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**REMORSE and REPENTANCE.**  
—OR—  
**For Daisie's Sake**

CHAPTER XXI.  
**SHE LONGED FOR DEATH.**

"So there is my story as brief as I could make it. Can you make anything out of it, my dear?"

She was pale as death, her great eyes black with emotion, her hand pressed convulsively upon her heart as she faltered, through trembling lips:

"I cannot."  
"You have no suspicion as to the identity of the veiled woman?"

"No, I know nothing of his past. She may have been his mother, his sister," she breathed hopefully.

"Perhaps so," he replied; then patted and regarded her with tender, pitying eyes.

"Why do you look at me so strangely? I will not be pitted!" the girl cried, with sudden anger. "You have something more to tell me. Go on, then. Say your worst. I don't think I will kill me," proudly.

"That's right, my brave girl! No man is worth dying for, and there's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught," cried the old doctor joyfully, glad of her pride.

But in a minute he looked away from her to the window, and asked, in a lowered voice:

"Have you happened to hear that—Mrs. Fleming's maid, pretty little Letty Green, eloped last night?"

"No," she stared at him in wonder, then laughed unaccountably. "She went with Cullen, of course?"

"No, Cullen is here."

There was an awful silence for a few moments. She broke it with a scornful laugh, asking coldly:

"Do you wish me to believe that—that my noble, handsome lover, Dallas—went off with Mrs. Fleming's servant, that pert little Letty?"

"That is what the jealous Cullen is saying. I don't ask you to believe it, but he seems to be sure of his facts."

He saw the golden head droop, and the face fall into the hands, and he guessed the awful humiliation that made her hide it from his gaze.

"My poor child, you don't know how it pained me to come to you with this



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horrible story to shake your faith in your lover; but it could not be withheld, you know," he said.

She lifted her face, and it was like a death mask, so cold, so stony, the light and beauty all stricken from it at a blow.

"I am not blaming you," she said, in a cold voice that matched her face. "But—will you bring that man here to me?"

He went out, and she was alone—alone with a sorrow more bitter than death.

"And I loved him so!" she murmured, with an ineffable pathos, throwing her arms to the empty air, as if throwing from her the broken love dream that had fooled her heart.

The door opened, and the servant, Cullen, stood before her—a stocky, red-headed man, with a merry, good-looking face—sullen and red with anger now.

He said, almost rudely:

"If you want me, miss, say your say quick, for I'm in a devil of a hurry to catch the next train for New York, and if I get on their track I'll kill 'em both, certain!"

Daisie shuddered with dread, for the deserted lover looked both ferocious and bloodthirsty, and was glowering upon her now as if he held her personally responsible for the miscarriage of his love affair.

"So, then—Letty Green has really gone?" she faltered.

"Yes, miss, and with that darn rascal—begging your pardon; the words slipped out—yes, she went with that fine gentleman, Mr. Bain, who wasn't too fine to be courting Mrs. Fleming's maid on the sly while he courted her mistress in the parlor. Oh, he was a flirt, was that fellow, and could fool any woman with his deceitful black eyes! Letty was fairly crazed with them till he up and went off without a good-bye to her; then her pride was up in arms, and she made believe she didn't care. I was fool enough to believe her, and made her promise to marry me. A good enough match I was for her, too, if her silly head hadn't been turned by soft sawder before. D—n him!"

"Cullen, you forget yourself," reminded Doctor Burns sternly.

"Lord, sir, I know it, and I humbly ask the lady's pardon for cursing. But I ain't myself at all, that I ain't, and all along of that humbug Letty that I was saving my wages to marry. And I give her my money to keep, too, and she's off with it along of that scamp, and sent me back from the station a sassy, impertinent note, the baggage, that—I'd like to cram down her throat!"

So saying, he thrust the note rudely into Daisie's hand.

Her first impulse was to cast it from her with loathing, but feminine curiosity prevailed, and she read these words:

"It's an ill wind blows nobody good. Miss Bell's marriage was good luck for me.

She had lured Dallas Bain from me, but as soon as he found out she was married and he couldn't get her, his thoughts turned back to me. After Mr. Sherwood was shot, and his bride came back to him, I found Dallas wandering half crazy about the grounds, and set myself to comfort him. It was easier than I thought for he owned to me that if he hadn't taken that sudden infatuation for Daisie Bell he'd have married me weeks before. So I told him it wasn't too late, and he jumped at the idea, and in short, he said if I'd come with him to New York on the first train, he'd marry me soon as we got there. You can guess how quick I consented, Cullen, for you know all along I loved him, though you was foolish enough to take me on any terms. But you'll never get me. I'm born for your betters, though Dallas did own that he wasn't no fit match for Miss Bell, as he lived by his wits, and had served a burglary term in the penitentiary. But I can overlook everything. I love him so, with his soft white hands, and sweet smiles, and solemn black eyes! So I'm writing this at the station while we wait for the train to come.

Good-bye, old friend. I'll keep your savings for a wedding present. You'll have to find another sweetheart, and that spiteful cat, Mrs. Fleming, another maid.

Letty Green—soon to be Letty Bain—Mrs. Dallas Bain! Don't that sound grand? Maybe I'll be back to Gull Beach some time flying in high society. Tra, la!—LETTY.

The letter slipped from Daisie's trembling hand to the floor, and the gilded lover caught it up, muttering: "I'll keep it till I find her, and cram it down her rascal's throat, the impertinent jade! Keep my savings for a wedding gift, indeed! We'll see about that! Most likely they'll buy her a coffin, if I swing for it—yes, and him, too, the sneaking dude! You are well rid of him, miss—or missus, I ought to say—for you've got a noble husband, by good luck, and—"

Here Daisie put out a protesting hand, and the old doctor exclaimed: "You'll miss your train, Cullen!"

At that, the man rushed away, and they were left alone.

Doctor Burns patted her cold hand, and asked her if the story could be true.

His fatherly heart ached for her when she sighed and answered: "It is horrible. I would rather die than believe it—but there seems no room for doubt."

The anguish of a broken heart was

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hood rose in arms in her defense.

"Curse the villain! I'd like to horse-whip him for you, and I hope Cullen will find him and do it on his own account!" he exclaimed angrily, adding: "But, my dear, you've had a lucky escape from his toils, and I wouldn't wear the willow if I were you. You've made a grand match, if it was brought about by a joke, and Royall loves you madly. Take my advice, and stick to him. He may get well and catch your heart in the rebound yet, so you may save your pride from this downfall."

CHAPTER XXII.  
**"THE DIE WAS CAST."**

Poor Daisie Bell! Everything and everybody seemed to be against her, and the old doctor's specious reasoning appealed to her pride, if not her heart.

What was any proud, sensitive girl likely to do, confronted with such conditions—to wear the willow, on the one hand, for a fickle, faithless lover, or to "take the goods the gods provided?"

Every one advised the latter, and Daisie's pride was a powerful ally.

In her secret despair, she longed for death; but it would not come at her call.

She was young, beautiful, and possessed of superb health, besides an overweening pride that would not permit her to pine away and die for a faithless lover who had fled with so contemptible a rival.

She looked pitiously at the old doctor, exclaiming:

"I would rather return to my teacher's desk in New York, and to a life of poverty and toil, than remain here in luxury as the wife of a man I do not love."

"I believe you, my dear young lady; but you are hedged in by circumstances you cannot break through. The condition of the man you have married appeals to your pity, if not your heart."

"Yes," she answered sadly; and he continued:

"If you turned against him now you would, by the shock of your desertion, destroy his slight chance of life. Can you bear to do it?"

"And if he lives," she said, "I am bound for life to a man I cannot love."

He shrank before the despair in her eyes, not knowing how to urge her further, and for a moment there was a blank silence.

The next moment something happened that turned the wavering scales in Royall Sherwood's favor. The sick nurse came to the door, saying: "Mrs. Fleming wants you to come at once. Doctor Burns; Mr. Sherwood has a sinking spell."

"Tell her I am coming," and he beckoned Daisie to follow.

She shrank back, and he said, almost sternly:

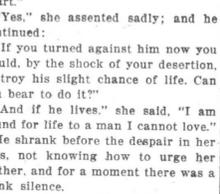
"It may mean death. Can you be so heartless?"

He could not bear to lose his patient. As for her—who pitied her? Who considered for a moment whether her life was to be wrecked or not, poor Daisie Bell?

He was rich, and she was poor—that made all the difference in the world. They all thought she should be proud of her good luck.

(To be Continued.)

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