wanted proof of his words—that I can see what affair of yours have you forgotten? And I told you that is, either, Miss Glover. And I would get the proof that he had not mind you. I'll believe no statement— told you a boastful lie. I tell you now not if it were sworn to—that emanates I can, as a fact—a very hard fact, I lent me twelve pounds last March?" from Dallas Glynne's infernal van- may say," Miss Glover adds, with a

"Swear to an emanation of Dallas herself in a private jest. Glynne's infernal vanity?" Isabelle of the folly of swearing to anything

"What is it?" Lord Pentreath asks: have to say. I hate stabs in the my word for it." dark!"

the question, my lord?" Miss Bella ful, honorable gentleman like Lord words at leisure. Pentreath, but a faithless, good-foryoung wife."

making so much of he demands, with Jeweler and Pawnbroker." flerce, suppressed frritation, conscious every change in his face.

PUTS HEALTH AND VIM INTO

So Says Mrs. MacPherson of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-

table Compound

have just alleged against Joyce Mur-

"That she is pledged to Dallas Glynne till his wife dies? Do you expect me

fore their husbands, Lord Pentreath. of happy or prosperous. But, in the case of a very young wife

"It's false! It's a tissue of false-

"Oh, no, it is not!" Isabelle perwife when I spoke, Lord Pentreath." sists, calmly, to the last. "Dallas

ing the plot of a melodrama!"

"All in good time," says Isabelle, and for so exemplary a person he uses an opportunity of having a quiet talk, the only thing of value in my possessome rather strong expressions. "I Lord Pentreath, I will tell you all wish you'd say out plainly what you about it. Until then you must take

"I will do nothing of the kind!" he

But Isabelle Glover takes no not asks, with mild reproach. "I repeat ice of his incivility, and with a slight I was alluding to a fact when I re- bow she retires from the room, and ferred to another person, not a faith- leaves his lordship to digest her

By that evening's post she writes to nothing husband of a trusting, fond Lady Nora Glynne, and the letter contains a crossed check for twenty-five "Well, what's your fact? I want to pound; and by the same post Miss know what this fact is that you're Glover writes to "John Carter, Esq.,

"For there's no knowing what chicthat Isabelle's keen eyes are watching anery my Lady Nora might not attempt to keep possession of money and goods too, ff I den't foll her," she says, with a malicious smile. "John Carter is an honest man, but I'm afraid Ledy almost penniless. I have been ill, and Nora-Carter-will never be an hon- I am out of a situation, and until my

Two days later a tiny registered parcel addressed to Mademoiselle Gan- I thought that in any case you would der arrives by the afternoon post at let me have the ring back so that I

"My little pearl brooch that I left to be repaired in London," she explains to the countess, calmly putting

But, when mademoiselle opens the tiny parcel in her own room, and locks nut meats and a little onion juice to the little morocco case away in her your recipe. own cash box, the "little pearl brooch" of fine sapphires and diamonds.

eashed, Lady Nora Glynne goes out

"For I had better get everything I can as quickly as possible," she tells erself, prudently, "I can see plainly I can expect nothing from that girl's

Yolande's "narrow-minded absurd ity" means that, on Lady Nora's inorming her that morning of her ini tented marriage with Mr. Carter, and

at both pieces of news, has not unreasmably asked her where the money is he present state of her uncle's affairs. ounds," Lady Nora says, with the air

"I cannot possibly spare you more than fifty," Yolande says, flushing, but determined, and writes a check for that amount, and gives it with a kiss. "I would make it five hundred more with far more pleasure if I could, dear," she adds, earnestly.

Lady Nora sulkily takes the fifty

sunny pavement in her dainty morning

that?" his lordship demands, rudely. and Lady Nora recognizes with a shock "It is not such a ridiculous lie as of dismay that there is even an air. it seems." Isabelle rejoins, quite un- of shabbiness about his well-brushed

like Yolande Glynne, it was rather a I am quite certain he is going to ask

mother?" he asks coldly, after waittion. "There are a few things about which I wish to speak to you." "Certainly, my dear boy," Lady Nora

He does not speak until the carriage

"Will you let me have that ring back.

flushing. "It is quite safe, but-I had "Well, what are your proof and your to raise some money on it myself, echoes, with a cold, accornful little fact, and all the rest of it?" Lord Dallas. I wanted it very badly; and laugh. "As if you could suspect me Pentreath asks, in a low, surly tone. you know I have scarcely anything only what Yolande gives me."

> "I am sorry you let it go out of your own keeping," he says, in a hard, cold coolly. "The next time you and I get tone, "I gave it to you because it was sion, and you had been told I had-it. and seemed to wish for it as security for the money you lent me. I had no right to trust any one with it when the ring was not mine; but I thought I could trust my mother at least to

"Not yours!" Lady Nora grasps. "Dallas!"

"No, not mine," he answers, curtly and sternly. "It is Joyce Murray's ring, as you know, and she and I exchanged rings one day—a sort of sentimental jest—a piece of absurdity which I have paid dearly enough for! as I could repay you the twelve pounds you lent me," he continues, looking straight before him, and speaking in a hard, repressed tone of smothered anger. "I can't do that now, as I am friend Danville comes over from the much did you pledge it for?"

(To be continued.)

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