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CHAPTER XXVII. He stood for a moment, and wiped the sweat from his forehead. He had been calm enough until the last moment or two; but now his heart was beating furiously, and he was all of a shake. But it was because he was thinking of Decima.

He saw now how mad—how bad—he had been. He had tempted her, persuaded her to fly with him; he had tempted her to ruin. In a moment, overwhelmed by his passionate love, he had lured her to ruin. And she would have come to his lure! He saw now, as by a flash of lightning, how mad, how cruel, he had been.

Thank God she had escaped! He had lost her forever—should never see her again; but—no matter, she was saved. As for him, what did it matter what became of him?

He sunk into a chair, his head bowed in his hands. A terrible blow had fallen upon him; but the hand of Providence, which had dealt it, had, at the same time, been stretched out to save her—his dear, sweet girl—love! She had gone. She was safe at Lady Pauline's house in Berkeley Square—safe from him and his fatal love.

He was glad, and yet—and yet the thought that she was lost to him, that he should never hold her in his arms again, never, perhaps, see her again, filled him with anguish. He could have borne it all if he had not known that she loved him. But he knew that she loved him. To hear her sweet confession of love ringing in his ears, to feel her kisses upon his lips! He was almost mad with longing and with remorse.

He rose presently. It had seemed hours while he was sitting there; in reality it had only been minutes. He rose and looked round with the number feeling of a man waking from chloroform.

From this room a door led directly on to the corridor. It was always kept locked, but the key was in its place. He went to turn it, but found the door unlocked. Then he understood. Decima had escaped—yes, that was the word, escaped—this way.

He drew the key sharply from the lock. It had been in its place so long that it stuck, and as he jerked it vio-

lently, it cut his finger. He did not feel the cut, did not know that his finger was bleeding, until he saw a spot of blood on the wrist-band of his shirt.

With an impatient gesture he put the key in his pocket, wiped his finger on his handkerchief, and passed into the corridor, locking the door behind him, and slipping the key in his pocket. As he went down the corridor he heard voices, and he saw the parlor-maid leaning beside the lift talking to the porter within it.

She started guiltily at sight of him, and the man touched his hat as she maid fled hastily.

Gaunt returned the salutation and went quickly down the stairs.

CHAPTER XXVIII. The infuriated woman tore at the handle of the door for a moment, then she stopped. There had been something in Gaunt's face, in his eyes, which, if it did not exactly frighten her, warned her that it would not be safe to follow him.

She left the door, and paced up and down the stairs for a moment or two.

"Yes, I'll wait. I'll stay here. It's my proper place. I'm his wife. He'll find me here when he comes back—if he does come back—if he doesn't, I'll stay here. I'll drag his name in the dirt; I'll—"

She sunk on to the couch, and rocked herself to and fro. She was choking with passion. But presently the violence of the fit passed; and she rose and went to a mirror and looked at her face. She was burning hot, the perspiration had played havoc with her "make-up," and the powder and colors showed in streaks upon her face. She wiped it with her lace handkerchief and smoothed her hair; then she looked round the room searchingly, went to the sideboard, and wrenching the door open, found what she was looking for. She poured out a glass of brandy and drank some of it eagerly, greedily; then she drew a long breath, and seating herself by the fire, bent forward, her chin resting in one hand, the glass held in the other.

She emptied the glass presently, then got up and refilled it, and drank again. The neat spirit soothed her, and after a minute or two she raised her head and looked round and laughed to herself.

"Lady Gaunt!" she muttered. "That sounds nice. I'm a lady of rank!" She rose and took a Court Guide from the book-shelf, found the page, and read, aloud, the paragraph headed "Gaunt." "He's all this—and I'm his wife!" she said to herself, glancing over the information and history of the name, the

description of Gaunt's residences. "By Heaven! I'll have a good time! I'll enjoy myself with the best of them! And I'll have my revenge, too!" Her white, even teeth clinched together viciously. "I'll make him wish he'd never been born!" She looked over her shoulder toward the door of the inner room, and shook the book at it threateningly. "And Morgan, I'll be even with him. I'll cast him off. Not one penny shall he have. I'll be even with him!"

She rose, and stretched her arms above her head with a gesture of relief and satisfaction.

"To have done with the old life! To be respectable, some one, a great lady! It sounds good—good—good!" She laughed, and flung herself on to the couch. The spirits she had taken, and there action after the excitement of her fury and passion, were having their due effect upon her; and presently her eyes closed, though she was not asleep. That Gaunt was in love with another woman, that she, Laura, suspected that other woman to be in the rooms, did not fill her with widely indignation. She only saw in the fact a means of inflicting fresh misery and torture upon him. She could strike at him through this other woman; that was all she cared about.

Now, Trevor had dismissed his cab at the corner of the street in which the Mansions stood. He did not need to drive up to the door, for he knew where Laura was going. He got out, paid the cabman, and stood staring down the street, at the spot where she had disappeared as she entered the house.

He was shaking all over, and his brain was whirling. She—she who had told him that she loved him, had promised to be his wife—had gone alone to another man's rooms!

The fact made him sick and giddy. He looked round vacantly.

There was a public-house at the corner of the street, and he walked across to it, asked for a whiskey and soda, and lighted a cigar.

The barmaid, as she gave him the drink, noticed his deathly pallor and the bloodshot eyes, noticed also that his hand shook as he raised the glass to his lips; and she concluded that he had been drinking.

"Looks bad, doesn't he?" she remarked to a fellow-barmaid.

"Yes," she answered. "Hope he ain't going to stop and make a scene. I do hate a row; and he'd be an ugly customer to get rid of quietly."

Trevor, though he stayed some time, and drank and smoked, was quiet enough. The liquor brought no color to his face, though his eyes grew more bloodshot, but his hand became steadier, and as he emptied his third glass and went out, he nodded mechanically to the two girls, who had been watching him covertly.

Flinging his cigar away, he crossed the street and went up the steps of the entrance to Gaunt's flat.

The rooms were on the first floor. As a rule, the porter or a page-boy was in the lobby, but on this occasion they were absent; and Trevor went upstairs without seeing any one or being seen.

At the door of Gaunt's flat he paused, and fought for calmness and self-possession. Then he put out his hand to ring the electric bell; but as he did so, he saw that the door was ajar. In her sudden flight at Gaunt's appearance, the maid had unwittingly failed to close the door after her.

Trevor smiled grimly. All the better! He could steal in upon them, upon the faithless woman and the partner of her treachery, and confront them.

He pushed the door gently, and passing through the corridor, opened the drawing-room door as gently, and entered.

He looked round the room, paused for a moment in surprise at its silence, then saw the figure lying on the couch. He closed the door noiselessly, turned the key, and stole across the room to her.

Cautious though his movements had been, she heard him, and raising her head, she said: "Oh, you've come back, have you? You've thought better of it?"

Then she saw who it was, and broke off with a faint cry of surprise.

"Oh, it's you!" she said, contemptuously.

He stood and glared down at her. "Yes, it's I!" he said. "What—what are you doing here? You didn't expect me!"

His voice was thick and harsh, his lips were strained tightly. She regarded him with cool insolence, and dropped back her face pillowed on her hand.

"I certainly did not!" she said. "You followed me, I suppose?"

"What are you doing here?" he repeated, as if his mind were absorbed by the question.

"Followed me like the mean cur you are!" she said.

"What are you—" he said again. She interrupted him with a court laugh.

"What business is that of yours?" she retorted.

His hand clinched at his side, and he moistened his lips.

NOTICE.

In the matter of Chapter 127 of the Consolidated Statutes of Newfoundland (Third Series), entitled "Of Companies," and in the matter of The Western Copper Company, Limited.

Notice is hereby given that the creditors of the above named Company, which is being voluntarily wound up, are required, on or before the 8th day of December, A.D. 1920, being the day for that purpose fixed by the Liquidator, to send their names and addresses, and the particulars of their debts and claims, and the names and addresses of their Solicitors, if any, to James A. Brascombe of St. John's, Newfoundland, the Liquidator of the said Company, and if so required by notice in writing from the said Liquidator, are by their solicitors to come in and prove their said debts or claims at such time and place as shall be specified in such notice, or in default thereof they will be excluded from the benefit of any distribution made before such debts are proved.

Dated this 20th day of October, 1920. HOWLEY & FOX, Solicitors to the above named Liquidator.

STATUTORY NOTICE.

In the matter of the Estate of William Mead, late of St. John's, in the Island of Newfoundland, Volunteer Royal Newfoundland Regiment, deceased.

All persons claiming to be creditors of, or who have any claims or demands upon or affecting the estate of William Mead, late of St. John's, in the Island of Newfoundland, Volunteer Royal Newfoundland Regiment, deceased, are requested to send particulars of their claim in writing, duly attested, to Clift & Pinsent, Law Chambers, Duckworth Street, St. John's, Nfld., on or before the 8th day of December next, after which date the said Executor will proceed to distribute the Estate having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have had notice.

CLIFT & PINSENT, Solicitors for the Executor, Law Chambers, Duckworth St., St. John's, Nfld. nov16,41tu

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