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Under False Colors

OR

Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER XIX.

"There, my dear," she went on, a little inflection of triumph in her tones. "Of course, it is only a temporary affair, if Sir John returns quickly—a matter, say, of four or five months; but if anything should happen to him you are absolutely under the control of your guardians for years to come, so I strongly advise you to fall in with their wishes."

She waited for Elsie to speak, but as the girl remained silent, her ladyship continued:

"The authority in the household has been invested in me, my dear."

"I will not submit to it," Elsie interrupted, haughtily. "I will see Lawyer Grant at once. I will appeal to the courts and have this conspiracy set aside."

Lady Helena shrugged her shoulders.

"It would be useless; but of course you are free to do as you please in that direction. However, I do not think that you will ever attempt it."

There was something so significant in her tones that Elsie looked up sharply.

"No, I don't think that you will attempt that," proceeded Lady Helena. "Another word, my dear. These interviews—these private interviews—with the men-servants must come to an end. Now, do not blame me, because I am but giving expression to the desires of your guardians, a most unpleasant task, I assure you. It is known that Stretton has been to the house again, and you surely do not wish to cause the young man's dismissal?"

"You dare say this to my face!" cried Elsie, springing to her feet. "False friend! false woman! You who have lived for years upon my father's bounty, dare to conspire against his daughter! Do you think that I cannot see through it all, you miserable hypocrite? The fine hand of my lord of Somerton is seen in every word. It is a plot by which it is hoped that I shall fall into his power—shall become subservient to his hateful presence. He professes to love me, and I loathe him!"

Lady Helena, your schemes will fail! I am mistress of Blairwood Park, and mistress I will remain. I defy you all! My servants shall not be interfered with by you or by Lord Somerton. I will visit the rector at once, and to-morrow my case shall be placed before Mr. Grant."

Lady Helena became deathly white, and trembled before the girl

words had passed between them.

Now she understood why he and Mr. Grant had approved of Lord Somerton taking the rector's place in the business affairs of Blairwood Park; she understood it, and shuddered with a nameless dread.

By some subtle means his lordship had ingratiated himself with the lawyer, and the rest was easy with the feeble-minded rector. No doubt he had spoken of the friendship—the warm friendship existing between himself and Sir John Sterna, and his financial position was unassailable, for my Lord of Somerton was reputed to be among the wealthiest peers of all England.

And then, there was no doubt that if Lady Helena Freeman's influence was worth anything, his lordship was known to enjoy the complete confidence of Sir John—a confidence which had been established for many years. She had been his only daughter's guide, counselor, and friend. Was it likely then, that she would advocate one single thing which would be detrimental to her young mistress's interest? This was the way in which this case had been presented to Mr. Grant, Elsie felt sure, and he was too busy a man to wish to be bothered by attempting to negotiate a proposal which was probably prompted by a feeling of disinterested kindness on the part of Lord George Somerton. How could it be otherwise?

A rustic stared curiously at her, and she moved toward the garden gate, hardly knowing which way to turn or what to do. Then the rector's door was opened again, and Mrs. Groff appeared, an envelope in her hand.

"Miss Sterne," she said, "excuse me for being so upset, but I can't help it. Nobody cared for him but me." She wiped her eyes. "At the very last he gave me this to send to you. He wanted to see you before he died, but Lord Somerton objected to it, so he wrote this letter."

Elsie held out her hand mechanically, and took the envelope, clutching it tightly.

"Thank you," she said, and turned away, almost running against Dr. Denver, as he passed through the gate.

"You have come too late, Miss Sterne," he said, sadly. "One poor friend has gone. He wished to see you when he knew that his hours were numbered, and I sent a messenger to the Park for you last night."

"I heard nothing of it," Elsie replied. "I did not even know that the rector was dangerously ill. His housekeeper has informed me that Lord Somerton objected to my being sent for."

"Indeed!" Dr. Denver exclaimed. "I did not know that, but suppose that his lordship was influenced by motives which could not be otherwise than good."

Elsie shuddered.

"I do not like Lord Somerton," she said, adding, as she held up the envelope which Mrs. Groff had given to her: "Mr. Vallance has written something to me. I have not read the letter yet."

"A message from the dead," the doctor replied, solemnly. "Whatever it may be, Miss Sterne, pay heed to it, for there will be nothing but words of wisdom."

Elsie looked at him sharply. How much did he know? or how much did he think that he knew? Had his advice gone against her also?

Dr. Denver walked beside her through the village, and went on talking:

"This illness of the poor rector had been going on for years. He was never strong, and the church factions are responsible for a great deal. Several anonymous letters were sent to the bishop months ago—cruel letters they were. Vallance tried to ponder to both parties, his one aim being for the common good. Then came your father's trouble—his mad hallucination, as I shall term it, hounded on by that scoundrel cousin of yours, Noel Campbell. When the rector became aware of the enormity of the guilt with which Sir John charged himself, the undermining of his nervous system was complete. He mentioned it to me, and I was not sent for until too late, until he was seized with locomotor ataxia. Nothing could save him then even had he desired to live."

The doctor's words sounded far away in Elsie's ears, and she did not think of them seriously until many hours later.

"Good-morning, my dear," Dr. Denver said, presently. "I want to have a little quiet chat with you, but have an unusual number of calls to make today, and it will perhaps be better for you to digest poor Vallance's last message first."

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER XX.

Bewildered and stunned, Elsie stood for a few moments leaning against the ivy-covered porch. Dead! Mr. Vallance dead! How terribly sudden—how hard to realize! It seemed but a few hours since she had walked with him through the village street—since cold

"I Now Feel Fine"

Mrs. P. C. Murdoch, Box 433, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes:

"I was troubled for years with biliousness, constipation, kidney and liver troubles. I tried many different kinds of medicine, but nothing did me much good until I tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I now feel fine, but am never without these pills in the house. Dr. Chase's Ointment has relieved my husband of piles, from which he used to suffer badly."

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

COULD HARDLY DO ANY WORK

Since Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound This Woman Feels So Well

Roseville, N. Y.—"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly for the good it has done me. I was so much troubled with female weakness I could hardly do any work. I saw your advertisement in the paper, and read it to my husband. He said, 'You had better try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,' so I bought six bottles, and by taking it I am not troubled as I was. I am gaining strength and getting fresh. My female troubles have vanished and I have never felt so well. The Liver Pills are the best I ever took. If you think my letter will encourage other sufferers you have my permission to use it as an advertisement."—Mrs. SARAH BLAIR, Box 177, Roseville, N. Y.

Doing the housework for the average American family is some task, and many women lose their health in so doing. If you, as a housewife, are troubled with backache, irregularities, are easily tired out or irritable, or have other disagreeable ailments caused by some weakness, give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. Let it help you.

The Making of Maps

Pages of Outlines and Daubs.

One of the queerest of all the books that circulate in Government Departments is to be found at the Ordnance Survey Office at Southampton, where maps are made.

At this moment the Ordnance Survey Office is engaged in printing a wonderful array of new maps covering the whole of the country in scales ranging from one-sixteenth of an inch to the mile to twenty-five inches to the square mile.

The book contains "successive proofs" of the different maps, showing the stages through which a map goes before it finally reaches the public.

Roads and Rivers.

The first stage shows the map printed in black ink in skeleton form, giving nothing but the names of the different places. The next page is devoted to perhaps only two thick red lines—the main roads winding their way through the particular section of the country.

The third page will show the skeleton map with the main roads printed on it, while the fourth will give four or five minor and proposed roads. The fifth will show those roads on the skeleton. The sixth page is a veritable Chinese puzzle in green—the parks and woods. The next page contains the rivers and streams of the country.

Then comes a page of blue daubs representing lakes. More daubs, this time in light and dark brown finely tinted, appear in another page—these are the low mountains and hills; while the last page but one looks like a picture of the moon printed in a deep sepia colour—the highest points of the country.

Each of the series of outlines and daubs is in turn printed on the top of the skeleton map, and the finished plate gives the map as it is issued to the public.

Some Good Tales Told by Pett Ridge.

A famous bishop had the trick of pronouncing "o" like "u" and "i" as if they were "e".

"I am fond of hut cafes," he once was giving advice to a work girls' club, and impressed on the members the necessity for arranging full occupation of their spare time.

"Above all, girls," he said earnestly, "try, by all the means available, to cultivate a hobby!"

The above delightful little anecdote is told by Mr. Pett Ridge in "A Story Teller Forty Years in London." Here are some more.

Home-made, but Has No Equal for Coughs

Makes a family supply of really agreeable cough medicine, easily prepared, and saves about 25c.

If you have a severe cough or chest, cold accompanied with soreness, throat tickle, hoarseness, or difficult breathing, or if your child wakes up during the night with croup and you want quick help, try this reliable old home-made cough remedy. Any druggist can supply you with 2½ ounces of Elixer. Pour this into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. If desired, this recipe makes 16 ounces of Elixer. It can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief.

You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. It loosens and raises the phlegm, stops throat tickle and soothes and heals the irritated membrane that lines the throat and bronchial tubes with such promptness, ease and certainty that it is really astonishing.

Phixer is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is probably the best-known means of overcoming severe coughs, throat and chest colds.

There are many serious complications of this mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask for 25c. ounces of Phixer with full directions. Don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give complete satisfaction. No money promptly refunded. The Phixer Co., Toronto, Ont.

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Red and Green Peppers.
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