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The Web;

OR,
TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER XXIII.

An Entangling Web.

Norah woke with a bad headache and a worse heartache; and, as is the way with women, she began to make excuses for the lover whom she had treated so coldly the night before.

There may have been some reason for his long absence and silence. She had treated him so coldly that it was little wonder he had avoided her; and as to the scene between him and Becca--well, Norah found it impossible to explain that away, but as Lady Ferndale's maid brushed the long red-gold tresses, Norah tried to find some excuse for what she had seen pass between Becca and Cyril.

Becca she knew was a flirt, and the love-making, if love-making it was, must have been altogether on her side.

In short, her love, strong and passionate, overcame her jealousy and resentment as all true love must, and by the time the breakfast bell rang she had gone a long way to forgiving Cyril and was simply longing to see or hear from him.

The house was full of visitors, and their talking and laughing seemed to fill the place.

"My dear," said Lady Ferndale, as she put her arm round Norah and kissed her affectionately, "no need to ask how you are. You look as bright and fresh as one of the roses. Are you quite rested? Come and sit near me."

Exchanging salutations, Norah went to her place, and, amid the chatter and laughter of the young people, breakfast commenced.

Norah looked toward Lord Ferndale's place to see if there were any letter beside his plate, thinking, hoping, that Cyril might have sent her a line; but Lord Ferndale did not hand her a letter, and her spirits began to droop, notwithstanding that she assured herself that Cyril would be certain to call early in the morning.

But the morning passed, and no letter and no Cyril appeared, and long

before noon the roses had died out of her face, and she became devoured by an anxious longing to reach home. It was just possible that he had written to the Court, she thought.

The young people had broken up into groups, some to play tennis and others to ride or drive, and Lady Ferndale pressed Norah to join one of them, and was filled with dismay when she declared that she must go back to the Court before luncheon.

"But why should you go so soon, dear?" she remonstrated. "Stay with us for a day or two; I'm sure Lord Arrowdale will not mind."

Norah declined; and Lady Ferndale, seeing that there was some reason for her persistence, at last yielded and ordered the carriage, and Norah started. "Good-by, dear," said Lady Ferndale. "I don't know what your host of admirers will say when they call this afternoon and find you have flown. What shall I say to them? Oh, by the way, Norah, we have decided to ask Mr. Cyril Burne to paint a picture for us. I wonder whether he will call to-day?"

It was an innocent remark, but Norah had hard work to keep the color from coming into her face, and it was jumpy for her that the carriage started as she murmured a half-audible response; and all the way home she tormented herself with the thought that after all, perhaps, she had better have remained at Ferndale, as Cyril might call in the afternoon.

When she reached home her first question was whether any letters had come for her.

There were no letters for her ladyship, the butler replied, and Norah was going up to her room with a deeper sinking of the heart, when the earl came out of the library.

"Well, Norah," he said, making her a little bow, "you have got back. I am afraid you have tired yourself with your exertions," he added, as he noted her paleness and lassitude. "It must have been a terribly trying day. The few hours I was there exhausted me."

"I think I am a little tired, papa," she said.

He looked at her with something almost like pride in his eyes, for her popularity, and the admiration she had received had flattered his vanity. "You had better go and lie down for a few hours," he said, in a more kindly tone than usual. "I will send you a glass of wine."

Norah was in the condition to be

moved by any show of tenderness, especially from him, and her eyes filled with tears as she went up the stairs.

While she was taking off her outdoor things Harman entered, and in her quiet way came to her assistance. Norah did not notice that Harman had not spoken to her as she entered, or that she was more silent even than usual, and, happening to glance at her, she was startled by the expression of the woman's face. She looked as if she were in some trouble, and had been crying, and Norah turned to her with ready sympathy.

"What is the matter, Harman?" she asked.

The woman's face quivered, and she dropped her eyes, but she replied in a low voice: "Nothing, my lady."

Norah did not like to seem intrusive, and she waited until Harman was on the point of leaving the room before she spoke again.

"I'm afraid you have one of your bad headaches," she said. "Never mind about my things," for Harman had some dresses on her arm. "Go and lie down in your own room, and if I want any one I will send for Becca."

The name left her lips reluctantly, and her color rose as she pronounced it, for ever since last night she had been regretting the impulse which led her to have anything to do with the girl.

"Becca, my lady--" began Harman, and Norah saw that she turned even paler than before, and had some difficulty in repressing her tears. "Becca is not here this morning, my lady."

"Not here?" said Norah, coldly; "I suppose she is tired after last night's gayety. It does not matter, I shall not want her; and please do not send for her."

"N-o, my lady," said Harman, almost inaudibly; then she seemed to linger and hesitate, and at last she said, tremulously, "your ladyship hasn't heard, then?"

"Heard what?" asked Norah, turning and looking at her with a sudden dread of she knew not what.

"I--I beg your ladyship's pardon; I thought perhaps you had heard."

"I have heard nothing," said Norah, the indefinable dread growing more distinct. "Is it anything about Becca, Harman?"

"Yes, my lady; Becca is lost."

Norah stared at her in silent astonishment for a second or two; then she echoed the words in amazement.

"Becca lost! What do you mean, Harman?"

"I--I beg your ladyship's pardon for troubling you," said poor Harman, humbly. "I shouldn't have mentioned it just yet a while if--if your ladyship hadn't spoken about her; but Becca has disappeared, my lady."

With the dread weighing heavily upon her, Norah leaned forward in the chair, and fixed her eyes anxiously upon the woman.

"Do you mean to say that Becca is not to be found?"

"Yes, my lady," assented Harman, with the tears beginning to roll down her pale cheeks. "She is not in the Court, and she is not at home with her grandfather, and I have sent to look for her all over the village; but she cannot be found."

"Oh, but," said Norah, encouragingly, "you should not worry yourself needlessly, Harman. Perhaps, she stayed with some friends at Ferndale."

Harman shook her head despondently. "There isn't any one in Ferndale who knows well enough to stay with, my lady," she said; "and if she had slept the night at Ferndale, she would have been sure to come home early this morning."

"Then what has become of her?" said Norah.

Harman wiped her eyes. "I can't think, my lady," she said, anxiously. "Becca is giddy and flighty, but I don't think she'd stay out all night away from her grandfather unless--"

"Unless what, Harman?" asked Norah, as the woman hesitated.

"Unless she'd been forced to, my lady," said Harman, in a low voice.

Norah sat and thought with knit brows. All night Becca had haunted her, and she had dreaded to meet her and to speak to her, and now the girl had disappeared!

"You have made all inquiries, I

**Don't Scold, Mother!
The Cross Child Is
Billious, Feverish.**

Look at tongue! If coated, clean little stomach, liver, bowels.

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with sour waste.

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Keep it handy, Mother! A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember there are counterfeiters sold here, so surely look and see that yours is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup.

suppose?" she said, for the sake of saying something.

"Yes, my lady. I've sent all over the village. But there's nowhere she could hide away from me in the village, or, for the matter of that, in Ferndale. Becca's too well known."

Norah rose with a sigh. Much as she would have preferred to remain at home on the chance of Cyril's writing or calling, she felt it her duty to help Harman in her trouble.

"Order the pony phaeton, please," she said. "You and I will drive round and see if we can find her; and don't be more worried than you can help. Depend upon it, she is not far off. I expect we shall find her at home by the time we get there."

Harman gave her mistress a look of gratitude, and went, and Norah, reflecting on the irony of fate, which compelled her to search for the girl who had caused her so much pain, put on her hat and jacket.

In a few minutes Harman returned dressed in her modest black cloak and bonnet, and Norah and she drove off.

"Where shall we go first? To her grandfather's cottage, I suppose?" said Norah. "You will see we shall find her there," she added, encouragingly.

They reached the cottage, and Harman got out of the phaeton. She was away scarcely two minutes, and returned shaking her head.

"She's not come home, my lady," she said, in a low voice.

Norah did not know what to do next, and as she sat holding the restless ponies, perplexed and undecided, Guildford Berton turned the corner of the lane in front of them, and came toward them.

He was coming along with his eyes downcast as usual, and did not see them until he was almost close upon the ponies; then he started slightly and looked up, and Norah noticed that he looked rather paler than usual, and haggard; but his face cleared and lightened as he recognized her, and he came up with a smile as he raised his hat.

"Good-morning, Lady Norah," he said, brightly. "I am so glad to see you out; I was afraid you would be quite exhausted. What a lovely morning!" and he nodded smilingly to Harman, who dropped a courtesy. "I rode over to Ferndale this morning," he said, "to ask after you. I do hope your headache has vanished!"

(To be Continued.)

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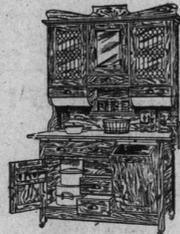
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War News

**Messages Received
Previous to 9 A.M.**

ASQUITH RESIGNS; BONAR SUCCEEDS.
LONDON, Dec. 5. The resignation of Premier Asquith is officially announced. The Court Circular announced last night that the Right Hon. Mr. Asquith had an audience with His Majesty the King to announce his resignation as Prime Minister and as Lord of the Treasury, which the King has been graciously pleased to accept. King George has summoned Mr. Bonar Law, Secretary for the Colonies to the Palace. It is understood that Asquith will advise the King to trust Law with the formation of a ministry.

The Premier's decision to resign and advise the King to summon Mr. Bonar Law to form a cabinet was taken after a day of extraordinary political excitement and activity. There were constant comings and goings of the political leaders between Downing Street and the various government departments. Mr. Asquith met several Unionist leaders in consultation, including Earl Curzon, Lord Robert Cecil and the Earl of Derby. Noticeable absentees from the conference were A. J. Balfour, Mr. H. Andrew Bonar Law, J. Arthur Chamberlain, and Walter Hume Long. Later in the afternoon the Premier met his supporters, including Viscount Grey, Lewis Harcourt, Edwin Montagu, Marquis Crewe, Reginald McKenna, Walter Runciman, H. St. John, Lord Reading and Arthur Henderson. The meeting lasted for more than an hour, and it is supposed that Asquith explained that he was forced to resign almost insuperable obstacles to the reconciliation of the conflicting interests, and intended to tender his resignation. Almost immediately after the Premier drove to the Palace to have an audience with the King. Herbert Henry Asquith became Premier of Great Britain in 1908, succeeding Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Asquith at once began a policy of reform, parliamentary, socially and constitutionally, of a radical nature, aided by Lloyd George, with whom to-day he apparently is at odds. Shortly after the outbreak of the war, a Liberal Cabinet of Asquith began to be assailed by its political enemies, mainly on the conduct of the war, particularly in regard to the navy branch of the British forces. So bitter was this campaign that on May 26, 1915, a Coalition Cabinet was formed with Asquith, however, retaining the portfolio of Prime Minister. The present political crisis in Britain has its origin in a similar situation, especially on account of the Government's

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