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Terms Cash One Price **Smyth Bros.** Cheap Cash Store 27 East King St.

THE PRIDE OF LLEWELLYN

By Mrs. E. Southworth

At first their embrace was a close, fervent, silent pressure of heart to heart, and then both spoke at once. "Oh, Gladys!" "Oh, Arthur!" "Oh, what a happiness to meet you again, my love!" "Oh, thank Heaven that you are here at last, dear Arthur!" "But you are so pale, my darling! Have you been ill, Gladys?" "Oh, no, but I have suffered so much. I have been so anxious about you for six months I did not get a letter!" "Why, I wrote to you by every ship I wrote even up to the last week before I sailed, by the Paeacock which sailed five days before us and got into port ten days before us. You should have had a letter about twice a month, regularly, and you should have had one within the last week!" "I have had none for the last half year!" "There must be some foul play here that shall be inquired into," said the young man with a frown. "Oh, no. Who would be so guilty?" "Whoever it was shall be punished for all they have made you suffer my darling. And oh how much of suffering your poor little face reveals!" said the young man taking her head between his hands, and gazing tenderly upon her. "Oh, it is not anxiety about not hearing from you that caused the worst of my suffering, dear Arthur, for, although I could not hear from you I was sure you were on your way home, and that comforted me. But yesterday, Arthur—only yesterday—I heard for the first time of that cruel letter that was written to you?"

The young man's face grew dark. "Ah, that letter! Who forged that letter, Gladys?" he inquired sternly. "Oh, then you do not believe that poor papa wrote it?" exclaimed Gladys in pleased surprise. "Certainly not. Do you?" "Oh, Arthur I do not know what to believe. I am perfectly confounded. But if papa did not write the letter or letters—for there were two of them, one being addressed to 'me—who did?' " "Ah, that is the question!" "Arthur I don't believe papa wrote those letters, and yet I don't dare to believe that he didn't." "Why, Gladys, don't you dare to believe that he didn't?" "Why, because my Aunt Llewellyn says that he wrote them and gave them to her to deliver." "Gladys, who is Mrs. Llewellyn?" inquired the young man. "Oh, she is an angel, Arthur!" "Very possibly. But what is she to you?" "Oh, of real kin, you know! She is only the widow of poor papa's half-brother—I but for all that, she has been an angel of goodness to me all! She came without waiting to be sent for, directly after poor mama's death, and took charge of everything, and kept house for papa until his death. And now she is so good as to stay and take care of me. Yes, she is a penitence of me, I believe!" "Yes, I believe so." "With a portionless son?" "Yes." "Whom she wishes to provide for by marrying him to you?" "Oh, Arthur, how absurd! James Stukely is nothing but a boy, and a half idiot at that!" said Gladys, laughing. "He is now sixteen years of age, and a freshman at the University of Virginia." "But for all that, I tell you, he is a half idiotic boy. And the idea of his marrying anybody is preposterous!" "Yet his mother intends that he shall marry you and come into possession of the Kader Idris estates." "Oh, Arthur, how ridiculous!"

His mother never breathed such a thing!" "No, perhaps not, but she put it into the letter she had written to me." "Arthur, dear, do you believe that Aunt Llewellyn had anything to do with those letters beyond receiving them and mailing yours and delivering mine?" "I can believe any and everything, of any and everybody I easily than I can believe that our poor, dear, father could be guilty of writing those letters!" "I am so glad to hear you say so, Arthur I for to tell you the truth I agree with you although I should have been afraid to express myself as you have done." "Gladys, of course, then you do not mean to be governed by those letters?" "Of course not, unless I could be convinced that they are all genuine." "That you will never be. On the contrary, you will soon be convinced that they are base forgeries. For I mean to sift this matter to the bottom. And by all that is high and holy, good and true, when I discover the forgeries who have dared to desecrate the name and memory of the dead, I will prosecute them—be they men or women, high or low, with the utmost rigor of the law. Gladys, have you that letter about you?" "The one that was written to me?" "Oh, yes." "Give it to me, my dear." "I will, when we get to the house, dear Arthur. It is better for us to go at once." "And be confronted with Mrs. Llewellyn?" "Ah, no. She is spending the forenoon in her room writing." "Very well, then, my darling, we will go up to the house." CHAPTER III. Face to Face. Lemuel, the hall footman, who in boyhood had been the constant attendant of young Powis in all his rural sports, was standing at the front door. Immediately recognizing the newcomer, he impulsively ran out to greet him with a joyous yet respectful welcome. "Well, Lem, old fellow, is that you? How does the world go with you?" inquired the young sailor, cordially shaking the hand of his humble friend. "Ups! down, Marse Arthur, sir, very ups! down, indeed, since the old marse and missis done parted this life. Glad to see you back again, however, sir, and hopes now afore long, as dere'll be another young marse and missis ober de ole hall, to reign ober us all and put things to rights," answered Lemuel, liberally displaying two rows of ivory in a jet black setting, as he grinned from ear to ear. "Thank you for your good wishes, old fellow. I hope so, too," replied the young man good-humoredly. Lemuel, with much formality, now led the way to the drawing-room, and, with a grand flourish threw open the door. "Shall I denounce your revival to de madam, sar?" inquired Lemuel, with a succession of bows. "No, certainly not. I understand that Mrs. Llewellyn is engaged in her own apartment. Do not disturb her on any account," said the young man. Lemuel paused with the door in his hand, as if he waited and wished to do something to show his devotion to the guest. "You may bring some wine and sandwiches here, directly. But stay, Arthur, perhaps you would like to go to your room first? You know where to find it. It is your old room, kept ready for you all the time. Lemuel will attend you," said Gladys.

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