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## THE PANGS OF REMORSE —OR— A COMPLICATED TANGLE.

CHAPTER XIII.

Her heart sank within her, but she bore a brave face and acquiesced with a smile. How could she confess her groundless fears and wild fancies to Sir Ralph, much less to Mr. Besant? Dr. Bromwell called the next morning with Dr. Morecroft and prescribed a powder, which, as the nearest chemist's was five miles away, he was obliged to make up himself.

He stayed to luncheon, charmed Sir Ralph with his fund of information, and lulled Lillian's fears to rest with a respectful yet dignified courtesy which seemed natural to him.

The second day Lillian was weaker, the third too weak to leave the house. Sir Ralph looked alarmed.

The two doctors consulted. Mr. Besant, not one whit less noisy, fidgeted about the hall, and worried everybody.

The next day an ugly rumor got about, how no one knew, to the effect that an epidemic had broken out in the nearest village.

Sir Ralph, filled with fears for his pale-faced, ailing darling, was for rushing away with her to the sea coast.

But Dr. Bromwell feared, he declared, that Miss Melville's state of health made removal from the house impossible.

Two days passed. Lillian was confined to her room. Mrs. Williams was shut out by Dr. Bromwell's orders, and Miss Lucas installed as nurse.

"Miss Lucas," said the new doctor, "is younger, stronger, consequently more fitted for the task."

In the evening of that second day Sir Ralph stole upstairs, and entered Lillian's room.

He found her sitting by the fire, enveloped in shawls, lost in a reverie. He stood looking at her for a few minutes, and his heart sank within him. She was pale, thinner, and there was a deep piece of black velvet, to

which was attached an ebony cross, around her neck.

That strip of mourning told him volumes. "My darling," he said, going up to her softly.

"Papa!" she exclaimed, looking round, with a low cry of joy and a flush, that, alas! soon died away. "I am so glad you have come, so glad they said I was not to see you. Oh, papa, let me—"

Before she could finish Miss Lucas stole in quietly, as usual, and at her heels Dr. Bromwell.

Under some pretense he got the baronet from the room, followed him to the hall, and there, with proper gravity, told him he must not see his daughter again.

"Sir!" said the troubled father. "Why not?"

"She is very ill, I regret to say," said the doctor, fixing his dark eyes upon his agitated face. "Pray be calm, Sir Ralph. I have had news. The epidemic has spread to the village; two children have just fallen victims, and several others are lying ill. I cannot conceal from you longer that I fear Miss Melville—"

Sir Ralph uttered an awful cry, and shut out the light with his two hands.

The doctor led him to the study and seated him in a chair.

He was trembling visibly, and no doubt to calm and strengthen him, the doctor mixed a draught and bade him drink it.

Sir Ralph, half unconsciously, did so, and listened with more composure to meet that which he had dreaded.

Lillian, said Dr. Bromwell, had caught the epidemic. It was terribly infectious and Sir Ralph must not approach even the apartment. Mr. Besant and all visitors must be forbidden the house, and Miss Lucas, with the two doctors, was the only person allowed in the sick room.

Sir Ralph listened like one stupefied.

Dr. Bromwell administered another draught and retired.

At night he returned with Dr. Morecroft, and found that Sir Ralph had gone to bed feeling very unwell.

"Ah!" said the new doctor, looking at the old one significantly. "Pray was Sir Ralph ill?"

"Yes," said the valet, "and complained of great giddiness and stupefaction."

"My dear sir, I think you had better see him at once, while I visit Miss Melville."

At last it was announced that Sir Ralph and his beautiful daughter were lying ill with the epidemic and that no visitors were to be allowed to pass the lodge.

Dr. Bromwell was installed in a room in the corridor between the two sick chambers, and had taken the cases especially under his charge, when Mr. Besant next clattered up to the drive gates. He was much astonished to find that his summons was obeyed only in part and that old Jack Druff, instead of opening the gates, was standing with his hands in his pockets staring moodily at him.

"Come, Jack," said the impatient

lover. "Don't be all day, the cob won't stand long."

Old Jack shook his head. "Can't open the gates, Master Besant," he replied, without taking his hands from his capacious pockets.

"Can't open the gates!" echoed Mr. Besant, with astonished impatience. "Why not? What's the matter with them?"

"Nothin's the matter with the gates, but some've very much the matter with Sir Ralph and missie," said the old man, sorrowfully.

Mr. Besant's face grew dark. "Open the gates," said he, peremptorily. "I'll ride up to the house and see to this."

But old Jack shook his head stolidly. "Doctor's orders, Mr. Besant," said he. "Master and Miss Lily have got the fever, and it's catching, you know."

Mr. Besant turned very pale. He had just heard of the death of two of his groom's as he left the Towers yard; he had passed a cottager's funeral on his way, and met the undertaker's men coming for preparations for another.

Old Jack saw the palpable fear and smiled grimly.

"You won't go and catch the happy-demic, would ye, Mr. Besant?" said he. "No, that is, er—Lady Besant," faltered the coward, wondering whether he was in any danger even there—the wind was blowing from the house.

"No, just so, Lady Besant may catch it," muttered Jack, sarcastically. "Better go away, Mr. Besant; better go away, sir."

"I—really think you're right, Jack," faltered Mr. Besant. "It would be foolhardy to rush into danger. Got the fever, both of them! Heaven bless me! This is fearful!"

And he turned his horse's head and rode slowly away, leaving Jack gazing after him with an unutterable expression of contempt and disgust.

The entrance gates could be seen from Lillian's bedroom window, and from that vantage place Dr. Bromwell had witnessed the summons, the refusal and the retreat. A wicked, sarcastic smile lit up his strange face and he turned and beckoned with his hand to Miss Lucas, who was sitting by the bed.

"Look," he whispered, "where the ardent lover rides—fit to break his neck, as if the very plague were at his heels."

"One idiot out of the way," murmured the other in response. "He always was a coward."

"Ah!" responded the doctor, glancing at the door.

When Dr. James Holleran announced the birth of a boy, Chaplin was the first to rush into the room. He knelt by his wife's side and tears came to his eyes.

"This is the happiest moment of my life," he said.

The news that the comedy king had secretly married his school girl leading lady in Mexico last November 25th, came as a distant shock to the film capital. Gossipy tongues began to wag and everyone wondered what poor Pola Negri, who had just broken her engagement to Chaplin, would think of the marriage.

Wits poked fun at Charlie and his "babe bride."

The sophisticated only smiled quoting the shock from "I told you so." Cartoonists pictured him wheezing his bride about in a baby carriage with a nurse and tutor and escort.

Women's clubs, incensed at the comedian's marriage to "a mere child" placed bans on his pictures.

To all of this Charlie paid little or no heed. He kept his young wife up in their magnificent Beverly Hills home. His servants were left instructions that no one was to be allowed to see Mrs. Chaplin.

ing at the bed and lowering his musical voice to a whisper. "Is she asleep, Kate?"

Miss Lucas nodded.

"Yes, and has been so all the morning."

He nodded and looked out thoughtfully.

"Look," he said, suddenly, pointing out again, "there is another funeral."

"That makes the tenth this week," said the quiet governess.

"Yes," he replied. "Fate has dealt us all the winning cards. Who could have foreseen that our work would have been made so easy for us, that a decade of bad drainage and unhealthy living dens should aid in a climax so happy for us?"

The cold, gray eyes had closed with a slight shudder, which although he stood behind her, the doctor noticed.

"Well?" he said, quickly, almost sternly. "Do you shrink from the work?"

"No," she answered, vehemently. "What is it to me that a hundred paupers go to their graves if your will be done? Shall I shrink now that we are on the brink of success, when through all the weary months of your absence I waited, and waited, and waited patiently?"

She had drawn a little closer as she spoke and laid one hand pleadingly upon his arm.

Without looking at her he let his own hand fall upon her shoulder in a pitying, almost contemptuous caress, such as he might have given to a favorite hound, and answered:

"You say right, Kate. Now we are on the brink of success, only these two stand between our purpose, and they are—"

He made a gesture with his hand as if moving such slight obstacles away with a puff of air. "A few days longer and we reach the consummation. Patiently! Ay, we have both waited patiently. But there are two things that nerve me, Kate—love and revenge. I would wait another century for my revenge, and you—"

(To be continued.)

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## Son Born to Noted Comedy Star

MRS. CHAPLIN PRESENTS CHARLIE WITH SIX-POUND BOY.

HOLLYWOOD, Calif., June 29.—The birth of Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr., son and heir of Charles Chaplin, famous screen comedian, was officially announced here Sunday.

The information was made public at the Chaplin studios where it was said the youngster weighed six and three-quarter pounds.

Mrs. Chaplin, the former Lita Grey, was reported doing well at the Chaplin home, Beverly Hills.

The Chaplins were married last November at Empalme, Mexico.

Anxiously awaiting the news outside the 18-year-old mother's bed chamber were Chaplin, Mrs. Lillian Spicer, the wife's mother, and W. E. Curry, her grandfather.

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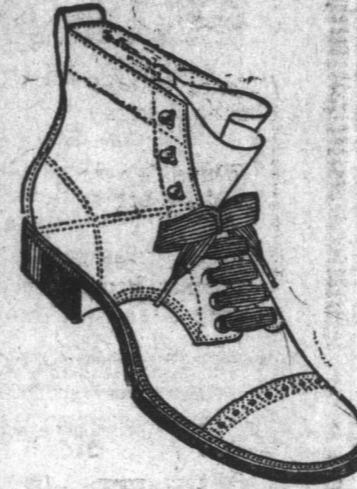
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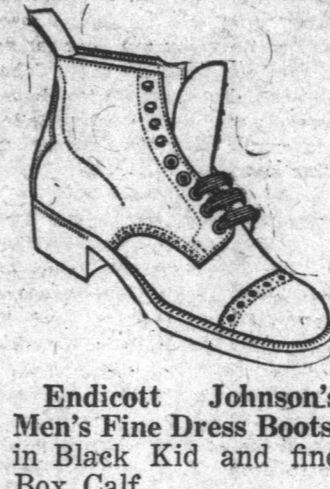
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**Endicott Johnson's Men's Work Boots**, with rubber heels. This is a Sewed Boot with two heavy soles running from toe to heel. Price only \$3.50 the Pair.



**Endicott Johnson's Men's Fine Dress Boots**, in Black Kid and fine Box Calf. \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50 and \$6.00 the Pair.



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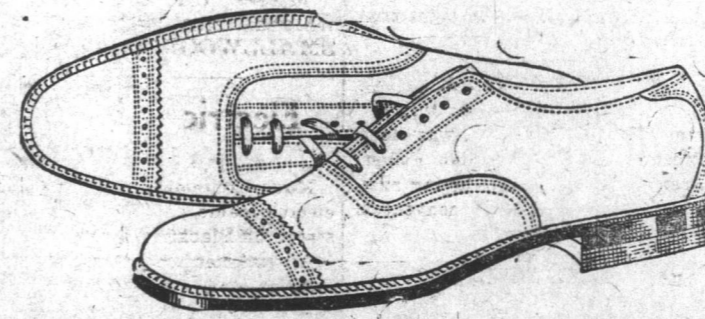
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This is a good fitting Low Rubber Heel Shoe; is flexible and makes walking a pleasure. Is used extensively by motorists. **The Shoe with the Iron Chrome Sole!**

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usage, has recently been saved from the activities of the builder. But now another "link with the past" is in danger.

This is Durham Castle, the west side of which, standing on the steep, sloping banks of the Wear, is now said to be in danger of slipping down into the river. This danger, however, can be averted if the necessary work is undertaken in time, and an appeal is being made for funds to save what is acknowledged to be one of the finest monuments

of mediæval times in the country. For over ninety years the castle has been part of the University of Durham, but it stood for long centuries before that. As seen from the west it dates from the year 1280, and the hall, which is specially threatened, was built long before any of the existing halls of the Oxford or Cambridge colleges.

It appears that the western front of the castle, which was thought to be built on solid rock, has really a much less secure foundation. The

walls rest on a thin layer of broken freestone, below which there is nothing but marly shale for a depth of approximately twenty-eight feet. The weight of the walls and the tresses of the hall, which stand on the verge of the bank, are crushing this yielding mass outwards towards the river.

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## TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS

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"Spring Valley, Sask.—"I took the Vegetable Compound before my last confinement, when I got to feeling so badly that I could not sleep nights my back ached so across my hips, and I could hardly do my work during the day. I never had such an easy confinement and this is my sixth baby. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the 'Farmer's Telegram' and wrote you for one of your books. We have no druggist in our town, but I saw your medicine in T. Eaton's catalogue. I am a farmer's wife, so have all kinds of work to do inside and outside the house. My baby was born healthy, and I am feeling fine. I am sure that I should have written you to my sister E. Ayars."

Vegetable Compound is a natural medicine. Give it a trial.



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