

"What faith you have in him," she said; and with that the conversation ended. I went home some days after that, and then matters fell into their old routine. The only change was in Miss Vane herself. She grew more hu-man; her one great act of forgiveness seemed to have changed her whole char-acter. There was only one thing she would not do—she would not mix with the world. She took up a lily one day when talking, and from the deep white cup pulled a petal. "Can anything re-store that petal or make the lily whole?" when asked.

cup pinter a petal. Cash anything fermitter as the petal or make the lily whole?" she asked. "No," I replied. "It is the same with my life," she said. "A page was torn abruptly from it—a page on which sweetest hopes were written—and nothing can restore it. I could not take up my old duties, resume my old pleasures, mix freely in the world of men and women, talk, laugh, and enjoy myself with them—I could not bear it. I can only live as I as more, uaknown and unknowing, forgeten—waiting for the signal of release. You will not urge me again, will you?" "No, I will not," I replied. "I am happier than I ever hoped to be, because I have forgiven Lord Wynton, and the blank desolation has gone out of my life."

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son," without whom no assembla son, when when no accentionage was complete. On the morning after her arrival, Miss Asheton, tempted by the beauty of the grounds, rose early and went out. Life held many fair mornings for her, but none like that. Her white morning dress, knotted here and there with rose-colored ribbons, fell in graceful folds round the tall, slender figure; a wealth of shining, waving hair rippled over her shoulders, the morning breeze had brought the daintiest bloom to her face, her large, dark eyes shone with light; the beautiful lips were parted in keen normal.

her farge, dark eyes shone with light; the beautiful lips were parted in keen enjoyment. She stood watching a pretty minia-ture water-fall. She held her hand in the water, and watched the spray run-ning over her white fingers; then she thought she would crofs a little rustic bridge which spanned the stream, and was about to do when a rich, deep voice said: "I should advise you not to trust yourself to that little bridge; it is un-der repair and is mot quite safe." She looked round, and saw a gentle-man come across the lawn. He raised his hat and bowed, "Pray, pardon me," he said; "bit I know that bridge is very shaky. I am Lord Wynton, Lady Evrington's brother. You, I know, are her guest, Miss Asheton." "I Huldah bowed: not for worlds would she have spoken just then. "I am afraid I have startled you, Miss Asheton," continued the musical voice; "if so, I am very sorry." "No, you have not startled me," she said.

Tam napper taan lever hoped to be, because I have forgiven Lord Wynton, and the blank desolation has gone out of my life."
The tain the intended to call upon her. So intervent to the the that Lord Wynton, She vas intervent. Their do that a life of of May, at Nice, She year yassed, spring came round again, and in May I read this announcement: "Died, on the 3rd of May, at Nice, She her do they at Nice on the 5th."
A heading fashionable journal deviced that Lady Wynton, after suffering severy for some morths, had died sud that Lady Wynton, after suffering severy for some morths, had died sud that Lady Wynton, after suffering severy for some morths, had died sud that Lady Wynton, after suffering severy for some morths, had died sud that Lady Wynton, after suffering severy for some morths, had died sud that Lady Wynton, after suffering severy for some morths, had died sud that Lady Wynton, after suffering severy for some morths, had died sud that Lady Wynton, after suffering severy for some morths, had died sud the mystery was explained to me, and soften like a woman's. Her heart the was the hero of her deat the mean showed then to Huida the mystery was explained to me, and soften like a woman's the dial come at last.
Theremainder of Levrer!"
The remainder of Clevrel!"
Theremainder of Clevrel!"
Theremainder of Clevrel!
Theremainder of the story I tell as the saw Huidah Ashton, in all the saw through the saw Low down.
Theremainder of clerkel Ashten the record there were always more of lease failbures. He came, however, to lease his sister. But on the morting had here on the most magnifient is to him. A millionaire! Store of here heart and solve the theremain start the record here were always more or lease failbures. He came, hence were always more or lease failbures. He

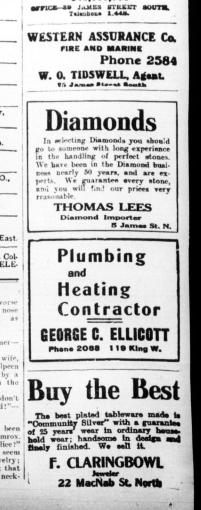


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The seventeen she found herself one of the most beautiful, wealthy and admired its in London. She could have marked its as she would; but, young as she was, Huidah Asheton had formed its seventeen as stately as a heavent at Silverwell excessor. There can be no pretire church than that one at Silvervell there. The preparations all went is a poets of tream, glited and intellectual, looking upon wealth as an accident, as tepping stone-pure in heart as a little indifference ind

all. Standing where womainsoid and girthood met, her heart and sould thrilled with the vague, sweet poetry of life. <u>CHAPTER XIII.</u> The Countess of Ivrington had a beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames. She delighted in spending part of her time there, surrounded by the had invited "The Queen of the Sea-





Ameta, including Capi \$45,000,000

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