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**The Web;**  
OR,  
**PASSION. LOVE'S TRUE**

CHAPTER XXXV.

And as she realized it, a strange thought flashed through her mind. Was it possible that Cyril's pride had been the cause of their parting? Had he been too proud to marry the daughter of a peer? A smile, a sad smile, crossed her pale face. If it had only come earlier, this story of her birth, this loss of rank and wealth! She could have gone to him then, and said: "I am poor and untitled; but I am still yours, if you care to take me."

But this was too late now. He was Becca South's husband, and was lost to her forever.

The tears welled into her eyes, but she swept them away. There was no time for weeping if she meant to escape the scoundrel who thought that he held her in his power.

She got up and quickly changed her dress for a plain traveling one, and put a few things into a small bag. Then she paused, as the question of money arose. She had plenty in the little ornamental cash box in which she kept it, but she took only the sum which had been left when the earl died from her last quarter's allowance; and even that, she resolved, she would take only as a loan; for it had been given her under the impression that she was his daughter, and not an imposter. Then she sat down, and wrote a few lines:

I cannot see you to-night. Will you please come to-morrow.—Norah, and addressed them to Guildford Berton. Then, when her simple preparations were complete, she rang the bell for Harmon, but only opened the door sufficiently wide to allow of her passing out the note.

"Give this to Mr. Berton, please, Harman," she said, keeping her voice as steady as she could; "and do not let me be disturbed. I have a bad headache, and will ring when I want you."

It cost her a great deal to go without a word of farewell to the woman who had been so devoted to her; but she dared not risk it. She knew that Harman would see in a moment that something was wrong, and Norah felt that she could not stand a single question from her.

Half an hour afterward, with a dull step and a veil drawn across her face, she left the house and struck into a bypath in the park.

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She stopped and looked round once, only once, and a faint sigh trembled on her lips. She had grown fond of the grandly beautiful place; the memory of the man whom she had loved as a father, especially through his illness, brought the tears to her eyes. It was hard to think that she had no further connection with all that she had considered part and parcel of herself, that for the future she was just Norah Woodfern, a wife and a stray on the great, bitter world; and the reader will not think less of her, or set her regret down as one wholly mercenary.

As she turned, she picked a brown leaf—as dead as her past—and pushed it gently inside the bosom of her dress; then went on her way.

She had formed the vaguest of vague plans only. First came the idea of going straight to Mr. Petherick, and telling him all that she had learned from Guildford Berton. After that—well, all was dark and unfathomable.

Perhaps the old lawyer, who had always been kind to her, and especially kind and gentle of late, would show her some way of gaining a living. She thought of Lady Ferndale, as she had thought of her many times since the revelation, but she shrank from going to her. It was scarcely pride so much as innate delicacy. Besides, what had she, Norah Woodfern, to do now with earls and countesses? She must put all her past life away from her completely. No, she would not go to Lady Ferndale, much as she loved her, and knew she was loved by her.

When she reached the high road she looked round rather fearfully, though she felt that there was no cause for fear. If Guildford Berton had chanced to come upon her, she decided that she would not be daunted. If necessary, she would call for help to the first passerby, and would proclaim the truth to the whole village.

But Guildford Berton was pacing up and down his room, wrapped in an ecstatic sense of triumph and self-satisfaction at that moment, and she saw no one but a few children on her way through the village.

She found that she had to wait nearly an hour for a train, and the station-master, touching his hat respectfully, suggested that she should go inside the booking office and sit by the fire.

"It's not so draughty as the waiting-room, my lady," he said. And the "my lady" brought the color to Norah's face as she thanked him.

"May I ask if you have heard anything of Becca South, my lady?" he said, as he brought a rug for her feet.

Norah looked up with a start. "No," she said.

"Ah," he remarked, with a smile. "No news is good news, my lady. I dare say the girl is happy enough up in London there. Sandleigh was too quiet for a lively one like her. But still, it was very ungrateful of her not to write after all your ladyship's kindness to her."

Norah murmured an inaudible response, and to her relief, he went about his business and left her alone.

The train came up, and the station-master put her into a carriage and got her a footwarmer. She had deemed it best to take a first-class ticket to avoid attracting the attention and remark which would have been caused by her asking for a third, and she drew back behind the curtains and out of sight until the train had started.

It was an express, and, feeling very weary and in that state which the reaction from the intense excitement and emotion produced, she got a porter to call a cab, and told the man to drive to Mr. Petherick's office.

As the cab stopped she saw, to her dismay, that the office was closed.

She had not taken the important question of time into her considera-

tion, and she sat and looked at the drawn blinds and closed door in a sort of stupor.

But as she sat asking herself what she should do next, the door opened, and a clerk came out.

He was an old man who had once or twice been down to the Court on business connected with the estate; and he came forward, hat in hand, and with surprise stamped on his wrinkled face, as Norah called to him.

"Mr. Petherick, my lady?" he said. "He is not in London!"

Norah's heart sank like lead. "Not in London!" she repeated, and her voice trembled.

"No, my lady. He's gone to the Continent. I think that he has got some kind of a clew to the viscount's—I mean Lord Arrowsdale's whereabouts, and has gone to try and follow it up. I'm very sorry," he added, as he saw the dismay and disappointment in the lovely face. "Is there anything I can do, my lady?"

Norah shook her head. What could he do? What could she do?

"I don't even know Mr. Petherick's address," he said, after a pause, "or I'd telegraph to him, if it's important business."

"It is, it is!" said Norah.

"If there is anything I can do—"

But Norah shook her head as she tried to thank him.

"I—I must go to a hotel," she said faintly. "Can you tell me—"

"Your ladyship's house in Park lane," ventured the old man, rather surprised.

Norah's face crimsoned, and then went pale. She was no longer, "your ladyship," and she had no house in Park lane or elsewhere.

"I—I should prefer an hotel," she faltered.

"Yes, my lady, and a quiet one. There is no one near here—it's not very fashionable, but it is quieter and more suited for a lady alone. But perhaps your ladyship is meeting some one?"

"No," said poor Norah, "I am quite alone."

"Then Godfrey's might suit my lady; it is in Winchester street. I'll tell the cabman, and I'll do myself the honor of calling to-morrow, in case I should be of any service. I may hear from Mr. Petherick to-night. Indeed," he added, as he saw the perplexity did not disappear from her face, "if your ladyship will not think me presuming, I will accompany you."

Norah accepted the offer gratefully, and he rode with her to the quiet street, and did not leave her until he had procured the best room and impressed upon the landlady the importance of her guest. Then, with reiterated offers of his services, he went, and Norah was left alone. They got her some tea, and she went and sat beside the window, and looked out with eyes that saw nothing. She was too tired to even think, and in a half-conscious, mechanical way, she found herself watching the passersby.

Suddenly she saw a face at the window of the house opposite that seemed to her vaguely familiar, and in a moment or two the recollection flashed upon her—the face was that of John Wesley, the famous poet, the gentleman she had met at Lady Der-

ington's, Cyril's friend Jack.

A thrill ran through her, and she put her hand to her eyes, for the sight of him brought back with painful suddenness the remembrance of Cyril himself.

It was some moments before she could look again, and when she did she found that Jack had thrown up the window and was leaning out, a look of expectancy on his handsome spirituelle face. As she looked, she heard the sound of wheels, and holding the curtain, she bent forward. A cab stopped at the door just beneath the open window, and some one got out.

"Hallo!" She heard Jack's deep, musical voice. "Hallo, old man; hurry up!"

A strange curiosity, something more and deeper than idle interest, caused her heart to beat with eagerness, and it was with scarcely a shock of surprise she heard Cyril's voice—Cyril's—call back:

"Hallo, Jack! All right. How are you?"

She rose—she scarcely knew what she was doing—breathing fast and painfully, and watching intently. Was he alone, or—but yes, of course, there would be another with him—his wife, Becca!

But the cab stood between her and the door, and she could see neither Cyril nor any one else, and a moment or two later the cab drove away, the door shut, but directly afterward she saw the figure of Cyril enter the room, and heard the voices of the two men as they clasped hands.

Faint and overwhelmed, she sank trembling into the chair, and hid her face in her hands.

Meanwhile, Jack and Cyril were exchanging greetings, and the former was looking at the latter earnestly.

"You don't look quite the thing yet, lad," he said. "The picture finished?"

Cyril shook his head.

"No," he replied, with a laugh that had very little merriment in it, "and not likely to be; it is I who am 'finished.' All the pluck seems to have gone out of me. But why did you send for me, old man?" he broke off.

"I've news for you."

Cyril started.

"About—about her!"

(To be Continued.)

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**War News**

Messages Received Previous to

WAR REVIEW

The period of complete which has existed on a for some time, except continues. In no theatre Roumania has important taken place, where being carried out artillery and by small In Roumania the T gained another considerable in the capture in North of the towns of Matchin the eastern bank of the poste the important of and forcing the Russian just south of the Danube river bends and separated from Bessarabia. In Northern Wallachia the keeping up their garrisons northward and by eastern Transylvanian Alps several points in the northern Wallachia, Russians and Roumanians fighting to hold and, according to Petro region southeast of the River Rimnik, the were defeated, the several villages and centers, 205 men, 5 cannons and 12 machine guns. On the front bombardments all place. There is still no ing operations in Mues less reports from the Swiss sources to the German submarine badly damaged near the battleship Verite, is of French Ministry of War is completely false. Since the war 19 warships of a of 759,420 tons, not including special types been sunk.

ARMY SCANDAL

An Army scandal, exercise of influence over by a prominent society scribed in the report of Inquiry, issued to-night walls West, wife of Cornwallis West and Princess of Wales, Westminster is seven The late Sir Arthur Liberal, who died demanded the inquiry into this matter and Irish members, who de Irish officer's honor has since developed. Lieut. Patrick Barrett Fusiliers. According ment in the Commons he was completely

**T. J. E.**

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