

A DESIGNING WOMAN

OR, THE—

Plot for Alhambra Court

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MAN IN THE MUSIC-ROOM.

Looked in an awful room, Madame Juliette stood rooted to the spot where she had first pined, the light glazing full and clear upon her white rigid features and glaring eyes.

"Perhaps there was a subtle influence emanating from her presence that made itself felt."

It might appear so, for suddenly and without apparent cause, the unconscious companion of the room sprang sharply from the luxurious chair he occupied and turned his face to the door.

"Ah!" he exclaimed.

With raised brows and a mocking smile he uttered that one ejaculation. Then he bowed low in mocking deference. Finally he lifted his eyes again but only to mock her with cruel smiles.

"Still white, mute, motionless, Madame Juliette glared stonily at him."

He grew tired of the scene. At last he spoke, his voice deep, mellow and finely modulated. His tone gave keen point to the words.

"You have not been looking for me, I perceive," he asked interrogatively.

He waited a moment, the mocking smile still curling his lips and then repeated his words.

"No breath, not a quiver of the eyelids indicated that he had heard."

"Bah!" he cried impatiently, advancing a step or two. "Are you turned to stone? Why don't you speak?"

Madame Juliette shivered and her stiff lips moved silently.

Again she struggled to speak. Again she failed.

"I have surprised you," laughed the mocking voice.

With the words he stepped hastily to her and touched the cold hand clasped at her side.

The touch broke the spell.

She gasped, her cold quivered, her hand dropped from the stiletto held, and her voice hollow, cold, emotionless, burst its bonds.

"What does it mean? How is it you are here?"

At the low, joy tones the eyes of her hearer suddenly sparkled with anger. He answered sharply, emphatically, with a look of scorn.

"Not from the grave my handsome sister, I assure you."

Madame Juliette shuddered. That was all. He caught her impatiently by the arm.

"Come, arouse yourself," he said, leading her forward and placing her in a chair.

Don't die on the spot. I expect to make use of you yet. I am aware of your worth, you know."

She looked at him with straining eyes.

"You fired the shot," he asked in the name hollow, joy voice.

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

With these I shall be content. I have had enough of adventures and risks that aim at too much."

Madame Juliette spoke with mingled passion and bitterness.

As she paused her guest slowly leaned forward again. Flaring his eyes piercingly on hers, he said significantly:

"Your ambition has taken a different flight since a certain dark night which will be remembered. When you left me dead, as you supposed, on that little street of the Strand, you were not thinking of the hanging man, were you, Celie?"

Madame Juliette clenched her hands till the blood started under the pink nails. But before she could give voice to the passion black in her eyes, he interposed.

"Let it go, Celie. I am alive and need you. That fact disposes of the matter. Now let us up back. You are afraid of this sharp Finart?"

Madame Juliette nodded an affirmative, her eyes angrily fastened on her white hands.

"That for him," exclaimed her hearer, snapping his fingers in the air. "From this hour I put myself against him. Depend on my word, Madame Juliette, your interests are mine, I assure you. I will immediately take a hand in the game, and infuse a little life into the plot for you."

Madame Juliette stifled rage and anguish burst its way into passionate speech.

"Have you come here to ruin me with your beautiful presence and lordly schemes?" she asked fiercely. "Is not the world wide enough for us both? Must I forever be tortured with your presence? Go your way and leave me alone!"

His dear Madame Juliette, why waste so much life in such a waste of words? Lying lazily back in his chair, he and quietly interrupted her stormy protest with these questions:

Madame Juliette gazed at him an instant with wild, anguished eyes. The next she started up and cast herself on her knees before him.

"Oh, Ronald, Ronald! Ronald Challie, for once, for once be merciful!" she cried in her agonized tones, stretching her clasped hands toward him, imploring him to spare her.

Madame Juliette shivered and her stiff lips moved silently.

Again she struggled to speak. Again she failed.

"I have surprised you," laughed the mocking voice.

With the words he stepped hastily to her and touched the cold hand clasped at her side.

The touch broke the spell.

She gasped, her cold quivered, her hand dropped from the stiletto held, and her voice hollow, cold, emotionless, burst its bonds.

"What does it mean? How is it you are here?"

At the low, joy tones the eyes of her hearer suddenly sparkled with anger. He answered sharply, emphatically, with a look of scorn.

"Not from the grave my handsome sister, I assure you."

Madame Juliette shuddered. That was all. He caught her impatiently by the arm.

"Come, arouse yourself," he said, leading her forward and placing her in a chair.

Don't die on the spot. I expect to make use of you yet. I am aware of your worth, you know."

She looked at him with straining eyes.

"You fired the shot," he asked in the name hollow, joy voice.

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

anguished dread which still oppressed her marked either as or demoniac. Parian as had been the case, she was not an indomitable will for the other.

Her first words were a succession of anxious exclamations. Mrs. Urquhart was looking at her with a look of intense interest.

"Yes," replied Alia before her mother could speak. "Mamma is less well. She has had a bad attack about five o'clock this morning, and I am going to send for Dr. Parham if she does not grow stronger by noon. I am high time that I should exercise my will a little more."

The girl spoke with a brave effort to smile brightly, but it was evident that the weight of anxiety lay on her heart.

"Oh, my love, what nonsense," returned Mrs. Urquhart languidly. "I have had as many attacks as that, if not worse."

Madame Juliette, detecting a slight tone of annoyance in the reply, quickly changed the subject by an inquiry after Craig Graham.

"Is he better and expects to rise after a while, though he will not be able to get down stairs, I am afraid for a day or two?"

But here was Auntie Phemie. She has just been up with his breakfast, and can give you a more reliable report."

"Right, dear, miss," answered Auntie Phemie, stepping back and lovingly giving her hand.

"He is a little better, I would say, but he is not coaxed. And Miss Alia, she added, as she solemnly turned her head toward the girl, "is not the world wide enough for us both? Must I forever be tortured with your presence? Go your way and leave me alone!"

His dear Madame Juliette, why waste so much life in such a waste of words? Lying lazily back in his chair, he and quietly interrupted her stormy protest with these questions:

Madame Juliette gazed at him an instant with wild, anguished eyes. The next she started up and cast herself on her knees before him.

"Oh, Ronald, Ronald! Ronald Challie, for once, for once be merciful!" she cried in her agonized tones, stretching her clasped hands toward him, imploring him to spare her.

Madame Juliette shivered and her stiff lips moved silently.

Again she struggled to speak. Again she failed.

"I have surprised you," laughed the mocking voice.

With the words he stepped hastily to her and touched the cold hand clasped at her side.

The touch broke the spell.

She gasped, her cold quivered, her hand dropped from the stiletto held, and her voice hollow, cold, emotionless, burst its bonds.

"What does it mean? How is it you are here?"

At the low, joy tones the eyes of her hearer suddenly sparkled with anger. He answered sharply, emphatically, with a look of scorn.

"Not from the grave my handsome sister, I assure you."

Madame Juliette shuddered. That was all. He caught her impatiently by the arm.

"Come, arouse yourself," he said, leading her forward and placing her in a chair.

Don't die on the spot. I expect to make use of you yet. I am aware of your worth, you know."

She looked at him with straining eyes.

"You fired the shot," he asked in the name hollow, joy voice.

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

foot, he answered, a little breathlessly—"Yes, miss; begging your pardon, it is so. And begging your pardon, may I be so bold as to ask you to sit down?"

"See anybody?" asked Madame Juliette, "Yes, miss. A man, a woman, I don't know. I thought I saw somebody."

"An awful 'round the year. But my own 'round the year. I am not so quick, so I could not say. 'Round the year, I don't know. I am not so quick, so I could not say. 'Round the year, I don't know. I am not so quick, so I could not say."

Madame Juliette interrupted him hastily, impatiently.

His words had rendered it certain to her mind that someone was hidden in the vicinity and also that the hidden, whoever it might be, was not a friend.

"Oh, my love, what nonsense," returned Mrs. Urquhart languidly. "I have had as many attacks as that, if not worse."

Madame Juliette, detecting a slight tone of annoyance in the reply, quickly changed the subject by an inquiry after Craig Graham.

"Is he better and expects to rise after a while, though he will not be able to get down stairs, I am afraid for a day or two?"

But here was Auntie Phemie. She has just been up with his breakfast, and can give you a more reliable report."

"Right, dear, miss," answered Auntie Phemie, stepping back and lovingly giving her hand.

"He is a little better, I would say, but he is not coaxed. And Miss Alia, she added, as she solemnly turned her head toward the girl, "is not the world wide enough for us both? Must I forever be tortured with your presence? Go your way and leave me alone!"

His dear Madame Juliette, why waste so much life in such a waste of words? Lying lazily back in his chair, he and quietly interrupted her stormy protest with these questions:

Madame Juliette gazed at him an instant with wild, anguished eyes. The next she started up and cast herself on her knees before him.

"Oh, Ronald, Ronald! Ronald Challie, for once, for once be merciful!" she cried in her agonized tones, stretching her clasped hands toward him, imploring him to spare her.

Madame Juliette shivered and her stiff lips moved silently.

Again she struggled to speak. Again she failed.

"I have surprised you," laughed the mocking voice.

With the words he stepped hastily to her and touched the cold hand clasped at her side.

The touch broke the spell.

She gasped, her cold quivered, her hand dropped from the stiletto held, and her voice hollow, cold, emotionless, burst its bonds.

"What does it mean? How is it you are here?"

At the low, joy tones the eyes of her hearer suddenly sparkled with anger. He answered sharply, emphatically, with a look of scorn.

"Not from the grave my handsome sister, I assure you."

Madame Juliette shuddered. That was all. He caught her impatiently by the arm.

"Come, arouse yourself," he said, leading her forward and placing her in a chair.

Don't die on the spot. I expect to make use of you yet. I am aware of your worth, you know."

She looked at him with straining eyes.

"You fired the shot," he asked in the name hollow, joy voice.

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

native spirit of defiance. She haughtily lifted her head. The next moment she sprang to her feet, pale and tremulous to be sure, but with the old haughty blaze in her eyes.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "I am not so quick, so I could not say. 'Round the year, I don't know. I am not so quick, so I could not say. 'Round the year, I don't know. I am not so quick, so I could not say."

Madame Juliette interrupted him hastily, impatiently.

His words had rendered it certain to her mind that someone was hidden in the vicinity and also that the hidden, whoever it might be, was not a friend.

"Oh, my love, what nonsense," returned Mrs. Urquhart languidly. "I have had as many attacks as that, if not worse."

Madame Juliette, detecting a slight tone of annoyance in the reply, quickly changed the subject by an inquiry after Craig Graham.

"Is he better and expects to rise after a while, though he will not be able to get down stairs, I am afraid for a day or two?"

But here was Auntie Phemie. She has just been up with his breakfast, and can give you a more reliable report."

"Right, dear, miss," answered Auntie Phemie, stepping back and lovingly giving her hand.

"He is a little better, I would say, but he is not coaxed. And Miss Alia, she added, as she solemnly turned her head toward the girl, "is not the world wide enough for us both? Must I forever be tortured with your presence? Go your way and leave me alone!"

His dear Madame Juliette, why waste so much life in such a waste of words? Lying lazily back in his chair, he and quietly interrupted her stormy protest with these questions:

Madame Juliette gazed at him an instant with wild, anguished eyes. The next she started up and cast herself on her knees before him.

"Oh, Ronald, Ronald! Ronald Challie, for once, for once be merciful!" she cried in her agonized tones, stretching her clasped hands toward him, imploring him to spare her.

Madame Juliette shivered and her stiff lips moved silently.

Again she struggled to speak. Again she failed.

"I have surprised you," laughed the mocking voice.

With the words he stepped hastily to her and touched the cold hand clasped at her side.

The touch broke the spell.

She gasped, her cold quivered, her hand dropped from the stiletto held, and her voice hollow, cold, emotionless, burst its bonds.

"What does it mean? How is it you are here?"

At the low, joy tones the eyes of her hearer suddenly sparkled with anger. He answered sharply, emphatically, with a look of scorn.

"Not from the grave my handsome sister, I assure you."

Madame Juliette shuddered. That was all. He caught her impatiently by the arm.

"Come, arouse yourself," he said, leading her forward and placing her in a chair.

Don't die on the spot. I expect to make use of you yet. I am aware of your worth, you know."

She looked at him with straining eyes.

"You fired the shot," he asked in the name hollow, joy voice.

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his shoulders replied:

"I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place, I was not in the name hollow, joy voice."

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

The Thrush in the Old Garden. Gladly hidden in the leaves, the Thrush sits and waits for the rain. The day is bright and the sun is shining. The Thrush sits and waits for the rain. The day is bright and the sun is shining. The Thrush sits and waits for the rain. The day is bright and the sun is shining.

The Thrush in the Old Garden. Gladly hidden in the leaves, the Thrush sits and waits for the rain. The day is bright and the sun is shining. The Thrush sits and waits for the rain. The day is bright and the sun is shining. The Thrush sits and waits for the rain. The day is bright and the sun is shining.

The Thrush in the Old Garden. Gladly hidden in the leaves, the Thrush sits and waits for the rain. The day is bright and the sun is shining. The Thrush sits and waits for the rain. The day is bright and the sun is shining. The Thrush sits and waits for the rain. The day is bright and the sun is shining.

The Thrush in the Old Garden. Gladly hidden in the leaves, the Thrush sits and waits for the rain. The day is bright and the sun is shining. The Thrush sits and waits for the rain. The day is bright and the sun is shining. The Thrush sits and waits for the rain. The day is bright and the sun is shining.

The Thrush in the Old Garden. Gladly hidden in the leaves, the Thrush sits and waits for the rain. The day is bright and the sun is shining. The Thrush sits and waits for the rain. The day is bright and the sun is shining. The Thrush sits and waits for the rain. The day is bright and the sun is shining.

The Thrush in the Old Garden. Gladly hidden in the leaves, the Thrush sits and waits for the rain. The day is bright and the sun is shining. The Thrush sits and waits for the rain. The day is bright and the sun is shining. The Thrush sits and waits for the rain. The day is bright