## Woman Against Woman

or A Terrible Accusation.

But he had thrust Ailsa inside, and she id not hear the address he gave the She leaned back on the cuehions of the coupe, too exhausted to thing, much less coupe, too exhausted to thing much less coupe, too exhausted to thing much less to the coupe to the cuehions of the cuehions of the coupe, too exhausted to the cuehions of the coupe to the cuehions of the c questions, conocious only that Leslie raven had taken the vacant seat be-

She had even lost the little shawl that had been about her when she left home, and was shivering with the cold. She did not know that he had taken his great warm overcoat and wrapped it about her, did not know that he was chafing her hands, did not realize that the coupe had stopped at last, and that Leelie Dunraven, the millionaire, had taken her in his arms as if she had been the smallest child, and carried her up to a private child her up to benefit me, and he find me if you try to benefit me, and he with a private p

It was only when they had placed her upon a couch beside a glowing fire and had poured brandy down her throat, only when the warm glow was penetrating all her being, that she opened her eyea again and looked into those bent anxiously above her the beautiful, purple eyes of above her the beautiful, purple eyes of the lealie Dunraven. He was kneeling beside her holding her hands with one of his, while the fingers of the other hand mannothed back the tangled hair from her brow.

Many a society belle had trembled beneath a less tender look than that from
those same eyes. No wonder poor little
Ailsa felt her very soul being drawn
through her lips as she looked up at him.
As still as death Ailsa lay, thrilling under the first happiness her barren life had
ever known, yet not realizing for one
moment why she was happy. Leslie Junraven smiled down at her, and held her
hands more closely
"You are feeling better?" he asked,

There was absolute silence in the room for a moment, then he stood beside her once. His hands were thrust in the pockets of his trousers, his brows were drawn to a heavy ling.

"You said comething as we were leaving the courtroom about a marriage he from the day you came?" ing the courtroom about a marriage he was staiving to force you to. What of

"It is Na'han Simonson the pawnbroker, whom he would force me to marry—a great, rough brute. I am afraid of him. He has those big, staring, horrible eyes that one must obey, and—"And is it to that life you are going "And is it to that life you are going back?" demanded Leslie Dunraven, with a passion that surprised himself.
"I must!" she answered, wistfully, I must!" she answered, wistfully, I must!" she answered, wistfully, I must!" she answered and in response to an impulse which he and in response to an impulse which

"You shall not!" he cried, fiercely. "It wou'd mean degradation of coul as well as body. It is absurd to think that God commanded obedience to a wretch like that! What did he care what became of you. He has beaten and starved you, and when you were in trouble he left you to care for yourself, to go to the work house ov the penitentjary, he cared not which. I rescued you from that—and it is to—to—me you belong now. Tell me, little one, that you will remain!"

She looked up at him, a wild, passionate worship dawning in her eyes. She leaned forward with her elbows on her knees, and lifting the hem of his coat, pressed it to her lips.

"God bless you!" che murmured. "You are the only person who has ever spoken tindly to me since mother died. For your kindly to me since mother died. For your sake I can't do what you ask! I must go back! He would find me, and then

slavery to her heart and glories in a blind obedience to the man she loves.

She was silent for a moment, a tremusche were so unused to smiles—then came the were so unused to smiles—then came the down her cheeks.

"I will—work for you!" she gasped, brokenly. "I will be your slave—anything, brokenly. "I will be your slave—anything. You are so good! I shall never grow tired. I—"

\*\*Total character which stunned her later, watched him throw himself miserably into a chair, and bury his face in his arms, which he had flung upon a table before him.

And then Alisa followed him.

For a long time she hovered there, not daring to touch him, not daring to utter his name; but he had already taught her to suffer as not all the blows and anguish of her former life had ever made her suffer. She yielded at last to her uncontrol.

pleasure of a child.

"Yes," she answered. "Why?"

"Do you see the change in yourself from the day you came?"

"Indeed I do. Happiness has worked

cool hands upon his wrists the cool hands upon his gaze.

"So happy!" she answered. "So happy that I think an angel in heaven might fashion her ecstasy after mine. So happy that I am afraid to draw my breath lest I awaken to find the beautiful vision but I awaken to find the beautiful vision but a dream conjured by a fevered brain. I am so glad to feel the touch of your hands am so glad to feel the touch of your hands because I know that is real. I am so glad am so glad to feel the touch of your hands because I know that is real. I am so glad to hear the sound of your voice, because I know that can not deceive me. I am so glad to look into your eyes, because I know that God is near and will never de-

know that God is near that sert me."

"My—darling!"

He had not intended it. There was not a single thought in his heart foward her a single thought in his heart foward her avered fate too far, that is all. He had tempted fate too far, that is all. He had played with fire under the vain delusion that he was proof against the flame. He had placed his humanity upon the pinnacle of divinity, and not until he awakened to the fact that his arms were about her that his lips were strained against back! He would find me, and then—
"He would find that your bondage had "He would find that your bondage had ceased!" cried Dunraven, finishing her sentence as ahe had not intended it, but speaking the words fercely, in curious contrast to her hopeless tone. You shall not, go back! I will not have your poor little life made one long burden! You belong to me now, and I—I forbid it!"

How her quivering, madly bearing heart thrilled under that tone of possession! A woman may prate of canancipation, and savy for her rights but she hugs her land into the face of this arms were about her, that his lips were strained against her in bitter rebellor, and looked straight over her bellion, and looked straight over her bellion, and looked this own conscience. How he hated himself! How he loathed himself for all his treachery and deceit! How her quivering, madly bearing heart thrilled under that tone of possession! A woman may prate of canancipation, and savy for her rights but she hugs her land to the face of his own conscience. How he hated himself! How he loathed himself for all his treachery and deceit! How her quivering, madly bearing heart thrilled under that tone of possession! A series of the constraint of the face of his own conscience. How he hated himself! How he loathed himself to make himself believe his end of the constraint of the face of his own conscience. How he hated himself! How he loathed himself to be her to be heart throthing against her in bitter rebellion, and looked straight over her believe his believe his believe his believe his believe his end of the constraint of the face of his own conscience. How he hated himself! How he loathed himself to be her the face of his own conscience. How he hated himself! How he loathed himself to be her the head himself to be here the his own conscience. How he hated himself! How he loathed himself to be here the head himself t

searing and blistering his heart like a misery of it all with more courage. Ailea, red-hot iron.

He cursed himself, and yet he held her, She obeyed.

He cursed himself, and yet he held her, and when he felt her stir in his arms, he bent his head and kicsed her again full upon the lips.

The wonder is that she did not die of joy there in his arms. Would it have heen more maniful?

joy there in his arms. Would it have been more merciful?
And then at last that conscience which had ruled his life, which had kept him out of the way of temptation, which had kept his soul as clean and pure as that of a religieuse, became the master.

He opened his arms and turned away with a bitter groan.
She witched him with the dawning of that awful horror which stunned her latter, watched him throw himself miserably into a chair, and bury his face in his arms, which he had flung upon a table before him.

fer. She yielded at last to her uncontrol lable anxiety and knelt at his side, press

are allowed to live."

"Ah! you don't know him," she cried.

"Ah! you don't know him," she cried.

"An me, if you try to beneaft me, and he will find me if you try to beneaft me, and he will find some means to satisfy his rehe will find some the will have beack muttering a hoarse cry. She shrink back muttering a hoarse orly. She will will an expression that caused her to strange to her feet, her hands pressed to her feet, her hands a staggered to her feet, her hands pressed to her feet, her hands press

She obeyed.

"Now, say, Leslie, I love you, and under happier circumstances I would have been your wife."

"Your wife!" she moaned, pressing her check against his shoulder. "Your wife! cheek against his shoulder. "Your when the should have died of happiness."

Ah, I should have died of happiness." "But 'Leslie, I love you!" he repeated with passionate insistence.
And then she said it, slowly, tenderly:

"Leslie," I love you!"
And he heard it for years, just as she
said it, just with the same lingering music in her caressing voice; heard it in his
sleep; heard it in his waking hours; heard
it always until there seemed times when it always until there seemed times when he should go mad from listening in memory only.
"It is the last time you must ever utter these words to me, love!" he groaned.
"The last time—the last time. To-morrow you shall know why."
(To be continued.)

FARMERS PLOUGH BETWEEN FIRES.

Stories from the Front by Two Canadian Boys.

From Pte. James Owens: "We were in the trenches at Fleurbaiux for four days, and it was the worst time I ever had,"

"On the first day the Germans shelled us, and two of our men were killed. The trenches were shelling stopped they measured tal, and a millionaire's house, and so on those who tried this protecabout eight feet. There were no are now domiciled in the attic tion against disease, quickly redug-outs in the trenches so we had storeroom of a farm house. It is moved all objections to it. no protection from the wind and, situated quite convenient to the Never in any campaign was so Demolished Headquarters.

"The four days seemed more like

The property of the product of the p



comparatively comfortable.

Made Huge Hole. "Our last quarters were in a city

which are the content why one was not realising for one of the will be supported by the content of the content

Greeks tried it; but it is, none the less, efficacious. The oil keeps the body not only warm, but clean; moreover, if some carbolic-powder be added, the oil is rendered antiseptic, and acts as a protection against many diseases that might be conveyed to the troops by lice and other disease-carrying insects.

"Almost any sort of oil will have this effect; even lard would answer the purpose, and has, I believe, been used. But perhaps olive-oil is the best. Even at home, oil as a protection against disease might be tried with good effect. I have often advised some of my patients, who have weak circulation, and are disposed to suffer from cold feet, to try rubbing their limbs with oil once or twice daily."

At first, many of the troops objected to oiling their skin; but the

were kined. The tremcues were about three feet wide, but after the dence, an abandoned civic hospi- obvious beneficial effects of doing

worst of all, we could get no sleep. trenches, about 1,800 yards, and is much attention paid to those rules good health of the troops depend. Not a drop of water is served to the troops that has not been boiled,

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