

A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I believe you," said Maida. "But it is because I am rich—that that—Byrne—"
 "No, no!" cried Lady Glassbury. "He loved you from the first—oh, Maida, don't look so cold—you frighten me. It was from the very first. If you had remained poor it would have been all the same."
 "But he would not have been able to marry me," said Maida.
 "No; but he would have loved you all the same. Maida, I am almost glad that you heard what I said. But believe me that it is all past. Maida, I love you—I want to see you both happy. Don't take your love from me!"
 With her eyes full of tears, Maida bent over her and kissed her.
 "I believe you," she said. "I am sorry for you."
 "Don't be," said Ethelreda. "I am quite happy. Even if I loved him as I once did, the sight of his happiness would be enough for me. But I don't. Oh, Maida, don't you understand? Don't misjudge me."
 "I will not," said Maida. "I think I understand quite well."
 Suddenly a wave of pity swept over her and she knelt beside the beautiful woman and put her arms round her neck.
 "Oh, dear, do you think that my heart is not full of pity for you; that I who love him do not understand how much you have lost?"
 They sobbed in each other's arms for a moment; then Maida, rising, and wiping her eyes hastily, said:
 "I think I will go now. Tell Byrne that I had to go home to lunch. And you will dine with us to-night. Ah, you must, you must! I want to show you how I—how I understand and trust you!"

CHAPTER XX.

Maida walked back to the Towers slowly. She was only a girl, but she had already seen enough of the great world to understand Heroncourt's position in regard to Lady Glassbury. She both understood and sympathized; for she believed every word that Ethelreda had spoken, and, woman-like, understood how a woman, though a faithful wife, could still cling to the romance of her youth. Not for a moment did Maida doubt Heroncourt's love for her; the only sting lay in the thought that but for her money Heroncourt could not marry her. She sighed as she wished that he were, say, a clerk like Ricky, and that she—Maida—were as poor as he; there would then have not been even the shadow of mistrust and humiliation; but as she went along she told herself that we cannot have everything in this world, and that she was the most

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fortunate girls in having got the man she loved, the best, the noblest of men. Lady Glassbury should always remain her friend, as close a friend as a sister; she would never allow herself to be suspicious or jealous for a single moment.
 She felt very happy as she entered the house and met Mr. Spinner coming out of the library.
 "Just arrived, Miss Carrington," he said, as he bowed over her hand with his all-embracing smile. "Miss Carrington's out, I hear?"
 "Yes; but she will be back presently," Mr. Spinner said. "She is at the Court, busy."
 "Ah, yes; everybody's busy," he said, with a significant wag of his head. "Mr. Carrington and I have been busy too. As I was coming down I offered to bring the deeds with me. By the way, Miss Carrington, you ought to look them over, you ought, indeed!"

Maida blushed slightly.
 "Is it necessary?" she asked.
 "Oh, quite, quite," he said. "It would be quite irregular if you did not read them over. I have got them in my dispatch case in the library, and I will go and fetch them if you will kindly wait a minute."
 He went into the library and brought out a sheaf of papers and parchments.
 "These they are," he said. "Quite a little packet, isn't it? If you'll look them over to-day and let me have them over to-morrow. Thank you, thank you! Mr. Carrington and Ricky have gone off shooting, so I think I'll walk towards the Court on the chance of meeting Miss Carrie."
 Maida took the papers up to her room, and resolving to look at them some time in the evening—for there was a great deal to be done, and she thought it would take her some time to read them.
 Carrie and she delivered themselves over to the tyranny of the dressmaker that afternoon, and they had only just time to dress for dinner. When she came into the drawing-room she found Ricky alone there.
 "Is father down yet, Ricky?" she asked.
 "No," he said; "we didn't get back till late. The fact is—there is no need to be alarmed, Maida—but Mr. Carrington came over faint while we were shooting, and I persuaded him to go into the gamekeeper's lodge and rest. I think he ought to have a change, and you and Carrie might persuade him to go straight away after the wedding."
 "I will go and see him," said Maida, in a low voice; but as she turned to go, Carrington entered.
 He was rather pale, and there were dark shadows under his eyes, but he made light of the affair.
 "It come over very warm, and I got tired," he said. "There is nothing else the matter; and I only took a rest to please Ricky."
 "You must go away, father," said Maida. "You must take more care of yourself—"

Heroncourt prevented anything further being said.
 Maida went straight up to Lady Glassbury and kissed her; and Lady Glassbury understood all that the kiss was meant to imply, for Maida was seldom demonstrative. It was a very quiet dinner, for they were all thinking of the day after to-morrow. Mr. Carrington was, perhaps, the most talkative of the party. The evening post had brought him some good news from the city, and the wine, of which he drank rather freely, had brought the colour to his face. He was in the very best of spirits.
 They went into the drawing-room, in which a fire had been lit, for the night had turned chilly; and Heroncourt, under some thin pretext, got Maida to go with him into the conservatory; but they were not long undisturbed, for presently a footman entered and looked round apologetically.
 "I was looking for the master, miss," he said. "A gentleman—a person wishes to see him. I have shown him into the library."
 "Father must be in the billiard-room," said Maida to Heroncourt. "I will go and find him. Who can it be, I wonder?"
 She and Heroncourt went to the billiard-room, which had been recently fitted up regardless of cost, and found Mr. Carrington and Lord Glassbury playing.
 "Someone wants to see me?" said Mr. Carrington. "This is not the time—who is it?"
 "He wouldn't give his name, sir," said the footman; "but he said he wanted to see you on important business."
 "One of the tenants, I suppose," said Mr. Carrington, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Why doesn't he apply to the steward or Spinner? If you'll excuse me, Lord Glassbury, I'll go and get rid of him. You take my case, Heroncourt; though that isn't fair to Lord Glassbury," he added, with a chuckle, as the footman helped him on with his coat.
 He paused a moment, with the door in his hand, to watch Heroncourt's shot, then he went down the passage humming light-heartedly. He was still singing as he opened the library door; then the song ceased abruptly, and he staggered against the door, leaning against it with his hands pressed against his chest and his eyes staring with terror at a short, commonplace figure standing by the mantel-shelf. For a moment he thought it was the ghost of Josiah Purley, a similar vision to that which he had seen in the bedroom. But it was Josiah Purley himself, not deprecating this time, but with his cap

clenched tightly in his hands, his weak blue eyes fixed in a fierce challenge on Carrington's pallid face.
 "Purley—Josiah!" gasped Carrington, almost inaudibly.
 Then he made a great effort to collect himself and contorting his face into a forced smile, advanced unsteadily with outstretched hand; but Purley did not offer to take it, and still gripped his cap with both hands.
 "Yes, it's me, Carrington," he said. "You didn't expect to see me. You didn't care what become of me; not you! But I've come back, you see; I've come back to meet you face to face, to tell you that I know how you have robbed me, that you are a scoundrel, Carrington. Yes, that's what you are, a thief and a scoundrel!"
 Carrington uttered a cry and sank into a chair, struggling for breath; but Purley looked down at him pitilessly.
 It so chanced that Maida was at that moment crossing the hall on her way to the drawing-room and she heard the cry, and, obeying the natural impulse, ran to the library and opened the door. She stood for an instant, an instant only, looking from one man to the other, then she sprang to her father, and bending over him, cried:
 "What is it, father? What has happened? Who is this?"
 Mr. Carrington tried to wave her away and fought for speech.
 "Go—go away, Maida!" said Carrington. "This gentleman and I have business—important business—go away. I wish to be alone."
 "I cannot leave you, father," she said, anxiously. "You are not well—strong." Then she turned almost fiercely upon Purley who was staring at the carpet with knitted brow.
 "Who are you? What is the business that you have with my father? You cannot stay—he is ill!"
 Purley looked from one to the other irresolutely, as if he were daunted by the beauty and the manner of the girl; then his mood changed suddenly, his commonplace face flushed, his eyes flashed.
 "No, I won't go," he said. "He's well enough to hear what I've got to say—he's startled, no doubt—so are most men when they are found out. You are his daughter, I suppose, miss?"
 "I am his daughter; yes," said Maida, striving for composure.
 "Go away, Maida—I wish to be alone," said Carrington, feebly.
 "No," said Purley. "Let her stay; she looks good and honest, this daughter of yours, Carrington—let her be the judge between us."
 He turned to Maida, with suppressed passion in gesture and voice.
 "You ask me why I have come here; you speak to me as if I were a dog, as if I had no right here. Listen and judge for yourself. This man—your father—and I were old friends. We had roughed it together; we've been in tight places together; I thought we could trust each other—he could have trusted me with a million, and he knows it—"
 "Go—" interjected Carrington, in a low voice; but Maida seemed unable to move, seemed hypnotised by the fierce, accusing eyes of the little man whose usual commonplace appearance was transformed by his energy and passion. She stood with her hand gripping the back of her father's chair, her beautiful eyes, shining like stars in her pale face, fixed on Purley's.
 "You ask me why I came here, what my business is. I have come to denounce him"—he pointed an accusing finger at Carrington—"as a thief and a robber."
 (To be Continued.)

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| J
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Young, George R. J. ALEX. ROBINSON, P. M. G. |
| K
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Lewis, W. J., Pennywell Road Long, Mrs. M. E. Lodge, Heber Louis, Eli | |

Telegram Fashion Plates

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 The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 20-22; Medium, 24-26; Large, 28-30; Extra Large, 32-34 inches waist measure. Medium size will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. With the apron you may wear a house-dress made after Pattern 1435 which is cut in sizes 34 to 44 inches bust measure. This dress may be readily developed in simple, inexpensive material, such as percale, gingham or chambray, and serve for porch or afternoon wear.
 A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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No.
 Size

Address in full:—
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War News

Messages Received Previous to 9

RUSSIAN CAPTURED.
 LONDON, July 10.—Halicz, the strategic key to Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, has been captured by the Russian despatch from Reuter's Press correspondent.

RUSSIAN PROGRESS.
 PETROGRAD, July 10.—Russian official—General Breroff's operations in Galicia at the front of 20 miles have broken the Austro-German front between the Carpathians and already Russian cavalry have pressed forward for a distance of 16 miles to the Dniester. As a result of Russian forward movement has been hemmed in from the east and southwest and the Russian is now menacing Halicz Bridge. From July 2 to 8 inclusive, General Korniloff took 14,000 prisoners and guns of which 12 were heavy field guns and many trench mortars etc.

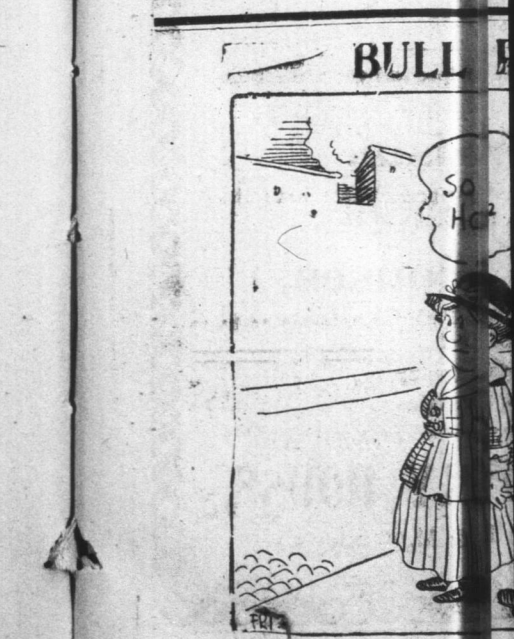
RUSSIANS PRESSING.
 NEW YORK, July 10.—The Russian army has pushed through the Austro-German line in the Halicz-Stanislaw sector, the most important on the eastern front, and the Russian advance continues. The Austro-German front have already withdrawn beyond the river, about 10 miles west of Jesopol, which was occupied on Sunday by the Russians, under General Korniloff. The Russians have taken four villages and increased the number of prisoners by more than 90. Seven more field guns and other materials are in the Russians' hands. West of Stanislaw towards Kalka and Dolina the Russians penetrate the Turotic lines to a depth of seven miles and between Stanislaw and Halicz they have widened the wedge. In their retirement the Austro-Germans have made hastily, and during the last a large number of guns and other stores were captured by the Russian. The Austro-Germans failed to stand at Lukovitz and Luvka, it probable they may entrench on the west bank of the Lora. The Russian west of Lomnica, however, will prevent the forced evacuation of Halicz, the strategic key to Lemberg as the Russians are within less than eight miles of Halicz on three sides and only one avenue of retreat towards Lemberg is left open. The evacuation of Halicz would be a retreat from Brocwoy, Zloczof and Brody by the Austro-Germans unnecessary. Meanwhile Russian artillery is hammering enemy lines out of Brzezany and north of the Lip marshes and near Riga, Dvinsk and Snorgon.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

LONDON, July 10.—The official from the British headquarters in France to-night said last night we entered enemy trenches at Neuport and inflicted casualties on the garrison. Southeast of Harincourt, east of Monchy le Preux, southeast of Arras, hostile redoubts parties were driven off. Enemy artillery was active all day against our positions and towards evening the fire of his artillery reached a great intensity. Our artillery replied vigorously. Bad weather prevented aerial operations by either side.

HOLLWEG AND PEACE.

BERNE, July 10.—According to a Berlin paper, the collector Von Bethmann Hollweg and the members of the Reichstag repeat that the formula of peace without annexation is unacceptable. We cannot declare our terms. We must fight and conquer." The



BULL
 MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.