

POLO
SHOE POLISH
"Good for Leather
Stands the Weather"

10c

"Tell Him I Loathe Him."

CHAPTER XI.

A Prison Cell and a Fortune

WILL accompany you to the lawyer said. He followed the officer and his prisoner from the cell to the courtroom, where Loyd-Moslyn came shortly after.

The plan of the latter had been to have Devereux put under heavy bonds to keep the peace, believing him to be 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-Moslyn 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 God may send upon you before you stain your soul with murder. There is no course 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 of your accusing victim, the hidden tongue filling all the world with the

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Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

save his daughter's life—or her reason—he must remove her from the surroundings where her terrible grief had occurred.

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

The Duchess had seriously objected to a visit to their relatives in England, but consented to pass the winter 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 season.

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

She became at once the rage of New York, the story of her romantic marriage but adding piquancy to the atmosphere about her. Those of her set 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 as a success, she became the reigning fashionable queen, holding the reins of society gracefully.

"An American heiress deceived by an adventurous Englishman is common, but an English heiress deceived by an American adventurer is not to be despised from its very rarity," Donald Quintard had said, and Donald Quintard was an authority upon all matters social. "There is not a doubt of the genuineness of her family pretensions, and still less of her being the most famous beauty of the age. Her manner is the perfection of breeding. In a word, in spite of the romance, which is usually a sort of negative disgrace, Miss Beaufort is the most charming girl that I have seen in years."

And that established Virginia without more ado. She received the homage paid her with a dignity that increased her charm, so that young women, while they were jealous of her beauty, loved her too well to question her supremacy.

She would have nothing whatever to do with deception, so that, while she still bore her maiden name, she insisted that there should be no compromise regarding the shadow that rested upon her life.

"She thoroughly grande dame, don't you know?" exclaimed Quintard. There are not many girls who would have the courage to brave public sentiment in that way; but, while there is nothing either forward or pretentious about her, she will have nothing that is a matter of fraud."

It was about that time that a lion came down upon the fold with great gusto. He was a man who was taken up and forced into the heart of the 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 of his birth was not considered.

He was handsome, unusually 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 beauty of his nature, and the bitterest of sarcasms, the most cynical of satires would fall from his lips.

"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 women seems to be his religion. He is a confessed agnostic, but his remarks 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."

"You must take her away, dear," Mrs. Beaufort said to her husband one day, in a trembling voice, surreptitiously wiping away a tear with her handkerchief. "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 out butterfly, because she was rarely still for a moment at a time, fluttering so happily from one thing to another. She seemed then the very spirit of the sunshine. How different she is now! It breaks my heart to look at her. She has grown so pale, so thin. She 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 humiliation, 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. 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 gaiety, allow her to travel, don't give her time to brood. It 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 reason—he must remove her from the surroundings where her terrible grief had occurred.

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He was invited everywhere, accepted, forced upon him, but, while treating women with the chivalrous respect of the olden time that unfortunately remains no more than a memory in this degenerate day, he seemed to have no word than courtesy demanded for the most beautiful or the most accomplished of them. They would have said that his heart was dead, but that his looks breathed of a living fire as deathless as immortality.

Quintard was giving a reception to introduce his eldest daughter, and having made a particular point of the coming of Edwin Chapman, the latter appeared, how reluctantly only he himself knew, about ten o'clock.

He made the strongest endeavour to conceal the bored expression of his countenance, but the effort was attended with failure. He was a man of distinguished appearance, singularly handsome, and magnificently proportioned, his hair a sort of golden brown, his complexion flawless as that of a woman, his beard worn pointed in the English fashion. He was quiet and refined of manner, well groomed and well bred, the half-dreamy gaze of his handsome eyes seeming to comprehend every item in his surroundings with but a single sweeping glance.

An instant after he had left his hostess and her charming daughter, he found himself in the centre of a group of fluttering women who were propounding to him questions that would, at least, have served to amuse a man of greater vanity than his.

"Mr. Chapman, do tell us the original of Virginia in that delightful book of yours, will you not?" asked Ethel Davis, one of the season's belles. "Was she an Australian, or one of our own countrywomen? You see we do not inquire if the character were drawn from life, for it speaks for itself. Tell us who she is?"

The dreamy expression deepened. The moisture of tears seemed to spring for a moment to the lustrous eyes, but was quickly banished. "Virginia was an ideal, Miss Davis," he answered ambiguously. "She is the love of my dreams?"

"I love all women, for the sake of one." "Spare us the old chestnut of adding 'my mother,'" laughed Quintard linking his arm in that of the successful novelist, and leading him away. "Now thank me," he continued, when they were out of earshot, "for rescuing you from that 'petticoat brigade.' If you could only have seen your face! Properly reproduced it would have made the fortune of an artist as a representation of 'boredom,' I say, look there! There is the young lady to make a fellow's heart flutter, particularly an artistic chap like yourself. Do you see her over there? Besides all that, she has a romantic history, which you must get her to relate to you some day. It would make a capital plot for one of your charming novels. Don't you see her? The tall girl—Why hang it, man, what is the matter?"

A heavy hand had fallen upon Charles Quintard's arm. He glanced up quickly and saw Chapman's face. It was cold and white as chiseled marble.

To be continued.

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