**MODERN NEMESIS** 

pletely taken by surprise.

your father "

fool!" he said "If you knew on

which side your bread is buttered

you won't put on the tragedy-queen

with me To-morrow I will send you

a cheque. I advise you to go home to

But Dollie had not heard a word

of this speech. She was entirely oc-

cupied with her own thoughts and an-

other feeling now entirely banished

that of indignation and rage which

Dudloys' words had conjuted up. Sho

clasped her hand in an angry as sho

clasped her hands in an agony as she

exclaimed in despairing tones. "Tell

me this is not true. Oh, Dudley, for

the love of Heaven-for the love of

our child-say something to give me

"The child will be all right-he

shall not want for anything," was

A chill hand seemed to take Dol-

lie's heart in its grip when sho

thought of her marriage being only

a form, and with a low maon of an-

guish she fell to the floor fainting

Dudley gave a sigh of relief. This

business was now successfully ac-

complished It was a fortunate end-

ing to a very disagreeable affair. He

bent over the prostrate form of poor

Dollie and hastily slipped off her

wedding ring and placed it in his

pocket. Then, with a refinement of

selfish cruelty, he quietly left the

house - and Dudley Leigh resolved

himself once more into Alaric, Lord

for a short time no recollection

whatever of what had previously oc-

curred. Feeling strangely weak and

numb in all her senses, she raised

herself from the floor and looked

around wonderingly. The small fire had burnt low, and Minct, her favor-

to Persian cat, was shivering and mowing near the smouldering ashes.

Observing her mistress' recovery,

she now came forward, rubbing

agalist her affectionately and purr-

ing with delight. Dollie bent down

to stroke her, and as she did so the

events of the evening rushed back to

her memory with startling force for there beside her lay the buttonhole of

violets which had dropped from Dud-

ley Leigh's coat when he stooped

down to despoil her of her ring. She

recuiled in horor from the sweet-

scented flowers and stood at a little

distance trembling aghast. Then, clasping her hands together in an

access of desolation, she became

aware that the little circlet she had

so prized was gone. This was the last straw. She fell into the near-

est chair, utterly broken and crush-

ed Her hitherto pent-up tears burst

forth in torrents and streamed

through the weal, nerveless fingers

that she pressed over her eyes Weep

on, poor Dollie! Perchance it is

better for you that your dream

should have been broken thus early.

you have ever known. A bitter grief

doubtless, that thus early in life your idol has been shattered in the

heyday of your worship and admira-

tion! But whilst you exclaim against

the creature (man you cannot call

him) who has thus made a wreck of

your hopes and caused you to feel

that henceforth you trust no single

human being (for who could be true

when he has proved himself false/j-

whilst you thus bemoan your misery,

have you not a thought for that

other whose hopes have also been

dashed to the ground, whose trust

Perhaps in all this cup of bitter-

ness the most nauscous drop now is

tered the love of your father and

A modern writer has said that "we

of her being; and at one time; when

joy of her father, the eavy of all the

girl withal - no ene's prospect of a ground instantale.

was also betrayed?

When Dollie came round she had

(By Margaret Kelly) 

CHAPTER III.

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44

In an elegantly furnished room in Lyulphroad, St. John's Wood, sat a young girl gazing out into the gathering twilight. Notwithstanding her changed surroundings and a certain at white heat delicacy and refinement about her | "I loved you," continued Dudley, personality, which was wanting when with a calmness which froze Pollie's we saw her a little more than a year | blood, "but I knew that I could notago, we recognize the beautiful Dol- er marry you I went through the le Brownedge.

Sho is dressed in a tea-gown of palo mauve silk that becomes her ad- | spect " mirably. Her dark hair is gathered into a loose knot at the back of her a vehenence that startled Dudley shapely head, and held in place by a band of ribbon of the same color as | peated, her eyes simply blazing with or gown. Though dressed in the exreme of simplicity, it is a style aich suits her rich beauty to pertion, and in appearance she is itless. Just now, however, there traces of recent grief upon the ely features Sho turns from the dow with a sigh as a trim maid ers the room and arranges a small do for tea.

he maid brought lights and soon t out the dim twilight. But the remained untouched Dollie threw melf into an easychair and for half hour or more sat buried in ught. Suddenly a sharp tap at door aroused her. The door opand with something akin to a Doillo jumped to her feet and w herself into Lord Scalord's

les, Lord Serford and Dudley Leigh re identical, which may not surhe pour Dollie were she to arrive the knowledge of this fact.

'Oh, Dudley," she half- laughed, all wept, "how glad I am to see out I have been having such a mistable time! I thought you were nev-coming again." Her oyes said ainly "Where have you been?" but adley Leigh-author and journalist saw fit to ignore the look, and felt hat he had come at an unpropitious noment. However, he must make the set of it. He had a disagrecable lece of business to get through, and must use his wits to the best adrantage to pull himself through it

rith credit. "Let us have some tea," he re-Mied, kissing Dollic, and she felt hat the minshine, which so lately emed to have departed from her had come back with midday She laughed a little as told him that the tea was cold.

le must ring for more. Tea was a more formality Dollie was too happy to require it, and Dudley's request was simply a subterfuge in order to put off till as late period as possible the scene which was inevitable from what was to fol-

The tray was removed, and the Dollie scated berself on a low stoo at Dudley's side.

Dudley stroked the dark hair for some minutes before he spoke; then he withdrew his hand from Dollie as a preliminary. "Dollie," he began, "are you hap-

Oh, yes, quite happy now - at least, not quite, but I only want one hing to make me so." !!I know what that is."

Yes, Dudler, but I am content to ait until you are really. I trust ou, and my father will forgive me sted confidingly on Dunley's handeme face. Suppose. Dollie. I were to tell you

at the time has come, what would Dollio jumped to her lest and clasp-

Dudley's hand in hers. Do you mean it? Oh, Dudley, Dud-I should be so pleased! Are we lly going!"

dley looked sad. "Sit down. he said. "You must hear all. ay make you sad for a time, but will soon learn to forget me; and

look of startled horror overseed Dollio's face; her large eyes ntel "Forget, forget! ' she exsimed. "What do you mean?"

I mean, my darling-forgive me the pain that I am about to inon you-I mean that I have done a great wrong. We are not mar--we were not legally married. It as only a form we went through. It mans nothing,"

He spoke rapidly and excitedly. low that it had come to the point, found that it was an exceedingly comfortable thing to have to try e get rid of one who had hitherio agined herself to be his lawful the thought that for a brief year of rife. He grew embarrassed as he it rather than saw the look which ellie fixed upon him, but as he stop- | four future peace of mind. f and fumbled for words she, seemto have at last grasped the meanof what he said, gave a loud cry anguish and fell upon her knees.
My God, my Godi' she exclaimed.

Budley essayed to assist her from kneeling posture. His self-possesn began to return to him, and the ingering spark of mahliness evincby his previous confusion was soon sthered by self-love.

certainly prophesied.

A week later, hargard and worn with sleeplers nights and despairing days, Dollie stepped from the train at Beauford Station, carrying in her arms the baby boy who had been Christened Dudley Christopher Leigh. November had just begun, but the weather was bitterly cold for the time of year. It was about four a'clock in the afternoon-for Dollie ing fluished his tea, he would be sit-"(let up," he said, "and listen to and indeed most probably -thinking of She did not move-she could not. She knelt there rigid and immovable, feeling as though her heart had turned into ice and her brain into a fire The remaining three inites she would have to walk. It was with a heavy heart that she stepped out upon the platform, every meh of which was familiar to her She had pictured in form of marriage with you so that you should not lose your self-recoming, for Dudley had always buoy-"You liet" broke in the girl, with near future they would go together to see old Kester and get his for-Leigh "You lie, coward!" sho regiveness for the manner in which they had treated him Now, alast those dreams were fled Dollio had fury. "You protended to marry mo because you knew-you knew I would scornfully rejected Lord Scaford's ofnever have agreed to anything else." fer of money made through a solici-She was standing now, and Dudley, tor She had made up her mind to who had nover expected anything but return to her father. He would formeek, though probably tearful, en-treaty and expostulation, was comgive her. She would tell him all, and when she had made some amends to him by years of fillal love and at-He grow angry, and showed himtention he would perhans forget that self in his true colors "You are a

she had so sinned against him Thinking thus, she stepped into the 'bus. Both she and the baby were well dressed, and thus protected against the inclement weather, and Dollie had drawn a thick vell over her face, so that in the faint light which proceeded from a primitivelooking oil-lamp she would be quite unrecognizable in case any former acquaintance happened to ride in the conveyance, which was the only one **Obtainable** 

Many a curious glance was cast at the stranger as the old 'bus joited along the country lanes, but no one spoke to Dollie, though all the other inmates of the vehicle carried on a lively conversation. Dollie scarcely heard a word of what was said—she was too much engaged with her own sad thoughts-but presently she lifted her head with a start as she heard a burly old farmer say.

Brownedge." "Ah, sad indeed," replied another voice. "The old fellow seems to have gone off it altogether "

"Sad business that about old

"Why, have you heard any fresh news about bim?" asked a buxom dame who sat in the corner opposite Dollie hugging a market basket.

"The old fellow went up to Lunnon a week ago He had given up his place yonder and taken his savings out of the bank. Ho heard tell that the fellow as took his daughter away was in Lunnon, and he said as he meant to find him out and square up things with him"

"Lor now, how he have took it to that writing chap when Kester Brownedge gets hold of 'un,'. answered the dame.

"It won't be so easy to get hold of him," said the first speaker, "I ha' been to Lunnon myself-let's see; it was four year ago come Whitsun -and I must say it's a biggish place. I never seen the likes of it afore an' don't want to again. I was fairly mared in it, an' that's the truth." "Well, to be sure, now!" exclaimed the rosy-cheeked woman. "It's a sad pity, though, that old Kester couldn't ha' bided here over Christmas, seeing as it's so near."

"Perhaps he looks to be back here agen then," remarked another woman "Lord help us-what it is to have such children! I mind the time when Kester's little maid was a baby -such a pretty 'un, too! He's always been mazed about her. She never did nothing wrong that her lather could see, but now-now he's found

The last speaker was a tall, rawboned woman who owned a very hen-pecked husband and a small. houseful of children whom she ruled with a rod of iron It was not likely that she could sympathize with a man who had not been able to keep one daugh er in the way in which

Weep on for this, the only grief that | she ought to go. Presently the 'bus stopped and de-posited its load of pa-sengers before the Wheat-Sheaf Inn. Dollio alighted with the rest, her brain in a perfect turmoil. What should she do? Where should she got She had relatives in Beauford but she shrank from them. Even supposing they received her into their homes out of commen huto their homes our of common humanity, it would be only on sufferance. Besides, she had come to Beauford only to see her father—she wantcd no one elso. Holding her child closely in her arms, she walked away from the lighted courtyard of the inn out into the thick, choking log The baby woke (after several hours' sleep) and began to wail a little questionable happiness you have bar- "flush, hush, darling!" whispered tered the love of your father and Dollie, clapsing the little one with trembling hands, and she hurried on, sho know not whither On and on sho always may be what we might have went, caring not how far, so that been," but with all due deference to she went from Beauford. Her brain this distinguished person, we must and nerves were strung to such a respectfully decline to admit the pitch that she must have walked theory. Dollie at all events feels some miles before she felt fatigue. Then at last the poor, over-strained happiness enter into the composition | body could boar up no longer. Dollie's limbs began to quiver and to she was the tells of Beauford-the give way, her heart sickened and her brain reeled, and with a mean and a village maldens, and a good, loving long-drawn sigh she sank to

CHAPTER IV.

Felix Woodford was a battister who was at yet briefless. He was of good family, but unfortunately for his present hopes, was a younger son of the confessed to himself that never could it be?" Then, with wildly beat looking after the could now a younger branch of that family, and had he spent so wretched a time too tysit, and smared at his own you de just as an in I had not his only expectations were derived Lord Scalard was a constant visitor words he bestily turned on his best said it Felix h. t

from his own talent. ple, except when invited to the every day he advanced in Sybil's houses of a very large circle of had arranged to reach her father's fritads and relatives He was an imcottage just at the time when, hav- mense favorite with all who came in contact with him - old or young, ting before his fire alone, perhaps - rich or poor, biped or quadruped Ho was much sought after as a guest her, his lost one She knew that at on account of his brilliant conversahalf-past four a 'bus ran from Peau- | tional powers and general attractiveford to Stoneyford, which was four ness - one point of which must not miles on the road to Thorneycroft. be forgotten, and that is a handsome personality There was something pecultarly noble in his iton-like cast of head and features, which at onco inspired the beholder with a conviction that Felix Woodford could never day-dreams a very different home- condescend to meanness or subterluge He was open and frank to a ed her up with the hope that in the degree, which perhaps was a quality not to be desired in his profession. His very walk proclaimed his character-it was bold, manly, decided, and in striking contrast to the light, panther-like step of Alaric, Lord Seaford.

If one had the selection of one's prove a bad choice. Truly, he might walk up and crush you with a blow, but knowing his method of procedure, you might prepare for and receive him accordingly. He would not come like a thief in the night, when least expected He would not lie in ambush and strike a blow with hidden hand No, his methods of warfaro would be different to these He would meet his foes hand to hand, face to face, and then - Heaven help them!

Felix was deeply in love with Sybil Margrave, but though many other young ladies of his acquaintance worshipped him to the vergo of distraction, this one treated him with a sisterly indifference that was gall and wormwood to him. Indeed, by the whole family of Margraves Felix was regarded in the light either of son or brother, and was looked upon as perfectly harmless as far as Sybil was concerned.

It was evident that Sybil was expected to make a brilliant marriage. She was beautiful, well educated, and heiress to the accumulated wealth of her parents and grandparents Felix had known her as a child-when be and his sisters had spent holidays with the Margraves during their visits to England. Then for several years, whilst pursuing his studies, he had lost sight of her. When he saw her again she had developed into a lovely girl of seventeen, and he had lost his heart immediately.

He had never spoken to her of love, for at first he felt his case to be perfectly hopeless. When, however, he had gone through several seasons without a love affair Fellx felt that he need not yet despair, so he hover-

fluence that completely dominated

At present be formed one of a house party at "The Bungalow," but at "The Bungalow" also, and with He lived in chambers in the Tem- dismay and horror Felix saw that good graces, and was, in fact, a 'persona grata' to the whole house-

Felix was smoking a lonely eight in the garden, and was ruminating upon

his griefs and disappointments "I shouldn't mind," he was persuading himself to believe, "If only it had been some one else. But to think that a girl so good as slip is should see anything to admire or lava in a fellow like Scaford passes my comprehension It can't be his title that is the attraction, for she might have had the Marquis of Hilsea - a decent fellow, too - or the Duke of Wettshire Why, Scalard couldn't hold a candle to either of them, and yet the scoundred has got the advant-

Felix threw away his only halfsmoked eigar and began to walk rapidly to and fro. Presently there floated on the air the strains of D'Auvergne Bardard's latest song, for the heart of thy heart," he heard, and filled with curiosity as to the singer, Felix made his way into the drawing room. One glance at the piano and he saw that the owner of the rather pleasing tenor voice was not Lord Scalord. He waited till tho song was finished and the vocalist, who was a lovesick young Guardsman, had retired into the grateful shade of a group of ferns and palms, then, with a look at Sybil, who was ford, he was about to make his way out of the room again

But Sybil had caught sight of him She came towards him with a smile that exasperated him "Oh, Felix, you will sing? Do sing us something!" she begged, with an air of entreaty that would have become Queen Esther asking for the lives of her countrymen.

Felix stood irresolute, and then, with a quick bow of acquiescence, he moved over to the plano, and sitting down, began at once to sing, accompanying himself. His full rich baritone had never been heard to better advantage, and as the last notes of "When Other Lips" died away amidst a profound silence Sybil crossed the room to where he stood receiving commonplace thanks from some one, and said to him, "That loss to the operatic stage. But perhaps you really meant - you have loss your heart to some one!" She tapped him playfully on the arm with her fan. "If so, you may confide in me. Who is it?"

ed about - or rather was attracted Woodford's brain. The thought of angry, passionate reproaches; but Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

to Syldl's person by a magnetic. In- what 'sybit might have been to him, I cleare t of all be reconsecred the task suspiy unmarked fam With a broker, unsteady voice he answered for "It is you - you, to bill this et and left Soul standing rooted to the inchteness organ with a

For some swoods she remained standing with a pained expression on little mercy, and their often to had her fice, from which all the color had made overfures to proce to Sphil, fled Then, as she stooped to pick up she had answered. You ere a red her fan, which she had dropped in her good old Felix! I is a rivers to be astorishment the pallor verse place to a crimeon finch

"Poor Felix!" she murniared "I am so sorry"

The next morning Felix found that his presence was electutely accessary in the Metropolis and having made his arrangments for departure, bewent into the library to write a note which he intended for Sybil

But the fates had decreed a meeting, for there was Sybil summaging amongst the books for one she requited She heard the door close and look-

for his part nonplussed, and seemed to have become for the moment speechless. Sybil hesitated also for a minute

enemies, Felix Woodford would not 1"Bid Me to Love" "I do not ask for two, then she came towards him with outstretched hands, and an expression of pained regret on her fair iace. "Felix - Mr Woodford, I mean."

sho said, with a little quiver in her voice, "I hope you did not mean what you said to me last night It would grieve me so mich - I cannot tell you how much!"

Felix too was sorry He would have given worlds to be able to unsay those wild words of the evening engaged in converso with Lord Sea- | before, but at the same time there was an inspulse strong within him which urged him on the course he was about to pursue.

"I came in here to write a note to you, but now it is unnecessary. Can you spare me a few minutes? He spoke amost coldly, at the same

time offering Sybil a seat. "I won't sit down unless you do." said Sybil, with a little pout. "You look exactly as you did once years ago when I let your rabbits die. Do you remember that day?"

She laughed nervously, and then wheeled up a big chair to where Felix stood, with knitted brow and uncompromising appearance generally

He looked at her, but his thoughts were far away His memory conjurcd up a picture of the events which Sybil's question had reminded him of He saw the big garden with its was exquisite. Felix I never heard grassy plots and leafy trees, under you sing better. You are quite a one of which the rabbit hutches had been erected. He saw a lovely little girl in a white pinafore, her long golden curls hanging in confusion about her shoulders, and her eyes swollen with weeping. At her feet is Recommended by doctors, by hou-lay four beautiful rabbits, cold and pitals, by the clerge, by everybody. The mad blood surged up to Felix lifeless. He remembered his own for stiffness, pleurisy, etc. Made by

but what sie could marcely to row, words of the fitter of a firstampfed her tray to be at Lever love you have their Roods tord I sud I we are not not had succeeded to him in the would bo well to temper to the with a you better than one of the wealth And here is a hit was a self become I am so sorry I to some calibre

The present was a latter gold he athaved trinket, with a mall pattern of forcet me-nats, a to cot of twoquoises set in on the Sabil helt bested this from to a other in hir first consternation at comy the rate bits dead, and had elevated to prosent it to Felix 1.5 to 1.6 tragely had become known this kept the little heart, and as to grew to man's estate he had alsays toped ed round carelessly, far from expect- that the golden leart was a siledge ing to see Felix Woodford. He was of that other heart which he so get of that other heart which he cope ! some day to have to bis teeping He did not take the chair which Sybil offered, but stood on the rearthrug with the little heart. In

hi- band

(To be continued)

WHAT IS A MIRACLET (Father Gerard, SJ)

"A miracle is an occurrence due to a power beyond the forces of nature and for which the laws of nature can-

not account. "Thus the laws of nature cannot account for the resteration of a dead man to fife Supposing this to

occur, it must be a miracle. "The possibility of miracles is vehemently denied by the infidel philosophers, on the ground that there is no such prenatural power as is re-

quired to work them "But the study of nature herself demonstrates the existence of a power beyond nature and its exercise. Aswe have seen, the first impulse given to the forces of nature must have been a miracle, being nowise in accordance with the laws of nature and beyond the power of her forces. So, too, the first beginning of life.

life was miraculous. "There must, therefore, exist a power capable of doing that which nature cannot do and as it has certainly once acted, there is no in possibility that it should act again."

If nature can get life only from a

living parent; the first appearance of

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udley, you cannot mean this cruel