



Phyllis Dearborn

OR, THE Countess of Basingwell

CHAPTER XXIX.

"It is not true, is it, Flora?" he said. "You could not sit there so calmly if it were. There is some explanation."

"You have not told me what you mean, Lionel," she answered.

He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a piece of paper. She knew it the instant she looked at it. It was the check she had given Simmons. It might have been the check to Martin, but she knew he would not have acted so about that. He handed it to her in silence.

"Where did you get it?" she asked, scarcely looking at it.

He stared at her, and then began to pace the room, his head hanging and his hands locked.

"Will you tell me where you got this, Lionel?" she asked again, her calmness, in the face of his distress, having something terrible in it.

"Shall I tell you all about it?" he asked, bending a strange look upon her.

"As much or as little as will enlighten me as to your meaning, Lionel," she answered.

"You cannot, you will not explain simply by what it says to you?" he asked, appealingly.

"I would prefer to know what you mean," she answered, persistently, regardless of the fact that he had offered her a loop-hole of escape, and would wish her to take advantage of it.

"Well, I will tell you," she said, sitting down and then springing to his feet as if the gathering of his thoughts drove him to action. He paced the floor again as he spoke. "Business took me to the bank to-day. While I was there a check was handed in to the teller, and it was taken to the cashier for verification. The signature was a new one, and it was thought best to verify it. It was that check, and it was handed to me, with some joking remark about my presence being opportune."

He stopped and looked at her as if expecting some remark. She looked calm and inscrutable. He continued:

"I smiled—I smiled as I read it, though a cold weight had fallen on my heart. I said it was quite right, and that I had drawn it for me. I did that to save your reputation, Flora," he said, looking wistfully at her cold face. "I did not believe the whispers of doubt that assailed me then; but I could not still them, and I believed I owed it to you to take the check and learn its meaning. Flora," he said, suddenly, "tell me it is right, and I will forget all that happened."

Pneumonia Finds Its Victims Weakened By Colds and Grip

This Letter Tells How to Gain Strength After Colds by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food—Pneumonia is Prevented.

Epidemics of colds and grip are almost invariably followed by much loss of life from pneumonia. When the body is worn down by colds and the lungs weakened from coughing, pneumonia finds an easy victim. Careful inquiry into many thousands of cases of pneumonia shows that this disease usually attacks the person who is tired and worn out, and who is therefore lacking in resisting power. In this letter is described a case in which the patient was in the greatest danger of contracting pneumonia or some similar disease, but fortunately she sought the aid of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and was soon restored to health and strength. Miss E. J. Snowell, Centerville, Ont., writes: "Last winter my mother contracted a bad cold. She was bothered with shortness of breath, wheezing, fevered, and too sore to cough. Our doctor prescribed a treatment which brought relief from these symptoms, but when she got up she was tired, tired, and took your word without question."

afterward and take your word without question."

"I would rather hear all," she answered.

"I went first to your mother and asked her if you had paid out any money for her. I won't tell you what she said, or what I said. She tried to accept the responsibility for anything—everything. I knew she was ignorant of the check, and she was forced to admit it. From her I went to the man Simmons. Flora, for the last time, will you not stop me?"

"I want to hear all," was her only answer.

"I will believe anything," he said. "You are my wife, Flora, and if you will tell me anything I will believe it, and I will choke back the words in that scoundrel's throat. Will you not speak?"

"I want to hear all," she answered. He paced the floor for a minute without speaking, and she watched with an agony of pain gnawing at her heart; but her face showed no sign of it. She had chosen her course and if only for his sake she would keep to it.

"When I showed the check to that man, he said you had given it to him for hush money. I had given my word not to touch him or I would have killed him for that."

"Did he say what was to be hushed?" she asked.

"He said you had known all along about the notes, and that you had set a trap to catch me."

"Did he say anything else?"

"Do you think I could stay and listen and not kill him? Did it matter to me if the words were true or false? I left him and—do you not deny anything? Did you know of these notes?"

"Lionel," she said, rising from her chair, and all the nobility of the woman that had been crushed out of her by the wicked training of her mother, shone out then; but, alas! he could not see it. "Lionel, I cannot even say that I am sorry for this. It is true—every word of it is true, and more."

He stared at her, and put his hand out as if he would beg her not to speak, but she felt that the time had come to speak, and so she went on regardless of the pain she was inflicting.

"I knew all that my mother was doing. I was trained to it from my childhood. I do not say it in excuse—I am not excusing myself; I am only putting an end forever to the deceit of my life. I knew before you did that you were the heir to this property, by the death of Lord Barham. When you came to me that night at Lady Mordaunt's, I was on the point of accepting Lord Gree, whom I preferred to you."

Lionel had fallen back against the shelves of books, and was staring at her incredulously.

"I preferred him to you, because your nobility and honesty repelled me—were a reproach to me, I suppose. But while I was talking with him, and while you were in the room, coming toward me, I received a note from Simmons, telling me that Lord Barham was dead. I knew what it meant, and I was true to my teachings. I grew cool to Lord Gree and I grew warm to you."

"It is enough," broke in Lionel, hoarsely. "In mercy say no more. Leave me a little faith in my kind."

But she went on in a pitiless monotone—pitiless more to herself than to him.

A Beauty Secret

To have clear skin, bright eyes and a healthy appearance, your digestion must be good—your bowels and liver kept active and regular. Assist nature—take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Directions with Every Box of Special Value to Women Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.

"No, I have lived a lie till I am tired of it, and now I will say what little remains to say. Since the moment I met you that night, I have acted all the love I have shown you. At the first I acted it with hatred for you, and later with pity. I married you for your money. I have deceived you every moment since. When my mother came here a short time since, and I pretended to be surprised—that was a lie. I had sent for her."

"You shall not say another word," he said, striding to her side. "You are mad—you do not know what you are saying."

"Do I look mad?" she said, gazing full into his agonized eyes. "Do I look like a woman who is saying things she does not understand? No, I shall not cease yet. And you had better listen, so that there may remain no spark of pity, liking or gentleness for me in your breast. But do not touch me. Stand there."

He fell back from her slowly, and leaned as he had before, against the shelves.

"The story my mother told you was true enough, but only partly true. I had known all about it from the beginning. The note I received afterward from Lord Gree was expected by me. All that scene was acting. I had once been in those woods to meet him. The very night of my marriage to you, I received a note from him saying I must meet him, and I went. I went and left you to wait for me. Then I was afraid he would betray me to you, and that you would refuse to make the promised settlement; so I devised the scheme of my mother coming and taking the burden of the notes on her shoulders. You see we counted on your nobility and generosity. The plan worked well, and the exposure has not come until I am in possession of my well-earned money."

She laughed bitterly. The laugh would not have deceived him at another time; but the agony that was in it escaped his ears then, dulled as they were by the horror of what he had heard.

He turned away, as if he could not bear even to look at her. She cast a look of deep pity on him, and slowly went out of the room.

CHAPTER XXX.

Lady Basingwell did not know whether she would meet her husband at the dinner-table that night or not; but she went when she was summoned, and he met her in the hall. He offered her his arm, saying in a low voice:

"I trust you will agree with me that it is not necessary to take the servants into our confidence."

He was as icily cold as herself.

"I quite agree with you," she answered.

He made no further reference to the matter, and always treated her with most punctilious politeness; but beyond that there were no interchanges of word or glance. She knew that he despised her, and she loved him; loved him as a condemned person might love life. But she knew that if she had been less in fact, she could not have been less to him than she was then, and that she never again could be.

Her self-control was perfect, but she was fully aware that it would break down if put to such a strain for a long continued time, and that night she wrote a note to Lord Gree. It was brief, but pointed.

"If you wish me to assist you, you must hasten your movements. If left long in my present atmosphere, I will end everything by divulging what I know. Have the papers ready, and meet me at my mother's to-morrow at two o'clock. Let her know everything."

She sent the note off that night, and the next morning told Lionel that she was going to London with her maid to visit her mother. Lionel bowed as if the matter was of the least concern to him, and she went.

Lord Gree was eagerly awaiting her arrival, she having purposely delayed getting there until near the appointed time. Lady Dareleigh was in a state of terror over what might have happened.

"What has gone wrong?" she whispered, the moment she was by her daughter's side.

"Nothing of consequence, mother. Lionel and I had an explanation. Now let me have the parlor with Lord Gree alone. I am going to make a final settlement with him, too. We shall not be troubled with him long."

Lady Dareleigh looked at her and was strangely troubled. She recognized the change in her daughter, but could not understand it. Her woman's intuition told her that much had happened, and that more would happen. She could do nothing, however, and consented to leaving her daughter with Lord Gree in the parlor, without even suggesting a possible impropriety.

"Have you the papers, Lord Gree?" asked Flora, when they were alone.

"Here," he answered, and he produced them.

"Will you read them?"

"Certainly," she answered, coldly, and took them from him.

After she had read them over, she said:

"I will take them to my lawyer, and have him satisfy himself that there is no flaw in them."

"It is needless," said Lord Gree. "I assure you they were as carefully drawn as if Sir Lionel Warne had not come between us."

"When I have submitted them to my lawyer, I shall know it; not until then," she answered.

"Shall I go with you?" he asked.

"No, I will go alone. You may remain here, if you wish, and I will return and give you any sort of letter you may desire, if the papers prove to be in order."

There was nothing for him to do but submit, and he did so, but with an ill grace. She went to a lawyer who had been occasionally employed by her mother. It was a delicate task she had to perform, but she deemed herself equal to performing it without exposing her secret.

"I wish to consult you for a friend of mine," she said.

"I beg your pardon," said the lawyer, bowing low before the magnificent woman who had swept like a queen into his dingy office; "but have I not the honor of addressing Lady Basingwell?"

"You have."

"And what is it in my power to do for you, my lady?" said the lawyer, quite beside himself with visions of doing the business of the Basingwells estate.

"I have a deed of settlement here the validity of which I wish passed upon for a friend of mine whose name I do not wish you to know."

"Hm!" said the lawyer, his natural instincts aroused in his own defense at once. "It is unsafe to keep anything from your legal adviser."

"This must be," so decidedly that the lawyer abandoned his position at once.

(To be Continued.)

How To Get Rid of a Bad Cough

A Home-Made Remedy that Will Do It Quickly, Cheap and Easily Made.

If you have a bad cough or chest cold which refuses to yield to ordinary remedies, get from any druggist 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking a teaspoonful every hour or two. In 24 hours your cough will be conquered or very nearly so. Even whooping cough is rapidly relieved in this way.

The above mixture makes 16 ounces—a family supply—of the finest cough syrup that money could buy—at a cost of only 54 cents. Easily prepared in 5 minutes. Full directions with Pinex.

This Pinex and Sugar Syrup preparation takes right hold of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough in a way that is really remarkable. It also quickly dissolves the inflamed membranes which accompany a painful cough, and stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough. Excellent for bronchitis, spasmodic croup and winter cough. Keeps perfectly and tastes good—child-dry like it.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated extract of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in ginsenosol, which is so healing to the membranes.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex. Do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Stunning Bargain Men's Half Hose, BLACK WOOL, at 30 cents per pair. IF YOU WANT HOSIERY HERE'S A SNAP. S. MILLEY.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES BY BUYING GOODS MADE AT HOME. We have had over 200 Sideboards, Bureaus and Stands prepared for this Our Annual February Sale at prices that cannot be touched on the imported owing to the heavy duty and freight now to pay. We guarantee them to be as good and many dollars cheaper. THE SIDEBOARD will have (as cut) large Mirror and one, two and three drawers, according to price. Stands 77 inches from floor, 40 inches wide and 20 deep. Has hardwood supports and the top is made of specially imported hardwood. A Sideboard if imported would sell at 18 to 20 dollars. Our price during this Sale only \$12.50. Come early.

THE BUREAU has 3 drawers, large Mirror, very similar to cut; hardwood supports and top, and worth many dollars more than we offer, namely \$8.50. Stands to match from \$3.95 up. CHAIRS We also have a large shipment of Chairs just in; hardwood and very strong. Sells as low as 65c. each, good value.

The C. L. March Co., LIMITED. Cor. Water and Springdale Streets. Advertise in the Evening Telegram

TO-DAY'S Messages.

10.00 A.M.

TURKISH POWER STATION DESTROYED.

LONDON, To-day. An official report received from the British Officer commanding in the Mediterranean says: In the course of the enemy advanced, posts east of Suez, a height of six hundred feet destroyed the enemy's power station at Hasana with a 100 pound bomb.

The British official communication concerning operations in Mesopotamia public last night says the General Officer, Commanding the troops in Mesopotamia, states on the 17th and 18th Feb. bombs were dropped by the British aeroplanes on our camp at Sui-el-Amara. No damage was done. Otherwise there is no change in the situation. The dispatch of reinforcements to General Aylmer, who is going to the relief of Kut-el-Amara, is proceeding satisfactorily.

BRILLIANT FEAT OF SUBMARINE.

LONDON, To-day. An Allied submarine passed through the Dardanelles on Tuesday night, reached Bosphorus and torpedoed one tug and six transports laden with munitions, according to an Athens dispatch to Reuters Telegram Company. The presence of a hostile submarine caused a panic in Constantinople.

ONLY ONE DEATH AT WALMER.

LONDON, To-day. A British official communication issued last night, concerning the air raid made by a German aeroplane on Sunday over Walmer says: Later information is to the effect that the casualties at Walmer were overestimated, the total being one killed, another injured. About twenty shop fronts in town were blown in.

BRITISH AERIAL ATTACK.

LONDON, To-day. A British official on the campaign in the West was issued last night: In an attack on an enemy depot at Don about 12 miles southwest of Lille, carried out by 28 aeroplanes, extensive damage is believed to have been done stores and railways. All the machines returned safely. Heavy artillery actively bombarded hostile trenches about Hulloch and north of Trepes of the Comines Canal. Heavy explosions resulted from our severe howitzer fire against a gun position in the Raddingham area. Enemy aircraft during the past few nights made several attacks on various towns in the area but with no military result. A few civilians, however, were killed.

THE LONDON BUDGET.

LONDON, To-day. Another of Germany's big Zeppelin airships has come to grief. It is reported to have been shot down and destroyed, as it was enveloped in flames as it fell to the earth, the victim of a necessary shell fire from a French anti-aircraft gun. A Paris official communication reports an airship southwest bound from the region of St. Menihould, when the French guns at Eviey began shelling it. At least one of the missiles found its mark, and the huge aircraft took fire as it fell in the vicinity of Brabant Le Roi. The Germans near Lihons, south of the Somme River, have met with a severe attack at the hands of the French in an intended attack, extending over about four and one-third miles. The offensive movement was preceded by a heavy bombardment and clouds of suffocating gas. When the German infantry endeavoured to come out of their trenches for the attack, however, the French stopped them every where. The Germans in Artois were prevented from occupying a crater of a mine by a strong counter-offensive of the French. In Champagne and the forest of Argonne and in the entire region of Verdun there has been much artillery activity. In which French claims considerable execution was accomplished by French gunners. The Germans report the additional report of British grenade attacks against captured positions along the Yser Canal when putting the German line Allied offensive along the Lens Arras road. Numerous fights in the air between German and French aviators have taken place. Paris reports several German machines were brought down by the fire of French aeroplanes. French and British aeroplanes squadrons, notably on the German aviation field of Flabheim Mulhausen and on the munitions factory of Pagny sur Moselle. British aircraft bombed the town of Don, southwest of Lille, and Austro-Italian fronts. The Austrians fighting with the Teutons are reported to have reached the Atlantic Sea west of Kavaya. This would indicate the Austro-Hungarians and their Allies have completely surrounded Durazzo. In Asia Minor, the Russian...

Grand Complexion Improver! Better Than Cosmetics

When it's so easy to bring back the bloom of youth to faded cheeks, when skin blemishes can be removed, isn't it foolish to plunger on cosmetics? Go to the root of the trouble—remove the cause—correct the condition that keeps you from looking as you ought. Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills and very soon you'll have a complexion you'll be proud of. How much happier again, eyes bright, spirits good, robust health again return. Never a failure with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c. box to-day.