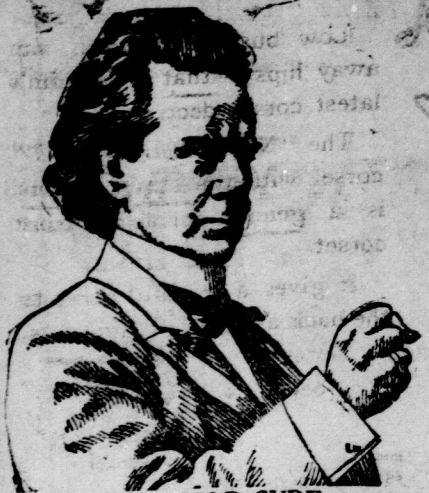


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I regard my COLD CURE as more valuable than a life insurance policy, not only cures colds in the head, colds in the lungs, colds in the bones, but it wards off dangerous diseases such as grippe, diphtheria, pneumonia, and consumption.—MUNYON.

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MUNYON'S INHALE CURE CATARRH.

A STERLING HEART.

"Why, what should have made her faint?" innocently exclaimed Miss Loring, as she came forward and peered curiously into Shirley's white, still face.

"It is very strange, isn't it?" for the room is certainly very cool and comfortable.

Lord Wallace thought there was a peculiar infection in her tones, and glancing keenly into her face, he was sure that it was gleaming with an expression of malicious triumph.

"She has been saying something to wound and insult her, after all," was his inward comment, as he gathered Shirley's slight form closer in his arms and bore her from the room, remarking to Madame as he did so:

"I will take her directly upstairs to her own room if you will kindly come with me."

Then he was gone before a crowd could gather about her, and a few minutes later, Shirley opened her eyes to find herself lying upon the bed in her own chamber, while Madame Marton, Lady Wallace and her son stood over her, applying restoratives and chasing her hands to bring her to herself.

"Oh, Cliff!" the girl unconsciously breathed, with a quivering lip, but no one caught the words save Madame Marton, to whom they were a sudden revelation, and who compressed her thin lips into a line of stern displeasure.

"What did she say?" questioned Lord Wallace in an undertone.

"I don't know," retorted Madame, who was not over-conscientious about stretching the truth to the limit when it suited her purpose to do so, and of course she was not going to betray Shirley in this delicate matter.

The question and answer served to recall the fair girl more fully to herself, and, lifting her head from the pillow, she flashed a wondering look upon the faces around her and inquired:

"What is the matter? What has happened?"

"The matter is that you are tired out after your trip, and, as soon as you have taken this, I am going to command that you go to bed and sleep quietly until morning," Lord Wallace gently repeated as he held her lips a restorative which he had prepared.

Shirley smiled feebly, but unhesitatingly drank the potion, and then, with a deep sigh, lay back upon her pillow again.

"The young man felt her pulse, after which he gave Madame Marton some directions to follow in case the fainting should return, then, telling her to call upon him if he should be needed, he bade Shirley a kind good-night and left her with the ladies.

Shirley begged Lady Wallace to return to her guests and Madame Marton to accompany her.

"I shall be well enough by myself," she pleaded, "I would rather lie here quietly, just as I am, for awhile, than to go to bed so early."

"Indeed, she felt too utterly wretched and shaken by the crushing news she had learned, to make the slightest effort just then—she only wished to be left alone with her grief and pain."

Madame Marton seemed to realize this, and added her entreaties to persuade the hostess to return to the drawing-room, saying that she should also retire presently, and, until she did, would retire after Shirley.

Lady Wallace finally yielded, and, after obtaining her promise to call upon her maid if anything should be needed, she bent over Shirley, kissed her softly on the lips and went away.

Tears started to the young girl's eyes at this motherly care, for no one had kissed her or offered her a caress of any kind since she left New York, and her heart was hungering for some token of affection.

When her ladyship was gone, Madame Marton sat down in a low chair by the bed, a thoughtful look on her face.

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As she sat there beside Shirley, thinking of this, with a feeling of deep disappointment, a long-drawn sigh from the bed attracted her attention. Glancing at the girl, she saw that her eyes were wide open and staring at the foot-board, a look of intense misery in them that smote her heart with a keen pain.

As we are aware, Madame Marton was not a woman who noted for her tact; so she must not be too severely censured for trying to sift the matter which now troubled her, with her usual bluntness.

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Then the hot blood dyed her cheeks and brow with crimson, and all her forced composure gave way.

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"Broken your heart? Humph! Well, that is about what you might expect from most men. Now, child, just dry your tears; shut down the shades; and tell me all about it, and we'll see exactly how far this thing has gone."

Shirley looked a trifle disturbed at this command, although she could see that Madame really felt a kindly interest in her trouble; but it was a delicate matter to discuss, especially so as Blanche Norwood, the girl whom she believed had won her lover, was a relative of the woman.

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