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The Web;

**OR,
TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.**

CHAPTER XXV.
The New Poet.

"It was very good of you to come, dear," she said, to Lady Ferndale, "and very kind of Lady Norah to make an effort. I was sorry to hear you were ill when I called."

"Many lions to-night?" asked Lady Ferndale, with her usual frankness. The countess nodded with gentle triumph.

"Oh, yes, some very nice people, dear Lady Norah. When you have rested I will bring some of them to you."

But Norah had scarcely been seated five minutes before the countess approached her with several persons. Your artist and poet has a keen eye for the beautiful, and there was a general desire to know the lovely girl, the daughter of "The Superfine Earl."

"That's what I call a really beautiful face," said a famous painter to an actor, who had condescended to appear for half an hour.

"A face with a history," he responded, laconically; "Ophelia, who is too proud to go mad, and has resolved to bear her sorrow in silence."

The artist laughed. "Nonsense," he said. "She is Lord Arrowdale's daughter, and as is likely to have a secret sorrow' or is as my dear fellow."

"All right," said the actor. "You painters look on the surface of things; we actors dive beneath. That girl, for all her loveliness, and notwithstanding she is Lord Arrowdale's daughter, has had some great trouble. And now I think I'll go and get an introduction; I should like to hear her voice."

Norah was a little startled and nervous when she found herself surrounded by men and women bearing names celebrated in art and literature, but after a few minutes the nervous timidity vanished, and she found herself listening, and talking, too, with something like enjoyment.

"You have not seen 'The Modern Gallery' yet then, Lady Norah?" said a famous artist. "Ah, yes, you have only just come up to town. I hope you will go. There are some capital pictures there really worth seeing," and he mentioned one or two.

"You have forgotten the best," said another artist, who was standing near. "I mean that one of the new man's, Cyril Burne. I forgot its title, but it's the one with silver ash in it."

Norah had been listening with upturned face, and the name "Cyril Burne" struck upon her so suddenly that it seemed to deprive her of breath and sight and hearing.

The artist who had just spoken saw her face change, saw it grow gradually white, and the pupils of

quality—it strikes in deeply, but never burns or blisters. Just rub Nerviline into sore muscles, stiff joints, and note the glow of comfort, the ease of pain that follows.

You are astonished, delighted; this is because words do not express the promptness and permanency with which Nerviline cures every ache and pain in the muscles and joints.

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the lovely eyes dilate as if with some sharp pang, and he took a step forward and bent over her.

"You find the room too hot, Lady Norah?" he said, in a low voice. But Norah was determined not to be overmastered. She would have to hear his name again and again, especially in London, and was she to wear her heart upon her sleeve and wince and change color every time she heard it?

Her maiden pride came to her rescue, and she raised her eyes to the artist and forced a smile.

"It is a little warm," she said, "but I will not go, thanks."

As she spoke she looked round the room, picking out a gentleman here and there, and asking the artist to tell her who it was, for he seemed to know every one, and had been giving her a great deal of information.

"That is So-and-So," he said, telling her.

"And that gentleman standing by the door?" she asked, in reality utterly indifferent, but asking to gain time and composure.

"The tall, handsome man, with eye-glasses, looking as if he were very tired and bored?"

"Yes," said Norah, with a smile, for the description had been graphic.

"That is our new poet, the coming man. His name is Wesley—John Wesley. Sounds quite clerical, doesn't it?"

Norah looked round piteously. It seemed as if there was no respite for her. She had just recovered from the pain and misery of hearing Cyril's name, and now here was his dearest friend!

"Looks a genius, doesn't he?" said the artist. "Most people are rather afraid of him—cynical and all that, you know, but in reality he is the tenderest and kindest-hearted man that ever shed ink. Here he comes; the countess is bringing him to you, I think."

The surmise was correct. Jack had been coaxed into making his appearance among the other lions, but had not been in the salon ten minutes before he had had enough of it, and he was on the point of flying back to his old armchair and short pipe in Winchester street, when he happened to hear the name of Lady Norah Arrowdale.

He asked a lady standing near him to point her out, and his cynical face softened.

"By Jove, I don't wonder at Cyril's madness," he muttered. "Enough to explain the madness in any man. Do you think Lady Derrington would introduce me to that young lady?" he asked aloud, of the lady of whom he had made the previous inquiry.

"I think so," she replied, naively. "Indeed, as I happen to be Lady Derrington I am sure she will."

Jack was not a whit embarrassed. "Then I wish you would," he said. And Lady Derrington, delighted with his readiness and presence of mind, laughingly said:

"Come with me, Mr. Wesley. You see, I know you, though you do not know me; but I am not the author of the famous 'Chaplet of Roses.'" "And I should begin to wish I were not," he retorted, "if I didn't feel that I owe my presence here to the existence of that much over-rated volume of jingle."

of Roses," you know," she added, in an undertone. Norah rose, and scarcely inclined her head.

It chanced that only one or two were standing near her, and Lady Derrington had gone off in quest of some other lions, so that Norah and Jack were standing almost alone.

He looked at her, rather taken aback by the faint acknowledgment of his bow.

"I hope I am not altogether a stranger, Lady Norah," he said, coloring slightly, and with a gentleness in his eyes which belied his reputed cynicism. "It is just possible that you may have heard my name mentioned by a great friend of mine, a friend of yours."

Norah felt her face grow cold and set as if it were frozen, and her heart contracted.

Jack looked at her, his surprise visible in his grave, honest, manly face.

"I mean Cyril Burne," he said, simply.

Norah forced her lips to part. "You are mistaken, Mr. Wesley," she said, and her words sounded meaningless and mechanical in her ears; "Mr. Burne is not a friend of mine," and she sailed away, proud and swan-like, leaving Jack gaping and dumbstruck.

CHAPTER XXVI. A Crime-Stained Soul.

Gulldford Berton would have given something to have been able to follow the earl and Norah on the second day, but he had to remain to watch for the letter which he knew would arrive for Norah from Cyril Burne.

The postmistress raised no objections when he requested that the Santeigh letters should be sent to him, although such a course was against the rules; it appeared quite reasonable to her, seeing that Mr. Gulldford Berton had virtually managed the estate for some time past, and accordingly the postman left the letters at the cottage as directed.

Gulldford Berton might have taken up his abode at Santeigh had he so chosen, but he did not care to leave the cottage. Indeed, he dared not.

In that cheerful poem, "Eugene Aram," it is related, in beautiful verse, that the murderer is compelled to haunt the spot where the body of his victim lies; and in like manner Gulldford Berton felt drawn to the heap of leaves beneath which rested Becca South, by a horrible fascination against which he fought in vain.

No sooner was he dressed in the morning than he felt bound to go into the garden, and, pacing up and down, eyed the mound sideways and with a shuddering intensity. Several times during the day he wandered toward it, and under the pretense of examining the trees or plucking at the weeds, hovered about the fatal spot; and the last thing at night, be it wet or fine, he stole out and stood looking at the place where his awful secret lay hidden.

When he went to bed, after walking up and down, trying to grow tired and sleepy, it was to commit the crime over and over again in his dreams, with all the details carefully worked out. During the day he wherever voters could be found, and handed hot air to the rubes, and flattered all the hicks and boobes. He spent much cold he could not spare for punk cigars and railway fare, and all the divers odds and ends that statesman think will gain them friends. He made a long and hard campaign; he tolled around in mud and rain, and talked his tonsils out of whack, and got lumbago in his back, and when election day was done, he found the other fellow won. No doubt when he was all alone, he cursed the voters, in despair, as being clumps beyond compare. But on the street he wore a grin, as though he'd really hate to win. To try and hide one's ground and bile, behind a large three-crowned smile, to spring a laugh when one would sob—that surely is the hardest job!

"It is proper for a woman to take a man's arm while they are out walking," asked Gladys.

"It is no longer proper for a man and a woman to walk along the street arm in arm. However, it is still permissible for a man to offer his arm to a woman companion if there is any great need of such assistance," was her aunt's reply.

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A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cts. in silver or stamps.

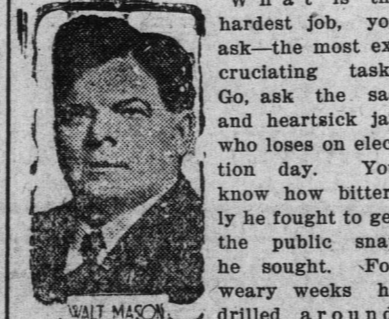
A SMART DRESS FOR SCHOOL OR BEST WEAR.



1904—Girls' Dress, with Shield. Plaid suiting in green and brown tones, with trimming of brown serge, was used for this style. The fronts are cut low and finished with a shield that is adjustable. The skirt is gathered at the sides and back and trimmed with deep box plaits that form points over the belt. This design is also good for serge, taffeta, gabardine, voile, corduroy and velvet. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for an 8-year size.

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THE HARDEST JOB.



What is the hardest job, you ask—the most excruciating task? Go, ask the sad and hair-sick jay who loses an election day. You know how bitterly he fought to get the public map he sought. For weary weeks he drilled around, wherever voters could be found, and handed hot air to the rubes, and flattered all the hicks and boobes. He spent much cold he could not spare for punk cigars and railway fare, and all the divers odds and ends that statesman think will gain them friends. He made a long and hard campaign; he tolled around in mud and rain, and talked his tonsils out of whack, and got lumbago in his back, and when election day was done, he found the other fellow won. No doubt when he was all alone, he cursed the voters, in despair, as being clumps beyond compare. But on the street he wore a grin, as though he'd really hate to win. To try and hide one's ground and bile, behind a large three-crowned smile, to spring a laugh when one would sob—that surely is the hardest job!

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