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A guarantee on every tin.

"Skippers" Are Brisking with good points.

REMORSE and REPENTANCE.

—OR—

For Daisie's Sake

CHAPTER XXV.

MORE CRUEL THAN DEATH.

Dallas Bain was shocked into momentary silence by the revelation just made to him.

He had not thought of connecting Ray Dering with the attempted murder of Sherwood until this explanation made it clear to his mind.

And it did not give him a very pleasant feeling to know how narrowly he had escaped death at the hands of an impetuous lover driven mad by jealousy.

Had this been their first meeting he must have shrunk from Dering in horror and repulsion.

But weeks of intimate companionship had shown him the real worth of the young man's nature, marred only by the jealous passion that had driven him to crime. He knew that he was capable of noble things, understood also that he was the victim of an undying remorse. His revenge had recoiled upon himself, and the torments of remorse were coiled in his heart to sting him to death.

All this rushed over the mind of Dallas as he gazed at the pale, handsome face and the somber, dark eyes, where the fires of remorse and regret smoldered under the heavy lashes.

"You despise me!" exclaimed Ray Dering hoarsely. "Who can blame you? I, for one, do not. I am even glad I told you, for it made me restless, your kindness, when I knew I did not deserve it. I have sinned so deeply against you that your goodness has heaped coals of fire upon my head. I can only give you my miserable secrets, suspected by no one on earth before, except Annette, and thank you before we part."

He scarcely expected anything but reproach and assertion, and covered before the thought, for he had grown to love Dallas Bain, and coveted his good opinion; but the manliness within him would not permit him to claim it unworthily, so he bowed his



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DOES this illustration picture your experience?

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GERALD S. DOYLE,
Distributing Agent.

this land. Well, come with me, and we will seek new scenes a while, to dull the pain in both our hearts. You will? That's a good fellow! Your hand on it, Ray; we are true friends till death!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

EXPIATION.

The scene shifts from the quiet country under the low-hung October skies to New York, in the following March, when the crisp snow covered the ground, sparkling like jewels under the pallid electric lights.

"WANTED—A refined, educated, companionable gentleman as a companion for an invalid. Liberal salary to a suitable person. Apply at No. 15 Fifth Avenue."

A gentleman who read that want in an evening paper became so excited over it that he cancelled an engagement for the opera to present himself that same evening at the FIFTH AVENUE mansion of the invalid.

The sleek servant who opened the door to him looked supercilious when he heard his errand.

"Really, you should have waited till the morning," he said, trying to hide an Irish brogue under an English accent. "Mrs. Sherwood is going out to the opera, and me master does not see strangers."

Mrs. Sherwood at that moment was in the library, bidding her husband good evening before she went out.

What a contrast there was between them—the man crouching there in his low-wheeled chair, wasted and worn with illness and a tortured mind, a helpless paralytic, and the beautiful bride in the bloom of youth and health, gowned in white silk and lace, her golden hair an aureole about her graceful head, the fire of diamonds gracing her round white throat, pale roses breathing out perfume against her breast.

"Gods! How beautiful you are, my Daisie!" breathed the man, with a gesture of despair. "How I envy the men who will dance with you at the ball to-night!"

She fluttered into a chair beside him, putting her hand on his arm caressingly, as she cried:

"Then I will not go to the ball to-night. I will come home from the opera."

"You forget your guest, who has set her heart on this grand function," he replied, half longing to take her at her word.

"Why, Lottie will be glad to chaperon Annette, and bring her home after the ball," cried Daisie.

"But I know what Lottie would say—that I am a selfish wretch, and don't want my wife to go out and enjoy herself. Others will say the same. And it is true, I know. I am jealous, and selfish, and wretched and miserable—oh, more miserable than words can tell!" wailed.

"Let me stay with you to-night, Royall, and charm away this gray mood. Indeed, I'm not anxious about the opera. And you used to be happier, didn't you, when I stayed by you more, and didn't go into society so much?"

"Yes, yes; but Lottie said it was a shame, that the confinement was breaking you down, and you were so pale as a lily and as patient as an angel. No, no—I must not be selfish. You must not neglect your social duties, as Lottie says."

"Ah, there is the bell! She has come!" exclaimed Daisie, starting up, for she and her friend were to be Mrs. Fleming's guests at an opera party that night.

"Tell Lottie to come in and show me her new gown," Royall said, dreading to be left to his loneliness.

Daisie swept out into the hall, where her obsequious maid was waiting to throw the white opera cloak over her shoulders, and thus she interrupted the colloquy between Patrick and the caller, catching enough of the conversation to understand its import.

(To be Continued.)

Dallas did not know how to offer any comfort in the face of this remorse. The whole affair was, to him, very terrible.

He pitied Royall Sherwood with the greatness of a noble nature, forgiving all his own wrongs because of the other's affliction.

For it seemed to him that the young man's affliction was more cruel than death.

To have all the best gifts of life at command—youth, health, wealth, love—and to be struck down like this at one fell blow into worse than nothingness, to be looking into heaven, yet always lying outside the beautiful gates. Ah, what refinement of cruelty, what living torture!

Of her—his lost love, his bonny Daisie—lured from him by a hideous cheat, kept away by her pity and her sense of duty, a pitiful sacrifice to a cruel plot, he scarce dared think. That way lay madness.

So he did not know how to offer comfort to the broken man before him, crushed by remorse for his hideous sin.

"What must I do to atone?" groaned Ray. "Shall I go to him, confess my crime, and offer him my services through life, to make up for his loss?"


"My poor fellow, I do not think you can make it up to him. It is too great, and he will not need you. He is so rich he will not lack loving service. No, you must be to bear your cross in patience and to lead such a life hereafter that the blackness of past sins shall be blotted out in a refulgent light."

"I swear I will—God helping me! And you believe in me?"

"Yes, and will try to help you to lead a new life. I am going to cross the sea next week. Will you come with me as my guest? I did not tell you I was English-born before—did I?—though I have spent much time in America, for my mother is a native of

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