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Your hair becomes thin, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. Besides beautifying the hair at once

Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair. But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any druggist or toilet counter, and just try it.

A Terrible Tangle.

CHAPTER III.

A Shocking Revelation.

And though for a brief while her soul recoiled in horror from this thing that Lillian had done, her nobility of nature, the tender love she had cherished for her young sister, was still too great to let her contemplate punishment falling on Lil with equanimity. It was no new thing for Beth to know that Lillian was neither wise nor reliable. She had never deceived herself in this respect, but she had judged Lil's faults to be superficial and natural, and she had loved the girl all the more because of her helplessness. She had been a veritable mother to her stepsister, and had set herself the task of standing between Lil and all difficulties.

To her the girl had hardly grown her childhood, and it was terrible for Beth to be forced to see that the pretty nonsense, the fairy-like selfishness, had been but a cloak to other and baser qualities. She knew only what she had gathered from Barostan's fierce words, but Beth dared not let herself hope that there was some mistake. He could hardly have come to her with such a story on his lips if there was no truth in it. Malice, and hatred, and desire to punish her might go far, but not so far as that; and the knowledge that his brother lay dead, that so fair and promising a life was ended in so tragic a way, chilled her to the soul.

In such an hour, face to face with such trouble, she felt the need of some one else to advise her, to help her; in such a dark hour she awoke to the fact that she was herself really very young, and that all the maturity which she had endeavored to cultivate, and which, to a certain degree, circumstances had forced upon her, did not really belong to her, and was not deeply rooted.

She climbed the stairs to her old room wearily, with an unusual sense of age upon her, and when she had locked the door she sat down and read the letter which she had been supposed to write to Basil Barostan.

Her bold handwriting had been imitated fairly well, but such a letter as she read Elizabeth could never have written. It was rude, brutal in its frankness, even a little vulgar. It represented her as a hard,

worldly woman, and Lillian as a victim. But for Elizabeth's intervention there would have been no marriage with Henry Garland, and Lillian would have been left to follow the path that young love had set down for her.

It was cleverly done, and Elizabeth could well understand how such a letter had given a death thrust to the heart of an imaginative, overstrung, highly sentimental young man.

She sat with her eyes covered with her hand for a long time, trying in vain to see her roadway out of this tangle, and feeling her marvelous love for Lillian and her pride in the girl recede slowly from her. She had always been so open with Lil, she had trusted her so entirely, she had dealt with her so gently, believing, we know, that the other girl lacked the strength of character that would make her a sensible woman. It seemed incredible to her that Lil could have lived through these eight to ten months harboring such a secret, and more incredible still to realize that her sister should have had even the smallest acquaintance with Basil Barostan.

For that it was Lillian's hand that had set down this miserable epistle she dared not doubt. There were numerous signs to force this home. The paper used was some she had had in her room for a long time, the writing, laborious as it was, could only have been done by one who knew his characters as Lil did; but, more than all this, it served Lil's purpose to write such a letter, which could signify nothing to a stranger.

So much Elizabeth remembered, now—Lil's nervousness and haste to be married—at one time Beth had argued a little delay—her secrecy about her letters, her impatient intolerance of all the things appertaining to her old life.

Instead of taking delight in going to Warminster, she had pretended that the weather was too warm, that she was too busy. Her clothes were all sent from London; and then, thinking it all out in a bitter, relentless way, Beth recalled how the dean's wife had once spoken of Basil Barostan before Lil and herself, and had declared that the young fellow had gone abroad to study.

"He means to be very great," she had said.

It had, Elizabeth wince now to remember how Lil had laughed at this when their guest had gone. But then, no one had been more ready to fling hard words at the glen people than Lillian; no one had been more openly intolerant of the Barostan emmits. Whenever their name had been introduced, Lil had always been ready with a sneering remark, for one or another of the young men, and all the time she had been carrying on a desperate flirtation with one of them. And Elizabeth was conscious now that Lil must have been perfectly well aware that on young Barostan's side the matter had been serious and earnest.

Long after the servants had gone to rest and the house was wrapped in silence did Elizabeth pace the floor of her room.

Her ready imagination helped her to fill in the picture which Barostan's fierce words had sketched before her.

Rumor had told her much about the love that David Barostan had lavished upon his younger brother. She knew that the boy had always been very delicate, that his mother had died when he had been born, and that the elder brother had been the boy just what she had been to Lillian.

She had heard, too, David Barostan

had been exceedingly proud of his brother's talent, and months ago Warminster had commenced to talk about the young fellow's marvelous musical talents.

He had written some coral music for the cathedral, and had played his own compositions at some of the concerts given in the town during the winter; it must have been this that had given Lil the chance of meeting him.

Abroad, doubtless setting himself the task of planning out a new career to satisfy Lil's ambition, Basil Barostan must have been in ignorance of all that was passing at Heathcote, and this letter—such pitiful evidence of her sister's treachery to herself, and to the man she had fooled—must have been forwarded to him, bringing him back in hot haste, perhaps on the very day that saw Lillian married and lost to him.

It was almost dawn before Elizabeth could bring herself to go to bed, and she awoke from her all too brief sleep the next morning with a feeling of weariness that not even the joyous sunshine could dispel.

CHAPTER IV.

BETH'S PROMISE.

All the morning Elizabeth remained passive. She went through her numerous duties in a dull, mechanical fashion. The news from the glen was brought her by several people in fact, there was great excitement about this death, and, unpopular as David Barostan was, no one denied him sympathy. Lillian's grand marriage, and all to do with it, was quite swamped by this other extraordinary event. Rumor was busy with the dead man's name.

It was given out that he had been shot by accident, but everyone felt that there was something unusual in such a death, and many heads were shaken doubtfully. A few more read to assert that some shame was attached to his death. According to these, things had been going badly at the Glen Farm; ruin all but stared the elder Barostan in the face, and he had encouraged his brother to devote himself to the "tomfoolery" of music instead of utilizing him in the business of the farm, he had only himself to thank for the present misfortune.

Much of this harsh comment reached Elizabeth's ears, and, while shocked her, it did not move her. What pity which would have come to her so naturally under other circumstances.

She dreaded Barostan so much, his fierce, rude attack on her drove from her her usual courage and calm.

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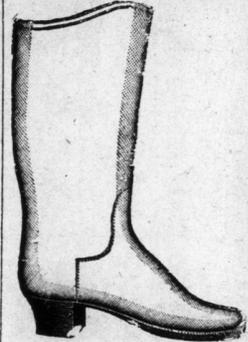
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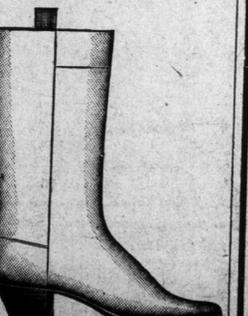


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