



Phyllis Dearborn

Countess of Basingwell

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Why, this is more like coming to an understanding," he said, but he did not feel as strong and masterful as when he had come to her, thinking to have her pleading at his feet.

"Call it so if you choose," she answered.

"Then we may safely be frank with each other."

"As frank as you please. I am not afraid to be. I am afraid of nothing, Lord Greed, I am now a desperate woman, and I will frankly admit my truth to you. I am not afraid of you, nor of myself, and I was more afraid of myself than of anything else, when I last met you."

"Admit, then, that my position is strong," he said, quickly.

"It is very strong," she answered.

"Too strong to be assailed," he said.

"I do not propose to assail, but to resist," she answered.

"How can you resist? I have everything, and I have nothing."

"I have possession," she answered.

"You cannot keep it. If you must know that, if it depended upon you alone I will admit that the fight would be as much likely to go in your favor as in mine; but with the exquisite virtue of your immaculate husband to fight against you on my side, you cannot fail to be beaten."

"The result will tell."

"Then you refuse to make any terms?"

"Nothing of the sort. I have heard no terms. I do not ask for any, but I will listen."

"Well, that is something. In the first place, I wish you to understand that I have you interests at heart, in spite of appearances."

"I cannot understand that. I suppose my brain is too feeble for such an effort now."

"It is true, notwithstanding," he said. "I loved you once, and I love you still. I hate your husband, and he must suffer."

"The latter statement, I believe," she said.

"You may believe the former, too. You speak of frankness. I will be absolutely frank. I must gratify my love, and I must gratify my love."

"You are too moderate, my lord."

"Scarf at me if you will, but I think I can show you that your welfare lies in pleasing me."

"Show me that, my lord, and I almost dare to say that you will make a convert."

"Do you mean that?" he cried. "If I can prove beyond a doubt that only through me can you retain the luxury and wealth that are so necessary to you, will you yield to my plans and assist me instead of trying to thwart me?"

"Why should it matter whether I assist you or not, if you are all powerful without me?" she asked.

"Because if you assist me I can make him suffer more."

"Then your hate of him is greater than your love for me?" she said, questioningly.

"He hesitated a moment.

"There is no reason why I need deny it."

"At least we are getting at the naked truth," she said, ironically.

"It ought to convince you of my strength," he said.

"Perhaps it does. Go on."

"If you defy me and fight me my plan will be merely to give the proofs of her rights to the girl who is the heiress to this title and estate. That will be enough to ruin both you and your husband; but if order to hurt him the worst—to hurt him so that he will never recover from the sting, I wish you to join me and help me to strike the blow."

"It is so little to ask," she said, sarcastically.

"It is a great deal to ask," he answered; "but you will thereby be a gainer instead of a total loser. Besides, I do love you, and I will try to make you happy through your life."

"That sounds very well; but you keep too long from the means of happiness."

"Will you answer me one question frankly?"

"I do not know why I should not. Yes."

"I will not take an unfair advantage of your answer, I promise you that."

"You may do as you please about that, my lord," she answered, proudly.

"But I am curious to hear the question."

"You did love me once, did you not?"

"I did."

"May I ask another, and receive as frank an answer?"

"As many as you like, but I promise nothing as to my conduct afterward. I warn you that all I do shall be with the one thought of myself."

"I shall ask nothing of you but for your own welfare, always providing that it is understood that the ruin of your husband is paramount to everything."

"I shall not forget that."

"Of your husband or me, which do you love more?"

"You, my lord," she answered, without a moment of hesitation. "But do not count upon that as anything. I know that you are willing to ruin me in your hatred of my husband, and I shall yield nothing because of my feelings. I do not say that even the little love I have still remaining for you would influence me anyhow."

"For the first time he stepped over the brook and approached her side, saying, in a hoarse whisper:

"For Heaven's sake, Lady Flora, why will you hold out? I can bring utter ruin on you, and to avert it you have only to consent to clope with me."

"Only, my lord?" she said, calmly.

"You forget that by doing so I would forfeit every chance to regain my place in society."

"Could you ever get it without wealth?"

"Perhaps not. But by following your plan I should be a mere instrument of your revenge, to be thrown away at the first moment you tired of me. Then I should be without wealth, or chance of re-entrance into society."

"Do as I ask," he said, eagerly.

"And I will provide against any such chance as you speak of."

"Pardon me, my lord, for making this so much of a business matter; but it is nothing else to me. I grant that you hold the power, and can ruin me, and I am willing, consequently, to make terms if they are sufficiently advantageous, but, my lord, I am willing to take your word for nothing. Make me secure against the poverty which is more terrible to me than anything else, and I will co-operate with you. And I can assure you that such a woman as I am will be hard to fight against."

"I know that, Flora—will you pardon the familiarity?"

"Why not postpone it until the bargain is completed?"

"You are as cold as ice," he said.

"Quite so," she answered. "Do you intend to give me the security I ask?"

Shattered NERVES



Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

How utterly weak and helpless one becomes when the nervous system is exhausted. Headaches, nervous irritability and depression, life becomes a burden.

But there is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to rebuild your exhausted nervous system, restore the action of your bodily organs and change gloom and despondency into new hope and courage. Try it—6-day, 20 cents a box, at all dealers.

"What shall it be? I will refuse nothing reasonable."

"When you wished me to be your wife," she said, "you were willing to settle ten thousand pounds a year on me. Do it now, and I will leave my home and husband and go with you where you will."

He had not been prepared for such terms, and he hesitated.

"Ah, you see," she said, icily, "you were not in earnest."

"I was in earnest," he said, "and I will do it."

"Do it thoroughly, my lord. Let the papers be drawn flawless," she said.

"And what security shall I have, when it is done, that you will do what I ask?"

"I do not know," she answered, "unless in exchange for your papers I give the most compromising letter you can dictate. But I would advise you to trust me. I shall have no excuse for betraying you. No one is likely to offer me more."

"Shall we seal it with a kiss?" he asked.

"You may kiss me if you wish," she said, coldly.

"You are not very lover-like," he said.

"I do not hold the papers yet," she answered.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The interview with Lord Greed had not been expected—the nature of it could not have been anticipated; but Lady Basingwell had acted throughout it as she did afterward, like a woman who had entrenched herself behind the bulwarks of an impassible self-control.

Lord Greed would have had more to say to her, but she quietly told him that it was not worth while as long as there was an uncompleted bargain between them.

"When you bring me the papers, duly signed, and in condition to submit to my lawyer, I will listen to all you have to say, and will even obey your wishes. Until then let us go our respective ways," was what she had said.

"But they would be terrible papers to submit to a lawyer," he said, aghast.

"I think so, too; but it must be so."

Perhaps Lord Greed would have fought against this resolution of hers, had it not been that an unexpected factor had come into existence, and that was nothing less than an actual fascination which she had quite unwittingly begun to exercise over him. And so great was it, that he left her thinking more of her than of the revenge he hoped to gratify.

She had been quick-witted enough to see and appreciate the new effect she had upon him; but it had not given her much concern until she began to think of it afterward, when a peculiarly hard smile passed over her white, set face.

"At least it is over," she said to herself. "I could have foreseen it, and, after a fashion, I did. But I did not foresee all," and again she smiled.

She did not watch for Lionel that night, but sat in the little drawing-

room, thinking that when he came he would come to her. She did not feel able to wear any false smiles for him, and she tried to become interested in a book. But what was fiction to one whose life was a dire tragedy? The pages of the book were as blank ones to her, her eyes passing over the words, perhaps, but getting no meaning from them. And finally she let it fall from her hand, and it came over her to wonder what her life might have been had it been started differently.

Presently she heard Lionel's footsteps on the tessellated floor of the great hall, and she remembered, with a new feeling, how she made a bargain to leave him in his ruin and shame. Should she give it up yet, and be faithful to him. She might tell him to-night. He loved her, and he would forgive her when he knew that she had sacrificed herself for him.

Then she laughed scornfully. She knew it would seem no sacrifice to him. It was only a matter of duty to do right, and it was even scarcely creditable. Besides, did he love her so much that he would grieve a great deal? She had more than once found herself thinking that his devotion was one of respect and liking rather than one of fervent love.

She remembered how she had captured him by a timely appeal to his noblest feelings, and how the memory of her love always seemed to be his guiding impulse. What was the use to vacillate? She had made her choice because she had considered it the best, and she would keep to it without wavering.

Lionel did not come into the little drawing-room, but turned into the library. She was relieved, but noted the fact wonderingly. It had always been his custom to come to her the moment he entered the house. She had usually, it was true, been waiting for him somewhere; but if she were not, he was certain to seek her. Could he have learned anything about the new news. Could he have learned anything of all that she would have wished him not to know?

She waited anxiously, but without showing it in her face—that seemed in these days to be immovable, except to take on a greater hardness. He did not come. Could he have gone to dress for dinner? No; she was certain that could not be so, for she had not heard the library door open again. She waited a little longer, and glanced at the clock. There would be an hour to dinner yet. She was not in a mood to bear suspense. It would be easier to bear any kind of trouble.

Not that she was definitely afraid of anything, for she could think of nothing that he had any way of discovering; but with so much that was stormy whirling in her life now, she could not but be full of vague fears. She started up and went through the hall to the library. She tried the door and found it locked, so she tapped at it.

She heard him move and rise from a chair and cross the room to the door, which he opened. She called up a welcoming smile, but it died on her lips at the sight of his sad, pained face.

"Lionel, dear," she cried, and there was a ring of real anxiety in her voice, "is anything the matter?"

"I don't know," he answered, slowly. "Come in."

"You are not ill, Lionel?" she demanded.

"I think not," he answered, as he closed the door behind her. "I wish I were—I almost wish I were mad. Flora, is it true? My God! is it true? Tell me it is not—tell me I am the victim of an evil imagination, and I will believe you."

What had happened. What had he learned? Well, what did it matter? He had learned something, and the beginning of the end was at hand. She hoped—she hoped strenuously that there was nothing he did not know. Then her face grew hard, and she hoped he knew little.

"Tell me what it is, Lionel, and I will answer you," she said, quietly seating herself in one of the leather-covered chairs.

He stared at her for a moment, as if her calmness was incredible to him. A sudden flash of joy then illuminated his face.

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A GRACEFUL POPULAR MODEL.



1616—Costume for Misses and Small Women.

This desirable model has new and becoming style features. The fronts are cut low over a vest in surplice style, and are finished with a revers collar. The waist is mounted on a lining. The sleeve in wrist length may be finished with a shaped cuff. In short length a smart, flare cuff forms a suitable trimming. The skirt is especially noticeable because of its pocket effects at the side seams, and the becoming fullness of its lines. The Pattern is nice for figured silk, crepe, embroidered voile or batiste also for nun's veiling, serge, lawn and dimity.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at its lower edge.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A PRACTICAL GARMENT.



Ladies' Apron, with or without Band Trimming.

This appropriate design will be found comfortable, convenient and serviceable. It is fitted by shoulder and underarm seams, and has a belt over the back. The free edges of neck, sleeve, pocket and right front may be trimmed with bands of contrasting material—(patterns for these bands are furnished with the model) or hommed. The Pattern is good for percale, drill, jean, gingham, chambray, lawn, saten or alpaca. It is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 5/8 yards of 36-inch material for a Medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Size _____

Address in full _____

Name _____

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern can not reach you in less than 15 days.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPERS.

Men's Overcoats! We have a fine selection of Men's Winter Overcoats in various colors and mixed Tweeds. Also, a special line of Chinchilla Overcoats in a few fashionable shades, and fitted with the new Bartell Pockets. These Overcoats may be had in all sizes, are perfectly cut and tailored, and range in price from \$20 to \$25. U. S. Picture and Portrait Co.

LIGHT, HEAT, COMFORT! The proprietor of one of the best known multiple shopping systems is credited with saying, "Give me any old shop, in any old street, and I'll guarantee to make it in twelve months the most widely known and best frequented shop in the district." He was asked to explain. Holding up three fingers he said, "I believe in the trinity of LIGHT, WARMTH, COMFORT. I should dazzle the moths until the candle drew them, I should bring them into a warm, comfortable shop, filled with a soft, pleasing radiance, and the rest is—well, mere child's play." Mixed metaphors, perhaps, but expressive. Now we can more than imagine the kind of shop this well-known individual would open, for we pass it in almost every town—always a landmark to the street. No one fails to notice it. There is an indefinable air of welcome and invitation as one stands for a moment on the pathway and lets one's gaze travel inside it. The subdued, restful lighting effect that so charms because of its very unobtrusiveness, the absence of dark corners, the intangible feeling that if one would step inside one would be sure of experiencing a delicious sense of warmth and comfort and cheerfulness—all these are part of its appeal. Truly a shop with an individuality.

ST. JOHN'S GAS LIGHT COMPANY. We cordially invite all progressive business men to visit our showroom and see our latest Lighting and Heating Appliances, by the adoption of which the ideal outline in the above extract from a London paper may be easily secured. Our new RADIO X. Lamp and GASTHEAM Radiators fill all light and heat requirements.

Recent Arrivals Roofing Felt, Oats, Oatmeal, Flour, Soap, Pork, etc. 600 rolls 2-PLY "H" BRAND ROOFING FELT 400 rolls 1-PLY "H" BRAND ROOFING FELT 150 brls. ROLLED OATS. 30 brls. OATMEAL. 40 1/2 OATMEAL. 400 brls. "REX" FLOUR. 300 bags BLACK OATS. 50 cases SUNLIGHT SOAP. 100 brls. HAM BUTT PORK. HARVEY & Co., Ltd. LADIES' FELT BOOTS! Only \$1.60 a pair. A warm, comfortable and durable Boot for winter wear. Don't delay but get a pair to-day. WILLIAM FREW. Advertise in the "Telegram."

Lieut.-Col. Hadow Writes His Excellence

27th December, 1915.

Sir, I have the honor to inform you that I took over the command of the 24th Battalion on December 1st, 1915. I should like to express to you my deep appreciation of the honor of having been selected for this command. I came to the Sudan in August, 1914, from the Sudan where I had been attached to the Egyptian Army for the last nine and a half years, employed under the Sudan Government.

While Staff Captain of the 88th Brigade I had the honor of being selected to command the 24th Battalion on December 1st, 1915. I have seen personally the work of the Battalion since its formation, and I have no doubt that it is one of the best in the Sudan. I have no doubt that it is one of the best in the Sudan. I have no doubt that it is one of the best in the Sudan.

During the month of November, 1915, the Battalion was engaged in the operations in the Sudan. I have no doubt that it is one of the best in the Sudan. I have no doubt that it is one of the best in the Sudan. I have no doubt that it is one of the best in the Sudan.

The Battalion has been engaged in the operations in the Sudan. I have no doubt that it is one of the best in the Sudan. I have no doubt that it is one of the best in the Sudan. I have no doubt that it is one of the best in the Sudan.

We were only given two days rest at Imbros and were then moved on to Helles where we are now. I have no doubt that it is one of the best in the Sudan. I have no doubt that it is one of the best in the Sudan. I have no doubt that it is one of the best in the Sudan.

I had intended writing to you before, to inform you that I had taken over command of the Battalion. I have no doubt that it is one of the best in the Sudan. I have no doubt that it is one of the best in the Sudan. I have no doubt that it is one of the best in the Sudan.

I have, etc.

(Sgd.) A. L. HADOW, Lt.-Colonel, Commanding 24th Battalion, New Zealand Expeditionary Force.

Depot No. 12, 19 January 1916, His Excellency the Governor, St. John's, Nfld.

Your Excellency,

I have the honor to state in accordance with Your Excellency's instructions that the following officers have been detailed for instruction at the School of Trench Warfare at Chelsea Barracks, on 24 January next.

Acting Sergeant F. M. Selous, "E" Company has also been detailed to attend this course, and 2nd Lieut. J. F. Edens (with Acting Company Sergeant Major H. C. Noonan) will attend a similar course.

The following officers have also been detailed for instruction at the School of Trench Warfare at Chelsea Barracks, on 24 January next.

For Your Excellency's information I have the honor to enclose a list of officers, showing the courses which they have attended, or for which a mission has been secured, and the courses for which certificates are being issued. I have no doubt that it is one of the best in the Sudan. I have no doubt that it is one of the best in the Sudan. I have no doubt that it is one of the best in the Sudan.

I have, etc.

(Sgd.) C. W. WHITAKER, Major C. W. Whitaker—Officer Commanding, Depot.

Capt. E. S. Ayre—School of Instruction, Strensall, Nov. 8th, 1915.

Capt. J. A. Ledingham—School of Instruction in Grenades, Troop (present).

Capt. C. R. Ayre—Absent on sick leave.

Capt. W. J. Pippy—School of Instruction, Strensall.

Don't Cough Your Throat with Nerville's

The Annoyance of a Bad Cough Soothed Away in One Day

Nothing so bad for the throat as a roughing, and nothing half so annoying as to have some one near you who is hacking, sneezing, or coughing, clearing the throat.

Rub on Nerville's—it will soothe all further pain and distress. Even a good rub with this soothing, penetrating remedy will bring the finest relief, will stop that irritating tickle that makes you want to cough so much.

Nerville's isn't something new. It has a record of forty years of wonderful success behind it.