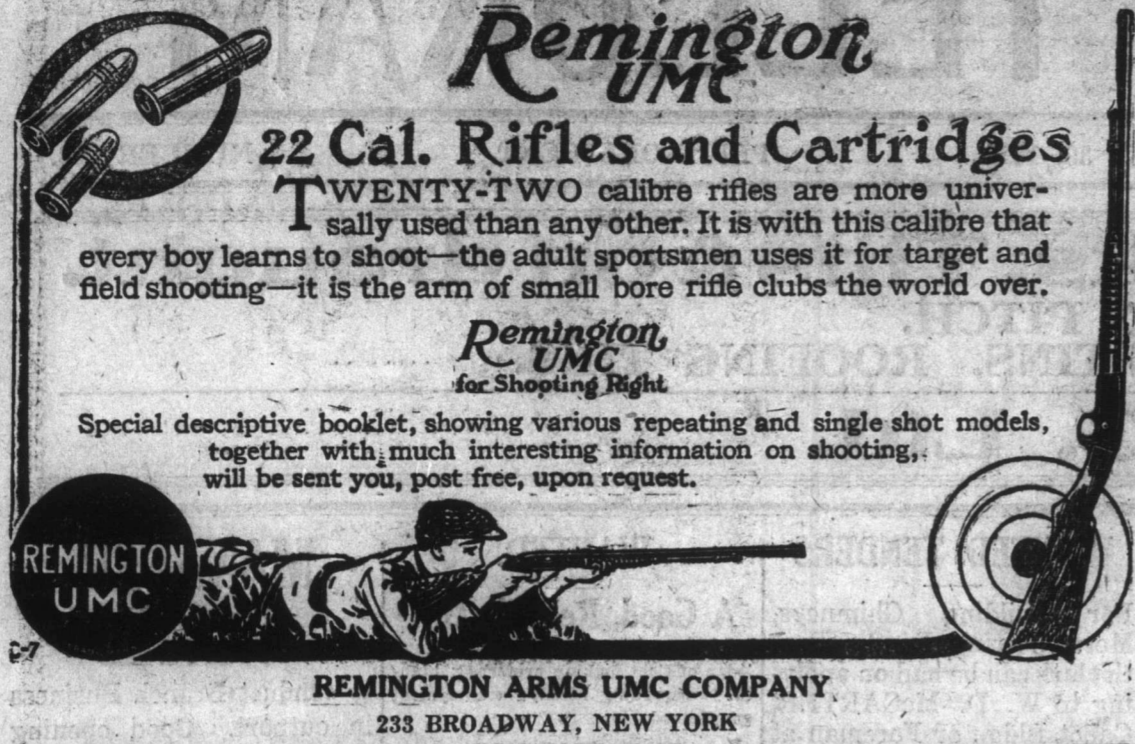


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**REMORSE and REPENTANCE.**

**For Daisy's Sake**

CHAPTER VIII.

"Did you want to know Mr. Bain's address so very bad, miss?"

Annette turned, and saw such a kind, sympathetic face that she clasped her little hands dramatically, saying:

"Oh, yes, indeed; for I wished very—very much to see Mr. Bain, and I am cruelly disappointed that he has gone away without letting me know. It is very sad, very unfortunate, that he went away so soon; but if I can get his address so as to mail him a letter at once, I shall be very thankful to you!"

Any one not knowing the circumstances of the case might have supposed, from Annette's impulsive words and tearful eyes, that she was desperately in love with Dallas Bain, and that he had basely deserted her. The artful maid received that impression, and so, alas! did the jealous lover listening outside the bower.

Letty Green smiled, and said artfully:

"He must have gone away in anger."

"Oh, yes, he did; but if I can only get a letter to him soon, I am sure he will come back at once. Can you give me his address?"

"I don't know it, miss; but I will find it out from Mrs. Fleming and let you know to-morrow."

"Oh, thank you ever so much; but don't let Mrs. Fleming know you want the address for a girl, or she might be jealous," smiled Annette, bestowing a piece of silver on the girl, who thanked her, and skipped away.

Scarcely was she out of sight ere Annette was confronted by the livid face of her jealous and violent lover.

"Oh, Ray, darling!" she gasped, in delight; but the young man caught her arm in a steely grasp that pained her, while he hissed into her little, pink ear:

"Ouch! what was that?"

"Somebody shooting at ye, maybe," returned the man, whose firmer nerves made him receive the shock more coolly; and he continued: "Come to my arms, honey, and let me protect you."

She repulsed him with a coquettish frown, and they both turned and looked in the direction of the arbor, from whence the sound had proceeded.

But the thick shrubberies that dotted the grounds hid from sight the figure of the jealous lover running madly from the scene of the crime he had committed in the height of unreasoning passion.

Suddenly Letty Green grew very pale, and clutched at Cullen for actual support, whispering in awestruck tones:

"Cullen, I'm that nervous I can hardly stand on my feet! I—have such an awful sus-suspicion! Suppose that pretty young girl has shot herself in the arbor because her lover's run away?"

"Let us go and see," he replied, pulling her hand through his arm, for she was really trembling very much. Thus, arm in arm, he very lovingly, she pretending to pull away from him, and protesting that she daren't look, they proceeded to the arbor, where they found Annette lying like one dead, outstretched on the ground, with a thin stream of blood pouring from her breast, staining her light silk gown and creamy laces with a gory crimson.

"I said so—I told you so! She's gone and killed herself!" whimpered Letty, clinging to him for sympathy, the tears welling into her keen black eyes.

"She's dead, sure enough, I'm afraid," returned Cullen, jumping to conclusions without examination. Then he cast a glance upon the ground, adding: "But I don't see the weapon as she done it with."

They began to search about, but uselessly. It could not be discovered; and the man said then, pityingly:

"She didn't do it herself;—no one else fired that shot. But who could have had the heart to hurt that pretty young girl?"

"Yes—who could?" echoed Letty, with a sob; and she began to stroke Annette's little hands, as they lay limply by her sides.

Then she gave a quick start of surprise.

"Why, her dear little hands are warm yet, and, oh, see—see, Cullen! she ain't quite dead, for her heart beats a little. Just feel," and she moved his hand over the girl's side. "Run, run," she added, "for a doctor—quick! and I'll stay till you come back!"

Nothing loath, Cullen set off at full speed, and Letty remained crouching beside the unconscious girl, stroking her hands, her hair, and the soft folds of her shimmering silk gown with soft, pitying touches.

But suddenly a covetous look gleamed in her eyes, and her hand slid furtively along the silken folds till it was lost to sight. Letty had remembered the little netted purse from which Annette had generously given her a silver piece.

She withdrew her hand furtively, having captured a purse and a letter. The letter, she saw, was addressed to Dallas Bain.

Slipping both into her pocket, Letty murmured:

"Poor thing! That's why she wanted his address so bad, to send him this letter. Well, I'll find it out, if I can, and mail it to him. I'll do her that good turn, poor, pretty little girl! though I don't believe that my mistress would like it if she knew, for I fancy she is sweet on Mr. Bain herself."

Cullen had been so fortunate as to find a doctor driving past the gate, and both now appeared on the scene, much to Letty's joy, for she was a tender-hearted girl, despite her faults of cupidity and deceitfulness.

The physician made a hasty examination, and discovered that Annette's wound was not serious, after all. The

bullet had been diverted from its course by her stays, and had inflicted a painful but not dangerous wound. He extracted it very easily just before she groaned and recovered consciousness, starting in alarm at the strange faces bending over her as she lay on the ground.

"There, you will do nicely now," said the kind old doctor, who had already stanchd the flow of blood, and he added: "My coupe is at the gate, and I will just take you home to your mother before she gets frightened to death with some awful report that you are murdered."

The girl's eyes dilated in anguish, for at that moment everything returned to her mind, and she remembered that the man she loved more than life—her handsome, blue-eyed Ray—had aimed a murderous bullet at her true heart. She almost wished that she had died, so cruel was the pain of knowing that he was unworthy.

Doctors Bowers saw the gleam of apprehension in her dark eyes, and asked quickly:

"Miss Annette, do you know who gave you this wound?"

She was silent a moment, then faltered:

"How should I know? It—it—must have been a stray shot, for—for—I was alone the moment this girl, here, left me, and—then—suddenly I heard the sharp report of a pistol. The bullet pierced my breast, and—I fell to the ground, and knew no more."

Doctor Bowers glanced at Letty Green, who answered:

"It must be true what she says, for I was here talking to her alone, and it was barely three minutes later that I heard the pistol as I was coming up the steps, and I thought she had committed suicide; so we ran here quick as lightning, but we saw and heard no intruder."

"It must have been a stray shot," corroborated Cullen, strong in his conviction that no one could deliberately harm such a pretty young thing.

The old doctor said no more; but in his heart he did not accept the theory of the stray shot.

Something in Annette's eyes, so startled, so grieved, like a wounded fawn's, when he questioned her, had half betrayed to him the secret she was loyally guarding.

"The girl is shielding some one—a jealous lover, maybe—but, after the manner of these self-immolating women, she will never betray her secret," he thought testily, as he and Cullen carried her gently to the coupe, so that she could be removed to her home.

Poor little Annette, who had started forth so gayly scarce an hour ago, how different was her home-coming, and what they brought her pale darling in with the gory bloodstains defacing her new silk gown!

"Who has done this dreadful thing?" her mother cried, and Doctor Bowers could only tell her what he had heard:

"It was a stray shot."

They bore her to her little white bed, and for a week she was very, very ill, the result of shock as much as from her wound. Fever and delirium set in, and sometimes she raved of her lover, Ray, beseeching him to come back to her, but never by the least hint betraying the secret of his terrible crime.

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Pattern 3323 is here illustrated. It is cut in 5 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size will require 3 3/4 yards of 27 inch material.

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Address in full:—

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