

A GOOD "PICK-ME-UP"
A raw egg swallowed with a teaspoonful of
LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit
STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER XVIII.

But his bright words died away when he saw the white face set as if in stone, and his countenance changed.

"Are you ill, Lola? Great Heaven, what is wrong? What is the matter? Is Madame—is anything wrong with Madame?"

"There is something wrong," she said, slowly, "but it concerns me, not Madame. It is a very simple wrong, but one which I lay at your door. My heart is broken."

She looked so woe-begone that he was touched. He would have resented reproaches or passionate words; but when a beautiful girl tells a man that her heart is broken, and he knows that it is for love of him it is hard indeed to be angry.

"I must ask you if it is true," she continued—"I will believe it from no other lips but yours—that you are going to marry Dolores?"

"Yes, I hope so," he replied.

"Was it of that hope you spoke to me on the night of your return?" she asked.

"Yes, it was."

"Then," she cried, raising her miserable face to the sky, "may Heaven have mercy on me! I—I thought you were alluding to me—I felt sure of it!"

"I do not see how you could, Lola," he returned. "My friendship with you has been perfectly open. There has never been any thought of love on my part. You must remember that I told you when you spoke of it, that your friendship with me should never interfere with your marriage."

"Yes, I remember it. It must have been my fancy, then; but I did believe you were beginning to care for me—and you would have cared for me but for Lady Rhymer's cruel treachery!"

"You must not speak in that way, Lola. There is no woman on earth so good, so pure, so worthy of all honor and reverence as Lady Rhymer. Whatever you have to say to me, say; but leave her name out of the question."

"You love her so!" she cried, in tones of utter despair.

"Yes; and why not? I have never loved any one else. We may all love whom we please."

She came a little nearer to him, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Look at me," she said, with piteous eyes; "am I not fair to see?"

"You are one of the most beautiful of women," he answered.

"Am I not as fair as Dolores?" she asked, the old, bitter jealousy rising in her heart.

"Perhaps fairer in the eyes of others, but not so fair in mine."

"I have not found favor in your eyes," she said; but Sir Karl interrupted her.

"Why say more, Lola? What is done can never be undone. I have always admired you, and been your friend; more than that I cannot say—more would not be true."

"I understand," she answered, mournfully. "I am glad I came. I should not have believed it from any other lips than yours. I do not blame you. Remember that, if she had not come between us, you would have cared for me in time—you could not have helped it. My great love must have influenced you in the end; you are not hard-hearted."

"No, I am not. I am more grieved than I can tell you, Lola; but, my dear girl, I have never misled you; it is but a fancy of yours which you will forget in a few days."

"I shall take it with me to my grave," she replied. "You call such love as mine a fancy. Oh, how blind you must be! There has never been a greater—it is a love deep enough to have shielded you from every sorrow that falls to the lot of man. No other woman will ever love you so dearly, so truly. Dolores will not you will worship her and lavish a whole world of affection and love on her; she will accept it with smiles believe it to be her due, take it as a homage you ought to pay her, but, as for returning it, women of her stamp take, but never give. My love could be as the breath of the whirlwind, hers as the faintest sigh. Ah, Karl!" she cried in a pathetic voice, "pause and think before you give up such love forever."

He could not help feeling touched. So much love lavished, and in vain! He felt for the girl herself, for what must be her humiliation, her distress, her anguish!

"The time may come," she resumed, "when feeble love will fail you, when you will want a nature as strong as your own to help you. Ah, then you will miss me—I who love you so!"

"My dear Lola," he said huggily, "if I could but persuade you that it is all too late! I am so grieved that I cannot find words to express my sorrow. Be reasonable."

"Love like mine knows no reason," she answered. "I must hear the whole truth while I am here," she added. "You say it is too late. Perhaps it is not. You do not know the love I have for you. I—I—oh that I should have to say the words! But I must speak or I shall die—I would make you happier than any one else can, because I love you so dearly. If you do not marry Dolores, she will cry for a few days, and then calmly look out for a better match; while I—when you are gone from me—I shall die!"

He took the burning hands in his. "You are not yourself, Lola," he said. "I will not listen to another word. Let me tell you this—it is better to be frank with you. If Dolores dies to-morrow, I should go unmarried to my grave. She is the only woman I ever could love; my fate—and to me it is a very happy one—is fixed beyond recall. I could not love you, even if I could prove false to Dolores. Now be your better, brighter self, and forget all this."

"Nay," she said bitterly, "my better, brighter self is dead. But I do not blame you; you would have loved me if she had not come between us—and she shall suffer for it! My vengeance shall fall upon her, not upon you!"

She raised her right hand—and he could not but notice how white and beautiful it was—raised it toward Heaven.

"I swear vengeance against the woman who has robbed me of my love," she said solemnly, "and swear that she shall suffer pain for pain, pang for pang—the sharpest suffering that human vengeance can inflict! As for you, I—I do not hate you—a false woman has taken you from me; it may be that we shall never meet again; but remember always, when you think of me, that my heart is broken. Farewell!"

"Lola!" he cried, "do not leave me in that way! You distress me inexpressibly. Tell me that you will try to be happy. I cannot bear you to leave me like this."

She turned her white face to him in silent farewell, and then passed out of his sight.

When Lola reached home, she went straight to her mother and flung her arms round her.

"Mamma," she said, "do you really love me, and wish me to live?"

"How can you ask me that, Lola? You are all I have in the world. If you were to die, I should die too."

"Will you do that which will save my reason and my life?"

"You know that I will," replied Madame.

"Then take me away from this place at once. I must not see either Sir Karl or Lady Rhymer again; if I do, I cannot answer for myself. I hate her! I cannot breathe the same air. I cannot be where I may see her. Take me away. Never mind the expense. Let us leave the house to-morrow. Mrs. Jordan can take care of it until we return. You must write to your friends and tell them that you have been called away suddenly, and have not time to say good-bye. Leave the time of your return quite uncertain. Do you understand?"

The sight of the white, set face aroused Madame's energies.


"It shall be done," she said, "just as you wish. Rest, Lola, and to-morrow we will leave this spot, where I wish with all my heart that I had never set my foot."

Madame kept her word. On the following day all her friends received a note saying that she had been suddenly called abroad, and that the time of her return being uncertain. Lola and herself had written to say farewell.

The news of their departure was soon all over the neighborhood. Sir Karl heard it in silence, Dolores with tears. Of Lola's wild vow of vengeance Sir Karl breathed not a word to his affianced wife.

(To be continued.)

Believed to be the oldest woman in Europe; Mrs. Rock, of Brackishagh, Co. Roscommon, recently died at the age of 124.



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WONDERFUL WOMEN WHO NEVER MARRIED.

The death of Miss Marie Corelli was a reminder that many women who have attained to high fame never married. Probably the most famous historical spinster is Queen Elizabeth. The refusal of her hand to Philip of Spain brought the Armada up the Channel and to ultimate destruction. Miss Hannah More, the friend of Dr. Johnson, is, however, much more typical than Elizabeth of that influential line of unmarried women who have done so much to mother their country. Hannah, though staid in later years, was inclined to be almost frivolous up to middle life. She lived in the household of Garrick as companion to his wife until the great actor's death, and so vivacious, unaffected, and witty was she that she was petted and flattered by all the great letterographers being especially fascinated.

Admired, But Not Married.

It was when she expressed surprise that the poet who could write "Paradise Lost" should write "such poor sonnets," that Johnson said one of his best things. "Milton, madam, was a genius that could cut a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry stones." Hannah More was a pioneer of popular education, a great philanthropist, and the virtual founder of the Religious Tract Society.

Marie Edgeworth is regarded as the inventor of the novel with a purpose, of which kind "Castle Rackrent," which sent her name into immediate fame in 1800, is a typical example. Miss Edgeworth's influence was enormous. Her success with her Irish novel had much to do with turning Sir Walter Scott to the writing of prose fiction.

Her society was courted by "everybody who was anybody." Byron admired her, and Macaulay was among her enthusiastic worshippers. There is no doubt she is worth reading to-day if only for the naturalness and vivacity and character-revealing nature of her dialogue. In this respect she is comparable with Anne, Austen, another of the spinster immortals.

Disappointed in Love.

Miss Austen's reputation was almost wholly posthumous, although she is supposed to have written her masterpiece, "Pride and Prejudice," when she was twenty-one.

It is said that Miss Austen's first book was rejected with something like scorn, and though she sold "Northanger Abbey" to a publisher in Bath for £10, he did not see fit to issue it, and many years later, its author bought it back!

She depicts love-making with great humour and a touch of cynicism, which may possibly be accounted for by her own love disappointment in early girlhood.

At present there is a lively discussion as to the real author of "Wuthering Heights," but whether Branwell Bronte or his sister Emily wrote it, it is undeniable that the latter was a wonderful woman. She lived and died unmarried.

There seems to be no record of any love affair in this lonely woman's life, and for many years after her death any reputation which was her due was completely overshadowed and veiled by Charlotte's fame.

A Poet's Inspiration.

Two devoted sisters of two great men come to mind in this connection—Dorothy Wordsworth and Mary Lamb. The latter, in a fit of mental aberration, killed her mother, and thereafter Charles gave up any thought of marriage and devoted himself to his sister, a devotion she returned with an equal brother's matchless essays.

Wordsworth's sister Dorothy was the poet's comrade and companion both before and after his marriage to Mary Hutchinson. The germ of many of her brother's most famous lyrics is found in her diaries and journals.

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get rid of that tobacco breath with—
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There was an open avenue of escape. Then, without a moment's hesitation, he rushed for the door. Once outside he mopped his head and murmured breathlessly:

"Well, someone's saved, anyway."

One Saved

The curtain had just fallen on the second act of the opera amid terrific applause from the audience. Suddenly those nearest the stage became conscious of a stir and hurrying behind the scenes.

A faint smell began to pervade the atmosphere; smoke came from the wings.

In an instant the same thought struck everyone, and the same word left every lip: "Fire!"

A stampede seemed imminent. The hero of the hour arose from his seat in the stalls.

"Keep your seats!" he shouted. His words and manner reassured the terror-stricken people, and shamefacedly they sank back into their seats.

Slowly the man strode to where there was an open avenue of escape. Then, without a moment's hesitation, he rushed for the door. Once outside he mopped his head and murmured breathlessly:

"Well, someone's saved, anyway."

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