

"Tell Him I Loathe Him."

CHAPTER XI.

A Prison Cell and a Fortune WILL accompany you!'

the lawyer said. He followed the officer and his prisoner from the cell to the courtroom, where Loyd-Mostyn came

The plan of the latter had been to his handkerchief. have Devereux put under heavy bonds to keep the peace, believing him to b: unable to find a bondsman, and so, forced to go to jail in default; but when he saw Lansing beside Devereux, he took the precaution to leave the courtroom as soon as his

testimony had been taken. He did not therefore know how quietly Devereux's discharge was obtained, but when the latter left the courtroom to seek the man who had put so horrible a cloud upon his life, Loyd-Mostyn had disappeared as

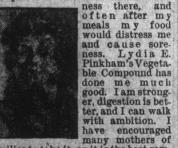
though the earth had swallowed him. 'He has escaped me!' muttered Devereux, behind his teeth, his oath causing Lansing to shudder.

'Hush!' the latter whispered. *Endure any anguish that Gcd may send upon you before you stain your soul with murder. There is no curse

that hell could frame like to that The memory of it poisons every joy, it turns every loved face to that of the dead, it fills the wine cup with blood, every star of night is the eye were so desirous to forget, and, inof your accusing victim, the hidden tongue filling all the world with the

AFTER

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frightful word until your own lips in madness will repeat it -murderer!

With a hand that shook like a leaf under a gale, he wiped the heavy dew from his forehead and face with

> CHAPTER X. Face To Face Again.

HE change at Beaufort Park would have touched the heart of the least interested of the observers. The spirit of St. John Beaufort seemed utterly broken. He strove to rally for his daughter's sake, but it was a weary effort that sent a more poignant pain to her heart than the loudest lamentations could have

They were trying piteously to deeive each other, piteously because but when she did it was in a manner that brought silent though grateful

tears to the sad, sweet eyes. scarcely a room in the house, scarcely a nook in the park, that did not whisper a reminscence of him they of his birth was not considered. stead of time mellowing the sorrow and the humiliation, it but increased

the distracting pain.

'You must take her away, dear, Mrs. Beaufort said to her husband one day, in a trembling voice, sur beauty of his nature, and the bitterreptitiously wiping away a tear with her haudkerchief. 'The memories clinging about Beaufort Park, much as you have loved it, are killing you both. Look at her now, standing there so motionless upon the terrace. We used to call her our butterfly, be cause she was rarely still for a mo ment at a time, fluttering so happily seemed theu the very spirit of the Fox Creek, N.B.—"I have always had pains in the loins and a weakness there, and often after my meals my food would distress me and cause sore tries to bear it bravely for your sake and mine, but Ailsie tells me there are nights when she sits all night long, looking through the window at the darkness, tearless and motionless. She

has suffered terrible from the humilia-

tion, but there is another thing that

causes her more pain than all: she

loves Devereux still! She is too proud

to acknowledge it, but it is true, St.

Nerves at **High Tension** Slight extra strain means collapse-

A.W.CHASE'S NERVE FOOD The successful men and women are often of the high-strung nervous type—keen and active—but with too little

to acknowledge it, but it is true, St.

John, and Beaufort Park is only serving to keep alive those memories. She may rebel against it at first, but the kindest thing you could do would be to shut up the house for the present and take her away. Throw her in a whirl of gayety, allow her to travel, don't give her time to brood. If she remains here she will—die!"

The last sentence was uttered in a hollow undertone that showed how much Mrs. Beaufort believed what she said.

And it served her purpose. It started her husband out of his lethargy until he seemed to realize for the first time that if he really wished to

save his daughter's life-or her reandings where her terrible grief

The result of the conversation was, hat two weeks afterward Beaufort Park was locked and boarded up, only a few necessary servants remaining n their quarters

The Duchess had seriously objected te a visit to their relatives in Engter in the south of Italy and Spain. It was not until the following fall that they returned to America, but strangely enough, her repugnance to returning to the home that she had so dearly loved was so strongly marked that her parents decided, after consideration, to take a house in New York and remain through the gay

In contrast to their expectations, he proposal met with the Duchess approval. She was at that time, perpaps, even more beautiful than she had been in her early girlhood, a certain sadness of expression having mellowed a natural hauteur of her ountenance.

She became at once the rage of New York, the story of her romantic narriage but adding piquancy to the mosphere about her. Those of her et told it to each other again and again, taking care that no mention of it was ever made in her hearing.

Far from looking upon her askance le became the reigning fashionable queen, holding the reins of society

"An American heiress deceived by an adventurous Englishman is comby an American adventurer is not to seemed to have no word than cour- self. Tell us who she is? Murderer! Mur I-I beg that all matters social. "There is not a was dead, but that his books breathed eyes, but was quickly banished. you will forgive my excitement. It doubt of the genuiness of her family of a living fire as deathless as imalways comes to a man so nervous as pretensions, and still less of her being mortality. the most famous beauty of the age. breeding. In a word, in spite of the having made a particular point of the one. romance, which is usually a sort of most charming girl that I have seen himself knew, about ten o'clock.

And that established Virginia with-

tion her supremacy.

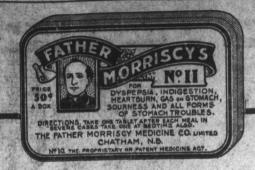
rested upon her life. "She thoroughly grande dame, don't sweeping glance. you know!" exclaimed Quintard. An instant after he had left his your charming novels. Don't you see There are not many girls who would hostess and her charming daughter, her? The tall girl- Why hang i have the courage to brave public sen- he found himself in the centre of a man, what is the matter?" fruitless, Mrs. Beaufort being her timent in that way; but, while there group of fluttering women who were A heavy hand had fallen upon daughter's single comfort. She rare- is nothing either forward or preten- propounding to him questions that Charles Quintard's arm. He glanced spoke of Devereux to the Duchess, tious about her, she will have nothing would, at least, have served to amuse up quickly and saw Chapman's face a man of greater vanity than his. that savors of fraud."

It was about that time that a lion came down upon the fold with great inal of Virginia in that delightful gusto. He was a man who was taken Then the associations of the place up and forced into the heart of the became unendurable. There was social world against his will, a man who had made a great stir in the world of letters by a novel of such remarkable merit that the accident

He was handsome, sunusually gifted, but reticent as to himself and his affairs almost to a fault.

He was a curious man. One moment he was the merriest of all companions, the next a strange pessimism seemed to poison all the bright est of sarcasms, the most cynical of satires would fall from his line.

"I should think he had had some terrible experience of the heart that had ended in a tragedy," said this same Donald Quintard thoughtfully. were it not that his reverence for marks concerning the fair sex are lyric poems in their tuneful beauty. He is a character study. I will lay a wager that many a feminine heart will suffer through his coming."



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He was invited everywhere, accept- book of yours, will you not?" aske ance forced upon him; but, while Ethel Davis, one of the season's beller reating women with the chivalrous "Was she an Australian, or one of ou respect of the olden time that unfor- own countrywomen? You see we do tunately remains no more than a not inquire if the character were mon, but an English heiress deceived memory in this degenerate day, he drawn from life, for it speaks for it-

be despised from its very rarity," tesy demanded for the most beautiful. The dreamy expression deepene Donald Quintard had said, and Don- or the most accomplished of them. The moisture of tears seemed t ald Quintard was an authority upon They would have said that his heart spring for a moment to the lustrou "Virginia was an ideal, Miss Davis. he answered ambiguously. "She Quintard was giving a reception to the love of my dreams?"

Her manner is the perfection of introduce his eldest daughter, and "I love all women, for the sake of

coming of Edwin Chapman, the latter | "Spare us the old chestnut of add negative disgrace, Miss Beaufort is the appeared, how reluctantly only he ing 'my mother," laughed Quintard He made the strongest endeavour ful novelist, and leading him away to conceal the bored expression of his "Now thank me," he continued, when ountenance, but the effort was at they were out of earshot, "for rescu-She received the homage paid her tended with failure. He was a man ing you from that "petticoat brigwith a dainty dignity that increased of distinguished appearance, singul- ade." If you could only have seen her charm, so that young women, arly handsome, and magnificently pro- your face! Properly reproduced it while they were jealousy of her portioned, his hair a sort of golden would have made the fortune of an beauty, loved her too well to ques- brown, his complexion flawless as artist as a representation of 'borethat of a woman, his beard worn dom, I say, look there! There is She would have nothing whatever pointed in the English fashion. He the young lady to make a fellow's to do with deception, so that, while was quiet and refined of manner, well heart flutter, particularly an artistic she still bore her maiden name, she groomed and well bred, the half- chap like yourself. Do you see her insisted that there should be no con- dreamy gaze of his handsome eyes over there? Besides all that, she has cealments regarding the shadow that seeming to comprehend every item in a romantic history, which you must his surroundings with but a single get her to relate to you some day. It would make a capital plot for one o

marble.



"Mr. Chapman, do tell us the orig-

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