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**For Love of a Woman;**

OR,

**New Romeo and Juliet.**

CHAPTER XXXVI.  
CONSPIRATORS.

"Which he can unmake!" said Percy Levant.

"I think not," murmured Spenser Churchill, blandly. "There have been later wills, I think, but—ahem!—I have taken charge of them—"

"You are a clever fellow, Churchill!"

"Yes, I think I am. I honestly and modestly think I am. I ought to have been a great statesman or a general, my dear Percy."

"You ought, indeed!" said Percy Levant. "But—pardon me—although I believe every word you say most implicitly, I am afraid the world—including the marquises—will want some proofs. It is all very well to say that Miss Marlowe—that is, my wife," he put in hurriedly—"is Lord Stoyles's daughter; but proof, proof, my dear fellow!"

"You're no fool, either, Percy," said Spenser Churchill. "Of course we want proofs, and here they are!" And he took some papers from his pockets. "Here is the certificate of marriage of Lucy—Miss Marlowe's mother—to the marquise; the certificate of Miss Marlowe's birth; a full and an exhaustive statement of Lady Stoyles on her deathbed, duly attested; and a statement of Jeffrey Flint. Pretty complete, I think."

"Complete indeed. And how did you get them, Churchill? Upon my word, you are a clever man even than I thought you."

"How did I get them?" he repeated, lowering his voice; "I got them from Jeffrey Flint."

"He gave them to you?"

"Not exactly. My dear Percy, I took them. What use are papers to a dead man?" He stopped and turned pale as he saw the scene of Jeffrey's death rose before him. "But don't let us talk of it; it was a most unpleasant affair, I assure you, my dear Percy. But you will, with your quick intelligence, soon understand how, once having those papers in my possession, I saw my way to making, with your assistance and Lady Grace's, a grande coup!"

"Lady Grace's, eh?" said Percy. Spenser Churchill laughed softly.

"My dear Percy, never despise women. They may be fools—I fear they generally are—but they are, oh, they are so useful! Without Lady Grace I could have done little or nothing; but she was really invaluable. Cecil—dear Cecil—was always suspicious of me; but, of course, he trusted Lady Grace, and she and I between us caught him. 'Caught him' is the only expression applicable. To this day he considers himself under an obligation to her which only marriage can repay. He laughed. "Poor Cecil! I can't help pitying him; for, between you and me, my dear Percy, I'd rather marry a tigress than beautiful Lady Grace! But don't let us talk of him or her. Let us talk of ourselves. The whole thing has gone splendidly, though I say it. Providence, my dear Percy," and he turned up his eyes, "has been on our side. The dear marquise—how surprised he would be if he knew this true story I have revealed to you!—is lying in a senseless and utterly incapable con-

dition in London; Cecil and Lady Grace are going to be, if they are not already, married; and you—you, my dear Percy, are the happy husband of Lady Mary, the daughter of the Marquis of Stoyles. Think of it! Realise it, and oh, my dear Percy, make it twenty (instead of the ten thousand you agreed upon! Here are the papers. They are at your service; indeed, I consider that they belong to you—"

He pushed the papers across the table, smiling with oily triumph and satisfaction, and Percy Levant leaned forward to take them, when a thin, wasted hand clutched them clawlike, and a harsh, strained voice said:

"No! They are mine!"

Percy Levant sank back into his chair and wiped the perspiration from his brow; but Spenser Churchill sprang from his seat, and grabbed at the papers mechanically. Then, as he encountered the piercing eyes fixed upon him, he, too, sank back, and, in a terrified voice, gasped:

"The marquise!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.  
FOILED.

"The marquise!" gasped Spenser Churchill, and he sank back, still staring at the haggard and wasted face, from which the piercing eyes glared down at him like ardent coals, with a fearful, horrified gaze.

Then he half-rose, and, with a grotesque attempt at a smile, wagged his head at Percy Levant, who stood erect and alert.

"This—this—is a very pretty little

plot, my dear Percy," he said; "but you don't imagine that the dear marquise will take your word against mine? Marquis"—and he managed to raise his eyes to the fierce face with a ghastly attempt at a smile—"I am sorry that you should have been deceived by what was palpably an attempt on my part to lure this gentleman into a trap. He is—you don't know him, but I do, and I must introduce him. This man is an adventurer, a scamp who would sell his soul for a ten-pound note. You won't let his word weigh against mine—against Spenser Churchill's!"

"It is quite true, my lord," said Percy Levant. "As this man says, I am an adventurer. I have been willing to sell my soul for a ten-pound note; I am utterly unworthy of belief—his voice grew hoarse and broken—and it is only the influence of a woman's pure and spotless nature that has, at the eleventh hour, induced me to stop short in the villainous work to which this man tempted me. I am as bad as he—up to this point. I ask for no mercy, no indulgence, no credit; for his own lips you shall judge him, and from the papers you have in your hand."

The marquise just glanced at him—no more—then turned his fierce eyes upon Spenser Churchill again.

(To be Continued.)

**For Her Sake;**

OR—

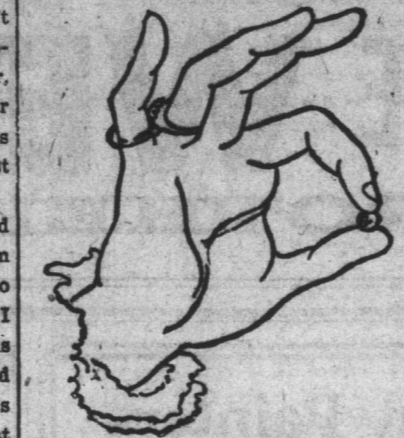
**The Murder in Furness Wood.**

CHAPTER I.

This rare rose garden had been planned by Diana Cameron, and she was proud of its loveliness. It was protected from cold winds by dense masses of hollies and chestnut-trees. A white marble fountain and a few graceful statues gleamed from amongst the roses. For those who loved the queen of flowers the place was a paradise. Every kind of rose found a home there; but Diana loved the old-fashioned ones best—the damask-rose with its dark loveliness, the cabbage-rose with its luscious perfume, the maiden's blush with its dainty color, the moss-rose with its mystical veil, the white rose, rarest emblem of innocence, the Gloire de Dijon with its rich yellow hues. There were countless varieties, from the humblest rose that grew to the latest product of high cultivation.

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Strangers were seldom, if ever, taken thither. The little group with Miss Cameron now were her most intimate friends—Lady Colwyn of Colwyn Hall, who loved her with a warm, motherly affection; Sir Royal West, a man past his first youth, owner of the neighboring estate of Westwater; and Richard Marche, called by courtesy her cousin, although he was related to her only in the third or fourth degree. These three composed the heiress' court, and one or other was almost invariably with her.

It was with something like a sigh, after a few minutes' silence, that she held out her little jeweled watch to them.

"It is time to go indoors," she said. "You are staying to dine, Lady Colwyn? I am so glad!"

If the desire of Lady Colwyn's heart could have been granted, she would have stayed at Furness altogether.

"It is my turn, Diana, to escort you," said Richard Marche. "I am growing jealous of Sir Royal."

"Dear Sir Royal!" cried the heiress; and she turned to him a face full of bright kindly regard—eyes shining with kindness, lips sweet with smiles. Next to her father, Diana Cameron esteemed Sir Royal more highly than any one on earth; but it was not, and never would be, as a lover. She laid her hand on Richard Marche's arm, and smiled on him with utter unconsciousness of inflicting pain. "You take care of Lady Colwyn, Rich," she said; and her cousin obediently followed her sweetly imperious command.

They wended their way amongst the roses, laughing and talking carelessly, brightly, and happily.

"I wonder," said Diana, as they drew near the house, "whether papa has returned?"

"Where did you say he had gone?" asked Sir Royal.

"To Sir Granley Tresham's," replied Miss Cameron. "He went yesterday morning."

"How is it that you did not go with him?" asked Sir Royal.

"They were very anxious for me to do so; but I was there on Tuesday, and I did not much care for some of the people staying in the house. I did not like Lady Scarsdale and her daughters."

"Why not?" inquired Richard Marche.

"They are not my style. They are proud and arrogant; and I did not like Lady Scarsdale's manner either to my father or myself."

She did not see the look, half of wonder, half of dismay, exchanged between Lady Colwyn and Sir Royal.

"I thought the daughters were nice girls," said Sir Royal carelessly; yet under the veil of those light words there was no little suppressed anxiety.

"Good-bye to the sunshine and the roses!" cried the beautiful young heiress, as she entered the house.

As she looked round, she was all unconscious that the brightest day of her life would close with the setting of the sun. The following day was to bring her news of a dinner-party—one that would prove the beginning of her troubles.

(To be Continued.)

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DANNUNZIO IN CONTR

PARIS

The Jugo Slav Peace here has issued the following resolution regarding the Fiume: "An armed corps at Fiume on the nights of 12th and 13th, when of Italian soldiers arrived occupied territory of Istria. The battleship Dante A. unable to sail, her engines damaged purposely. ed from the ship and joint nuncios volunteers. Ital authorities and command troops were powerless to der, preparations for the having been carefully made, bells drove away the E. stationed in the Governor demonstrations against An Britain, France and Jugo curred. Dannunzio address lers and crowds and they drove the Jugo Slavs a from Fiume and Susak. American and British ha on board ships. It is fea regulars of the Italian were sent against the make common cause with

**ONLY CARRIED**

ROME

The Republican Party the following resolution the Dannunzio coup at temporary liberators of carried away by noble im than political calculation deserve the sympathy of although it is an illusion as an accomplished fact tion of Fiume as final.

**UNIONISTS AND LAB**

LONDON.

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