POOR DOCUMENT

You see, Alison, my love, your error was one which closes the gates of society against you. Many faults can be retrieved, this one never. When a woman whisper the same warning to you, and it dream; she was cold and sick almost to when—death came to him, or—were others us nothing save to look this shadowed life boldly in the face. We must leave England; it is useless taking to our hearts the false hope that our story will not be known—Lady Blanche will take care of that; it will be known everywhere, from the queen on her throne down to the servants who open doors and blacken shoes—it will be on every lip: and you, my darling, with all your beauty, your

Alice! Alice! Alice!

Shoes—it will be on every lip: and you, my darling, with all your beauty, your

The shrill tones resounded through fell into his arms in a swoon. my darling, with all your beauty, your genius, your fame, your goodness, you would be blackballed—society would be blackballed—socie

ment made some little sensation, but people got hold of the wrong end of the story; they would have it that Sir Rich
'Give me the basket,' she said suddenly.

Alice shuddered, but there was no dazed with faintness and horror, wander round.

They rested on the figure of Alice with

ment made some little sensation, but people got hold of the wrong end of the story; they would have it that Sir Rich: and hand parrieled with her because she had invented these stories against Lady. Carlyton. Sir Richard himself married her because the had invented these stories against Lady of ample fortune, and he never cased to thank Heaven for his secape.

She had her revenge but it cost her dear; she lock a wealthy husband, a good point stay long; there's the boy's supper logation. The duke never spoke to her again, and never allowed her to enter his house; fifthe duchess whished to see her, she had to seek an interview elsewhere. The time came when also exame when also ex

Young eyes read my story—eyes that grow lighter for a lover's coming. Young girls read it, whose greatest happiness consists in the love of one whom they hallow good and true. The wind that the ground and lay monotone to the ground and lay monotone

CHAPTER I.

Even as he spoke there was something like a sob in his voice, and bending down, she kissed the kindly hands that cherished where they might have smitten her.

So it was settled, and Lord Carlyton devoted himself to carrying out that are you first for, Alice? Your head's just stuffed with all the nonsense you can get out of books. Off with you!

Avenham were married almost immediately: a something with difficulty; it was a body, the misty light of the moon shone on a dead face—on a limp inanimate form.

The man emerged again, he was draging something with difficulty; it was a body, the misty light of the moon shone on a dead face—on a limp inanimate form.

What, are you frightened?' said Mrs. Martha Brown with an angry laugh. What are you fit for, Alice? Your head's just stuffed with all the nonsense you can get out of books. Off with you!

Avenham were married almost immediately an angel, and he will die for it. Now I files extensive a wide and and covered his face with his own.

The man emerged again, he was draging something with difficulty; it was a body, the misty light of the moon shone on a dead face—on a limp inanimate form.

What can I do? He is gone, and I must be a the penalty of his orine. They know with six own.

What can I do? He is gone, and I must be a the penalty of his orine. They know all we felt the Castle together, who will find his body and bring this murder hone to me, and she will swear me to death!'

Alices started, and pressed her hand, and covered his face with his own.

What can I do? He is gone, and I must bear the penalty of his orine. They know with his own.

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Alices started, and pressed her hand, and covered his face with his body, the misty light of the moon shone on a dead face—on a limp inanimate form.

What can I do? He is gone, and I must bear the penalty of his orine. They kno

wash out the stain of lost innocence; that not even the life of a saint could make up for that one error; that the sin she committed was one which Gcd, in His goodness pardons, but men never forget. She was beautiful, liberal, famous; she was a genius; she did untold good; but the sin of her youth shadowed her life, and darkened it.

Ide to the back of the Castle.

Suddenly, as her heart was growing more settled, it gave one leap into her mouth; she clutched her basket, staggered to a tree, and then waited and listened. The rapid thump, thump, of her heart was the only sound in her ears at first, then came more terrible ones—muffled groans and confused noises, then just

LADY ALICE, she had only time to catch a neeting glimpse of a dark face, with cruel eyes, hot with anger, a torn collar, and marks

once forfeits her innocence nothing can restore her—no repentance, no tears; it is forfeited forever, and all privileges are lost with it. Darling, there remains for mention marriage.'

is:

'Never believe and never trust a man who lost with it. Darling, there remains for mention marriage.'

is:

'Never believe and never trust a man who lost with it. Darling, there remains for mention marriage.'

is:

'You swear it?

'I swear it.'

'You swear it.'

'I swear it.' 'You swear it?.
'I swear it,' Alice said, meeting his eyes utter a loud curse, then stride toward bravely; 'few people would come this way by night,' she added softly, touched by the

She had only time to catch a fleeting misery in his face. 'They fear the path hot with anger, a torn collar, and marks of blood on his cheek, to hear his low hurried words, 'A girl, by all that's execrable!' and she lost all remembrance, her

Alice shook her head. 'I think not.'

Avenham were married almost immediately—a. quiet little ceremony, at which no one was present except the duke, the duchess, Lady Bleseaton, and her youngest daughter. As Nugent had foreseen, this marriage prevented, more than any thing else could have done, the spread of the story.

Lady Blanche's revenge recoiled on herself. The news of her broken engage—self. The news of her small cold fingers on her heart. Now I must be gone; he moves again; and the girl do to met' she whispered. The well do to met' she whispered. To you, child? Nothing; but your word will go against me. There is nothing to some the man he do and I cherish the son for his sake, apart from her dath. What will they do to met' she whispered. To you, child? Nothing; but will awaken. So, Bruce Gardyne, your revenge is complete.

The stole gently away, and gradually the form of the man he ad called Roy of the story.

'But,' murmured Alice, white with horro

Lady Darrell stretched out her slender white and, and the tall beautiful form left the

window and knelt at the elder woman's feet. 'Now I shall scold you, Valerie. How often have I begged for this visit and you would not come. Do you think I shall let you curtail it just when you like? No, no, my dear Valerie bent and put her warm red lips the white hand.

'It is dull here, I fear, Valerie,' Lady Da rell said after a pause; 'especially these two next days while Roy and Eustace are away, but they will soon pass.'
Valerie's face had flushed crimson; now

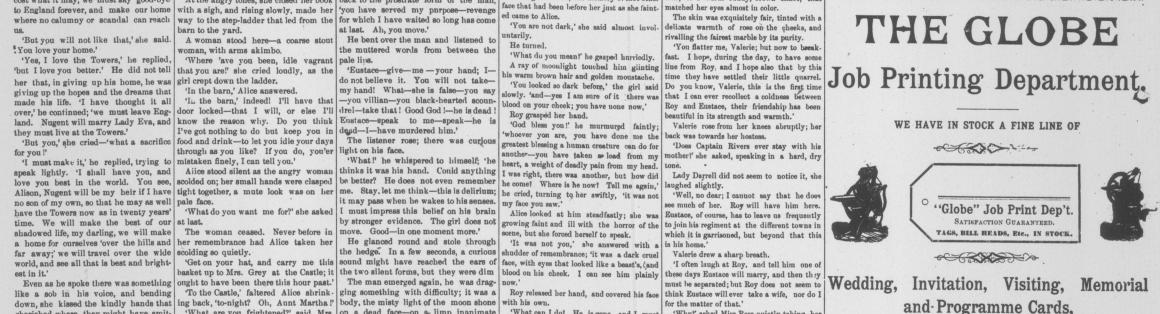
was very white as she said simply:
'I am perfectly happy, I want no one

The skin was exquisitely fair, tinted with a delicate warmth of rose on the cheeks, and

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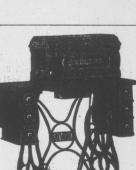
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