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## PURE

### REMORSE and REPENTANCE.

### For Daisie's Sake

CHAPTER XXVII.  
TO REMEMBER A LITTLE WHILE.

"Yes?"

"You will see his wife to-night, if you come with me to see Calve. Mrs. Fleming will have a box party that includes Daisie Sherwood and her guests, Miss Janowitz; and we will meet them at the Morton ball afterward, for they told me they were coming."

Lord Werter resolved at first that he would not attend either of these functions, not caring to renew the impression Daisie made on him first under the drooping wistarias—that picture that was graven on his heart.

He hoped that time was effacing it now, since she was another's wife; but insensibly there grew on him a wild longing to see her again.

He explained it to himself on the score of curiosity as to how she would look in the garb of wealth and fashion—beautiful Daisie, who had been irresistible in the simple white gown with lavender ribbons.

So he went with his cousin to hear Calve, and in the opposite box he saw his old love sitting—Daisie, in her white silk and misty face and costly jewels, and that crown of golden hair—golden hair that had once lain on his breast, in that time that seemed so far away. And people kept going in and out of the box to speak to the three beauties; but he saw quickly that she attracted always the most admiration. She must enjoy it, too; for her face wore the most enchanting smile, as if no care disturbed her mind.

"Yes she pretended that it grieved her to give me up. Was it not true? Has she forgotten so soon? Is she happy?" he mused angrily.

In his heart he was bitterly angry that she could be happy without him, though that was selfishness, he knew. By and by he saw Mrs. Fleming looking over at their box, and the start she gave as she recognized him.

"Who is the young man in the box with Mrs. Hill-Dixon?"

"Her cousin, Lord Werter, a regular swell," he replied.

Annette Janowitz brought her opera glass into play, exclaiming:

"What! a real live lord? Let me have a good look at him. Oh, dear me;



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he's the living image of Dallas Bain! Do look, Daisie!"

Daisie looked, and Dallas met her glance and waited for recognition, but none came; and he could not see how pale she grew as her eyes wavered and fell.

"Snubbed!" he said to himself indignantly, and it aroused the keenest anger in his breast. What had he done, that neither of the three would recognize him?

And, to add to his injury, Daisie never even looked at him again, though the eyes of the other two stray to him often in wonder at his likeness to one they had known in the past.

He wondered cynically if Mrs. Fleming had got over her fancy for him as easily as Daisie seemed to have done.

"I will go to the Morton ball and see," he resolved, in a spirit of audacity.

So, when the opera was over and they were in the crush of the ball, he asked the hostess for an introduction to Mrs. Fleming, and the little blonde beamed with delight when he asked her to dance.

"Lord Werter, I could not keep my eyes off you at the opera. You must have noticed it, and thought it strange. But I was almost certain you were an old friend of mine named Dallas Bain. When Major Mays told me your name, I could hardly believe it," she twittered.

So that explained her failure to bow? It lifted something from his heart; but he took a whim not to undeceive her yet, not to own his identity, to masquerade under his new splendor.

So he danced with the gay little widow, but his eyes wandered often to Daisie, who was Major Mays' partner, and danced divinely. It vexed him that she would not even look at him, though she might have done that much for the sake of the likeness to her old love.

"She is heartless. Prosperity has spoiled her," he thought bitterly, as he leaned against the wall and watched the clear-cut, smiling face so fair and flower-like.

He felt as if he hated her for forgetting so soon.

"She might have done me that poor grace, to remember a little while," he muttered, in his pain.

"Then it came to him what his cousin had said, that though she seemed to be gay, there was sometimes a strange sadness on her lovely face.

"Perhaps it is for me. She is playing a part, as I am," he thought, with a quickened heart throb.

Mrs. Fleming made herself just as charming as she knew how; but she could not help seeing how his gaze wandered, and she exclaimed, with something like pique:

"The lady you are looking at is my cousin, Mrs. Royall Sherwood. Would you like to be presented?"

"Yes, thank you," he replied, although he knew it was not wise to risk it. His headache was too keen already.

Mrs. Fleming was secretly piqued, for she had fallen in love with Lord Werter as madly as she had loved Dallas Bain, and was determined to marry him if she could.

But she did not dread Daisie as a rival, for she knew the girl was too pure and honest to flirt, so when the dance was over she led the handsome young nobleman over, and presented him to her cousin.

Daisie had been watching them furtively, and she was sure in her heart that it was Dallas Bain.

"Why, then, was he masquerading under a title?"

Her heart grew hot within her as she thought of the indignity he had put upon her in his elopement with Mrs. Fleming's silly maid, Letty.

CHAPTER XXVIII.  
"A SHOCKING LITTLE FLIRT."

Daisie saw them coming, and braced herself for the rencontre. She was determined he should not see her flinch.

Stately as a young princess, and cold as ice, she received him, and he could not but admire her perfect self-poise and grace, though he wondered at such a reception.

"She knows me—her heart is not deceived. Then why not give me a kinder welcome?" he thought, not knowing of the false stories she had been told to turn her heart against him.

As for Daisie, she was thinking under her cold, proud smile:

"Where is Letty? Did he really marry her? And why is he masquerading under a false title?"

an air of proprietorship, presented Lord Werter.

Annette flashed her great black eyes at him with so friendly a smile that he took refuge with her at once from the hauteur of Daisie's manner.

"Will you dance with me?" he asked; and the gay little brunette, seeing a chance to tease the jealous little widow, replied carelessly:

"Oh, dear, no; I've almost danced my slippers off already. But I'll sit out the next waltz with you in the conservatory."

He gave her his arm, bowed to the other two, and led her away.

"Shocking little flirt!" Mrs. Fleming exclaimed sharply to Daisie.

"Oh, no; she is only tired, I suppose," generously.

"You are looking tired yourself, my dear, and as pale as if you had seen a ghost. It is wonderful, is it not, that man's likeness to Dallas Bain?"

"Yes."

"But we had better not mention it to Royall, poor fellow; for I think he is still jealous of the very memory of Dallas Bain."

"He need not be!" Daisie cried, with a flash of spirit. "My husband need never be jealous of the man who could stoop to elope with your maid!"

But she knew that her whole soul was shaken to its depths by this rencontre. Oh, those dark, dark eyes, how their glance could wound and dazzle still! How that smile could thrill her very soul!

Mrs. Fleming looked at her curiously, and smiled.

"I'm glad you have learned to despise him! Of course, he wasn't worth a thought of yours; and it was fortunate you married Royall and escaped him, wasn't it? I wonder what became of him, though, and if he really married Letty."

"The subject is not worth discussing," Daisie returned, with her loftiest air.

Meanwhile, Annette, sitting out the waltz in the cool, odoriferous conservatory with her elegant partner, exclaimed artlessly:

"Do you know it gave us all quite a start when we saw you to-night at the opera? You are so like a gentleman we met at Gull Beach last summer."

"Mrs. Fleming has been telling me the same thing, and I am very curious over my double. Tell me about him, do," said Lord Werter, fixing his large, magnetic, dark eyes on her brilliant face, and smiling his most persuasive smile.

Annette played with her fan in sudden embarrassment.

"I am very curious to hear about my double," repeated Lord Werter; and then she blurted out:

"It will not flatter you to hear the truth about Dallas Bain. He—he turned out badly."

"Indeed? What did he do?"

"Why, he—he eloped with Mrs. Fleming's maid, a pert little wretch, and—Dallas and I had to help her do up her hair for a week before she got another girl to suit."

"Miss Janowitz!"

Lord Werter's voice was so stern it made her tremble.

"Do you realize what you are saying about Dallas Bain?"

"Oh, yes; it's the honest truth, Lord Werter. He was Mrs. Fleming's guest, and flirted with the maid. And on the night Daisie married Mr. Sherwood he eloped with Letty Green. Oh, yes; it's true. They were seen to board the New York train just before daylight. Besides, the girl left a note to her old beau, a servant at Sea View, confessing the truth, and saying Mr. Bain was going to marry her in New York. So, you see, your double was no credit to you, and—"

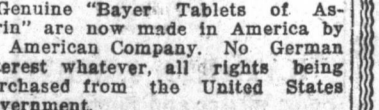
"Why, Lord Werter, are you angry at my nonsense, or are you ill? Your face is as pale as a dead man's, and your eyes are like fire. What is the matter with you?"

(To be Continued.)

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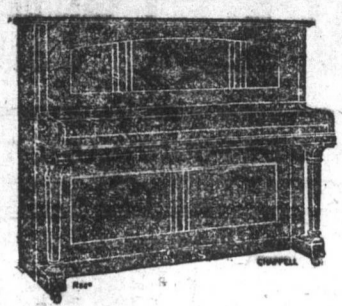
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