

A Millionaire's; Countess Westerleigh

CHAPTER XL

"I can not believe it," she breathed. The major part of his passionate appeal had gone by her, unheeded. "You—you say that you will take me to her?"

The desire to see this woman, if she existed—to put the doubt which tortured her to the test—had got full possession of her.

"I will take you to her," he said. "Listen. Be calm. Summon all your strength of mind and soul. You have been deceived, Florence, and by the man who pretended to love you. Obey me, and I will show you the way to punish him—to avenge yourself. This woman—Vane Tempest's wife—is living not far from here. Come with me, and I will take you to her. You are not afraid?"

"Afraid?" she turned upon him with unspeakable scorn; "afraid of you? No!"

"Good! I want your love, not your fear. Listen," he whispered in her ear, slowly, carefully—"I have a carriage waiting in the lane outside the gate."

She started. He smiled.

"Yes, I knew you would come. I have everything prepared. Even our berths in the P. & O. are booked." She shuddered. "I know that you could not withstand me. Come with me now—"

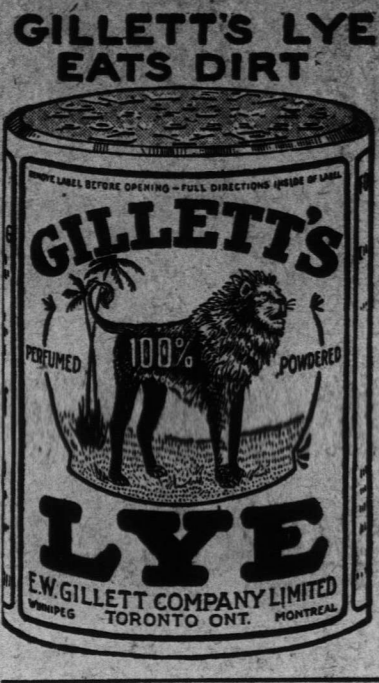
She seemed to consider for a moment; then, with averted face, she said, almost inaudibly:

"Yes, I will come. Swear to me—She paused in a kind of despair.

"You are right not to ask me," he said. "You know that I should hold no oath sacred where you were concerned. But though it is useless to swear, I give you my simple word that I will still hold myself as your slave. You, yourself, of your own free will, shall turn to me and fulfill my right to protect you to make you my wife. Yes, Florence my wife. That shall be our compact. I will prove your marriage with Vane void and of no effect, and you, yourself, shall reward me. Come!"

She drew her arm away.

"I will go," she said, her face white and strained. "But I will see this woman—I must—but I will go to the house first."



honor. But the misery of it! To have learned that he really loved her to have rested in his arms, and deemed her happiness—and his—secure, only to find that after all he belonged to another woman, and that he was indeed lost to her forever! For she knew Lady Florence well enough to feel sure that she would not surrender Vane, the man she had loved so passionately and for so long.

Nora rode home slowly, revolving it all in her mind, recalling Vane's words, his looks, his joy and despair, and asking herself whether in all the world there existed any one so miserable, so unhappy as the mistress of Vale Hall.

She went straight to her room and began to take off her habit, and while she was doing so there was a knock at the door, and Milly's voice demanding admittance.

Nora opened the door, and Milly took her arm from the maid's and transferred it to Nora's.

"Where have you been all day, dear?" she inquired. "Riding? Why, you must be tired out, amonaz as you are: you look tired! Come, sit by the fire. I've told them to bring some tea. You've had your lunch?"

Nora sat down and stared at the flames, wearily, and shook her head.

"No lunch? Oh, Nora! Why?" she stopped and peered up intently at Nora's face with her lovingly sharp eyes—"something has happened. Oh, it's no use shaking your head! I know there has. But I don't want you to tell me."

Nora smiled and sighed.

"It is of very little use telling any one, Milly," she said, in that tone of resignation which all of us adopt when the game is played out and the stakes lost. "But," she added, after a pause, "I don't know why I shouldn't tell you. I have had a strange meeting this morning, Milly."

"Wait," whispered Milly, as the said came in with the tea.

"Now," she said, after she had poured out a cup and placed it in Nora's hand; "now you shall tell me. You have met—Oh, Nora, you have met him!"

"Yes," she said; "I have met the inevitable 'him' who makes or mars every woman's life, Milly. They often seem to be able to get on without 'she' in their life's story, but we women can never manage to run our short span without the 'he.' And now, Milly, dear, I'm afraid I can't tell you all." Not even to Milly could she confess the "Ernest Mortimer" business. "But I think you have guessed that the great sorrow of my life, that which has robbed me of the capacity of enjoying all the good things which have fallen to me, was caused by—love."

Milly pressed her face against Nora's knee.

"I knew that there must be some

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This recipe makes 16 ounces of cough syrup, and saves you about \$2.00 as compared with ordinary cough remedies. It cures obstinate coughs—even whooping cough—in a hurry, and is splendid for sore lungs, asthma, croup, hoarseness and other throat troubles.

Mix two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, and stir for two minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents) worth in a 16-ounce bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

Tastes good.

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Pinex, as perhaps you know, is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in gualcol and the other natural healing pine elements.

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A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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Dress for Ladies, Misses and Small Women.

White linen with fancy lace and insertion for trimming is here shown. The closing is in front a little to one side. The "V" neck opening outlines a deep collar. The sleeve is finished with a neat cuff. Gingham, voile, flanne, lawn, chambray or silk are also appropriate for this design.

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JULIA POWER

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Hr. Grace No

Details of the Deaths of James Anastasia'Brien.

Thomas Brown, one of the players of the Archibald Brierley, met with an accident work yesterday that will cost two of the fingers of the right Tommy was working in the room, and the moulding machine responsible for the accident.

Mr. John W. Currie, of B. Cove, T.B., was married yesterday Miss Julia Power, daughter of John Power, of this town. The ceremony was performed by B. Darby, at the home of the parents. The happy couple the afternoon train en route home, taking with them the wishes of their host of friends, prosperous and happy voyagers the sea of matrimony together.

Mr. A. Collis has lately from his business trip to ports repairing pianos, organs and he was kept very busy in different places visited. He is absent since August. He is some valuable assistance in church choirs in the places. He speaks very highly of the net he received from the

The Methodist choir are giving some special music Christmas services.

Some persons will not be sorry to hear that your Harbinger correspondent met with a serious accident yesterday. His right foot became crushed machine he was operating, a great toe broken simply by the foot to slip under the tread to the right time to receive it, but the wrong time for his. He suffered and is still in much pain. Dr. Parsons, up the injured foot, and assuages sufferer that he would have weeks to reflect on his good deeds before he would be able to undertake work. But as are not all bad, as they so give people an opportunity of ing who their friends are, very many friends they have were surprised at the number calls and enquiries for our Thanks, friends, very much.

Less than a year ago, it is painful duty to report the conditions of poverty and now we have a double case of iller nature to report. James

Can be traced

This cause, n

ease.

Your doctor is the common cause of trouble, and a long otherwise be well

Anyone who and coffee ills by

This pure foot cane, is absolutely troubles.

Postum now Regular Post Instant Post water, with sugar

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