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Lord Nelson—Old England's Great Naval Hero

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Budweiser

Means Moderation



Only a Beggar;

—BUT—

A Queen Among Women

CHAPTER II.

Diana stood until the sound of the horse had died away, then she sank into a chair and looked round the room, as if she were asking herself if the whole affair had really occurred or were only a dream.

As she sat there mentally re-enacting the dramatic incident, it occurred to Diana that it would be wise not to tell Mrs. Burton anything of the incident. She knew how terrified her aunt would be, and how for the future she would dread to let Diana out of her sight, for she was a nervous woman, full of apprehension and quick to take alarm; it would be an actual kindness to keep her in ignorance of the episode.

Diana got up and removed all traces of her very amateurish surgery, set the room straight, and at last—seemed ages since she had finished the exercises—went to bed. It is easy enough to do this, but it is not so easy to sleep; Diana lay awake for some time, and when she fell asleep, her slumber, usually as placid and untroubled as that of a young child,

was haunted by the vision of the rearing and plunging horse, the sound of blows and an angry voice, the sight of blood which stained her hands beyond cleansing.

And in her dreams, strange to say, she saw the face of the assailant quite plainly; saw that at the corner of the thin-lipped mouth there was a scar, as of a cut, about a couple of inches long. It was only in her dreams that she discerned the face thus plainly; when she awoke in the morning, the remembrance of the man's countenance was as dim and vague as it had been on the preceding evening.

"You look pale and tired this morning, Diana," Mrs. Burton said, as Diana stood at the breakfast-table, cutting bread and butter. "Did you have a bad night? I thought I heard you come down again and move about in the kitchen."

Diana bent over the loaf and colored uneasily; and she would have liked to make a clean breast of it; but she glanced at Mrs. Burton's careworn face, with its chronic expression of anxious apprehension, and replied:

"Yes, I was moving about, aunt. But I am all right this morning. I am going for a long walk; to the top of Oak Hill, if I can; and you will find that I shall return with a tremendous color and a perfectly appalling appetite."

She set off soon after breakfast, and

tried to forget the incident of last night; but, of course, she failed to do so. Highway robbery—or attempted murder, which was it?—are not daily occurrences in the lives of village schoolmistresses—and once or twice she caught herself thinking of Lord Dalesford; for she knew that it must have been he. The opinion, founded on hearsay, that she had formed of that nobleman had not, of course, been favorable; and it was not much more so now. He seemed to her to be a reckless, dissipated man, whose only object in life was the pursuit of pleasure of an ignoble sort, in which drinking and gambling figured conspicuously. Brave—oh, yes; he had shown plenty of courage! And good-natured; but, perhaps, it was sheer indolence and the desire to avoid trouble which had held him back from any attempt to find the footpad. And yet, easy as it was to sneer and condemn Lord Dalesford, something within her pleaded for him. Not his good looks alone, though they were striking enough, but a certain easy good temper apparent in voice and manner, and that indescribable something which proclaims the Man.

She thought of him so much that her quick, maiden sensitiveness became annoyed.

"Bother Lord Dalesford!" she said, with a certain irritation. "For Heaven's sake, let me forget him!"

But though she succeeded in driving him from her thoughts, she was reminded of him again as she went down the hill into the road; for the Wrayborough carriage passed her. The earl was seated in it—a tall, aristocratic man, who looked little more than middle-aged, though his hair was white and his face lined with fine wrinkles. He leaned back in the stately barouche, with its powdered and richly liveried servants, one gloved hand, as small as a woman's, resting on one side of the carriage, the other toying with his eye-glasses. His lordship was strikingly handsome, and Diana saw where Lord Dalesford had got his good looks. As she happened to step into the road almost abreast of the carriage, his lordship quickly raised his pince-nez and scanned her. The sight of a pretty girl had always brought a smile to his face, and Diana's beauty brought one there now. It flashed in his dark eyes, which were as bright as a young man's, and curved the delicately-out-

lips. With a swift elevation of the finely penciled eye-brows he raised his hat, as if with an instinctive recognition of, and tribute to, her youth and beauty. But Diana, who was not prepared for the salute, let it go unacknowledged, and the carriage rolled past her, leaving a trail of dust behind it.

There was more dust the next day, for a number of carriages drove through the village and up the road to the great house.

"There is a big dinner-party at the Hall, a bachelor party," Mrs. Burton remarked. "It was to have been yesterday, but Lord Dalesford met with an accident the night before; fell from his horse coming from Lowminster. He was intoxicated, they say."

TWO WOMEN SAVED FROM OPERATIONS

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Their Own Stories Here Told.

Edmonton, Alberta, Can. — "I think it is no more than right for me to thank you for what your kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have done for me.

"When I wrote to you some time ago I was a very sick woman suffering from female troubles. I had organic inflammation and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartily recommend your medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, and think they are fine. I will never be without the medicine in the house."—Mrs. FRANK EMBLEY, 908 Columbia Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta.

The Other Case.
Beatrice, Neb. — "Just after my marriage my left side began to pain me and the pain got so severe at times that I suffered terribly with it. I visited three doctors and each one wanted to operate on me but I would not consent to an operation. I heard of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was doing for others and I used several bottles of it with the result that I haven't been bothered with my side since then. I am in good health and have two little girls."—Mrs. R. E. CHILD, Beatrice, Neb.

Diana colored at the partly unjust inference.

"He—he may not have been. I—I mean, so bad," she said, rather stammeringly.

She lay awake that night and listened to the carriages as they drove away from the Hall. From some of them came bursts of laughter and snatches of song; and the horses of one vehicle, a small phaeton, probably, went by at a gallop.

Unacquainted with the great world though she was, Diana could imagine the sort of dinner-party it had been; and, half unconsciously, she sighed as she turned on her pillow and strove to shut out the discordant sounds. Why were men so foolish and so wicked?

By the fourth day, if she had not forgotten her adventure in the lane, she had ceased to dwell upon it. She had spent a very happy day. Finding it impossible to get on any longer without the children, she had gone to some of the cottages and carried off half a dozen of the smaller ones for a picnic in the woods. They had a delightful time, and Diana, having restored the healthily tired and supremely happy children to their complacent mothers, went slowly homeward.

Mrs. Burton met her at the door. "How late you are, Diana," she said. She looked more anxious and nervous than usual, and Diana made haste with a soothing response.

"They were so happy! And they begged to stay a little longer, and a little longer, teacher!" she said, smiling. "I'm sorry if I've kept you, Aunt Mary. Why are you so anxious, so fearful of something happening, dear?"

Mrs. Burton made a nervous gesture with her hands. "I'm not always so," she said wearily. "But to-night—what is that?" she broke off.

Diana, who was in the act of filling the teapot from the kettle, paused and listened.

"It is some one coming up the path," she said easily. "Don't be frightened, Aunt Mary; it is only the postman."

She took the letter from the man, lingered for a moment or two to exchange a few words, country fashion, with the pretty school lady, whom he, in common with all the other young men in Wedbury, "worshipped from afar."

Few letters came either to Mrs. Burton or Diana, and she looked at this one curiously; for it was addressed to her in a handwriting painfully distinct and formal—a business letter, evidently.

As Diana opened it, Mrs. Burton watched her from the doorway, and she started as Diana uttered a half-suppressed exclamation, and, looking up with surprise, said:

"How strange! I wonder what it means? 'Fielding!' I never heard the name before. Listen Aunt!"

"Dear Madam: I have a communication of such importance to make to you that I think it would be better if I could do so personally—I mean, by word of mouth. It would give me great pleasure to come down to you, but stress of business renders it quite impossible; and I am compelled to ask you to be good enough to come up to me as early as possible; in fact, to-morrow, if you can do so. I am presuming that your aunt, Mrs. Burton, will accompany you.

"I ought to say that there is nothing in the nature of my communication to alarm you; indeed, quite the contrary. I am yours very truly,

"John R. Fielding."

Mrs. Burton echoed the name, her hand pressed to her heart, her face deathly pale. "Don't go! You must not go, Diana!"

Diana rose and went to her.

"But why not, Aunt Mary? Do you know him? He is a lawyer, I suppose; his address is Lincoln's Inn. Why are you trembling so? What is the matter?"

Mrs. Burton struggled to regain her composure. "Nothing—nothing," she said, drawing a long breath. "Yes; he is a lawyer. We must go."

(To be Continued.)

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