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The Web;

TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER XIV. True Love's Passion.

"You are very early this morning," Norah said, as the girl brushed out her hair. "Did you sleep in the house last night?"

"No, my lady," replied Becca, dropping her eyes from the glass in which she had been comparing Norah's face with her own. "No, I went home. And I found him in the avenue," she added, in a low voice.

Norah looked up with a start. There was no other "him" in the world for her that morning but Cyril.

"Him? Whom?" she asked.

"The pulter gentleman, Mr. Burne," said Becca, with a nod, as if Norah ought to have understood. "He was very bad."

Norah's face paled.

"Bad?" she echoed faintly.

"Yes," said Becca, taking a long tress in her hand and holding it up to the light, but keeping her eyes fixed on Norah's pale face reflected in the glass. "Yes, he'd fainted."

Norah's hands clasped themselves tightly in her lap, and an inarticulate sound escaped her lips.

"He was dreadfully hurt. Broke his arm, I think."

Norah half rose, with a wild impulse to go to him there and then; then she sank back.

"Go on!" she breathed.

"He was as white as—as you are, my lady," said Becca, slowly, "and in dreadful pain. I don't think he'll die, though," she added, calmly.

A shudder shook Norah.

"Die!" fell from her lips.

"No, my lady. He was able to walk home after a bit," continued Becca, still watching Norah's face.

"Give me—give me my handkerchief, please," said Norah, feeling the girl's eyes on her, and wishing to gain a moment or two for self-control.

Becca fetched the handkerchief.

"I heard that he'd hurt himself fetching the horses," said Becca, "but he didn't say."

"What—what did he say?" asked Norah, thirsting to hear some words of his.

Becca waited a moment, and fixed her black eyes on the glass intently.

"He said, would you meet him at the place where he painted the dog, at five o'clock to-day," she replied.

Norah started, and the hot blood rushed to her face.

For a moment she was silent, her heart throbbing wildly.

"Are you—are you sure that is what Mr. Burne said?" she asked at last, in a low voice.

"Yes, quite sure, my lady," responded Becca.

Norah trembled and her breath came fast. How could she meet him after her father's prohibition? And yet—yet he was ill, had been injured in saving her!

**THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY,
THERAPION No. 1**
CURES DYPHTHERIA, DIPHTHERIA, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT.
THERAPION No. 2
CURES ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE CHEST.
THERAPION No. 3
CURES ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE STOMACH, INFLUENZA, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE DIGESTIVE SYSTEM.
THERAPION No. 4
CURES ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, ECZEMA, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.
THERAPION No. 5
CURES ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE EYES, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE VISION.
THERAPION No. 6
CURES ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE EARS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE HEARING.
THERAPION No. 7
CURES ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE NOSE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SMELL.
THERAPION No. 8
CURES ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE VOICE.
THERAPION No. 9
CURES ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE MOUTH, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE TASTE.
THERAPION No. 10
CURES ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE TONGUE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE PALATE.

She got up and went to the window. The girl's black eyes seemed to follow and trouble her.

"You may go now, Becca," she said, without looking round.

"Yes, my lady," said Becca. "And Mr. Burne, what am I to say to him if I see him?"

Norah turned to her.

"Say nothing. Stay," she added, as if forced to speak the words; "say that I will come—and see the picture," she added.

"Yes, my lady," said Becca, and noiselessly she left the room.

Norah leaned her head against the window frame.

She did not blame Cyril for sending her the message. She knew, instinctively, that it had been wrung from him in a moment of pain, and by his intense longing to see her, and it brought her a joy beyond all words.

Yes, she would go and see him, and tell him that they must be strangers from henceforth—her eyes filled with tears at the thought—they must part, never to meet again.

She finished dressing herself and went downstairs. The earl was in the breakfast-room, and handed her a note as he bowed her a good-morning.

"From Lady Ferndale," he said. "To inquire after your health after the accident, no doubt," he said. "A groom is waiting."

Norah opened the envelope. It was just the kind of letter which Lady Ferndale would write, full of affectionate anxiety and self-reproach.

"If I had only sent some one with you, dear!" she said. "I would come over this morning—and will if you are the least ill—but my husband has asked some people here early. Still, only say the word!"

But it was the next few lines that made Norah's heart beat and sent the blood to her face.

"And to think that that young man should have acted so nobly! Was I out, Norah, in my estimate? The coachman says that the way Mr. Burne flung himself upon the horses was grand, and I think it's the very best word to describe it. I am longing to see him, and thank him!"

"Well!" said the earl.

Norah hesitated a moment, then laid the letter beside his plate.

He raised it delicately, and held it out to her with a cold smile.

"Fardon me, but I have always entertained the greatest repugnance to perusing other people's letters," he said. "You had better answer it. Pray do not mind keeping me waiting."

Norah took the letter, and put it in her pocket—those few lines had made it very precious—and, going to a writing-table, wrote a brief note assuring Lady Ferndale that she, Norah, was quite well, and, after a moment's hesitation, she added: "Mr. Burne was badly hurt, I fear." That was all; and the words read, ah! so coldly.

At times the hours that day seemed to pass all too quickly, at others they dragged their length wearily along. Norah all day tried to make up her mind what she would say to Cyril, tried even to learn a few sentences, that she might repeat them by heart. A practiced flirt, a London belle of even one season, would have known how to dismiss him gracefully; but Norah was no experienced flirt, she was simply a girl—woman whose heart had been touched for the first time.

As last the great clock chimed half-past four, and, with Casper at her heels, she started for the woods. Her heart beat faster as she approached the glade where she was to meet Cyril, and she paused and waited for a moment or two to try and quiet its beating.

Then she went on among the great trees flecked with the golden sunlight, and presently she put aside the leaves of a huge rhododendron, and stood before him.

Cyril had fixed his eyes, and was trying to paint. She saw that his left arm was in a sling, and the sight recalled everything that had occurred on the preceding evening, and a great wave of tenderness passed over her heart.

She stood for a moment unobserved by him, then he took out his watch, and, with a sigh of impatience, turned his head and saw her, in all her loveliness, framed by the dark green leaves.

He sprang to his feet and came toward her, then stopped, his eyes, full of the passion that burned in his heart, fixed on her face; and so they stood speechless, as far as words go.

He was the first to speak.

"You have come!" he said, in a low voice, and he held out his hand.

She put hers into it, and it was imprisoned in his eager grasp.

"Yes, I have come," she said, her eyes downcast, the color flitting over her beautiful face.

"Something in her tone alarmed him, and he dropped her hand.

"Are you angry with me for sending you the message, for asking you?" he said.

"No," she replied. "Oh, no, no! But—" she stopped.

"It was wrong—I know!" he said. "I felt it when I had got home and thought of it; but—ah! I wanted to see you, soon, at once, and I did not know how—"

"I am glad you sent to me," she said, so simply, so sweetly, that he could have gone on his knees to her. "You are paining; will you—will you go on?" she faltered.

He understood her. She could talk with less restraint if he worked. He sat down before the easel, and took up his brush and the palette, which he managed to hold in the finger and thumb of his left hand, and painted blindly for a minute or two; then he turned to her as she stood beside him, her hands loosely clasped.

"May I speak now, Lady Norah? I have been counting the hours since I left you last night. I have so longed to see you—to tell you—ah, you know! What can I say but that I love you!"

Norah's hands clasped tightly, and her breath came and went fitfully.

"It broke from me last night, when I should not have spoken," he went on in a low voice, that trembled with eagerness and rang earnestly with the true ring of pure, whole-souled love. "I ought not to have spoken then, but—I could not help it; and now you know it, what will you say to me?"

He rose, but with a slight gesture she motioned him to his seat, and he sat down again, obeying her, and bent toward her, the sunlight falling on his shapely head and handsome face.

"Were you angry with me last night? Are you angry now? Have you come to tell me that I was presumptuous—ah, don't speak yet," for

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her lips moved, though no words had come. "Do you think that I have not thought over it all during the long hours I have lain awake? Lady Norah, you cannot feel more acutely than I do how unworthy I am that you should cast a thought to me."

Her lips formed a "No," but he went on, his voice scarcely above a whisper, his eyes speaking with more eloquent pleading even than his lips.

"You are the daughter of an earl, and I—I" he motioned to the easel with his brush. "I am a poor painter; one the world—the world to which you belong—regards as very much beneath you. And it is right. But a poor painter may have a heart, and I have given mine to you! I lay it at your feet, Lady Norah! It is yours to do what you will with—to accept or refuse."

He stopped to control his voice, which his passion had rendered hurried and broken.

"I can only say I love you, I love you! I have loved you—" He stopped, and then went on, his voice low and dreamy, as if he were speaking from his heart to hers. "Do you remember the evening you came to the Court? As your carriage drove in through the gates I stood there and saw you, and—ah! believe me—the moment I saw you my heart leaped. It seemed to cry out, 'I love you!' I did not know who you were, but you were the one woman in all the world for me from that moment; you will be the one woman until I die."

There were tears in her eyes, though she tried to force them back, and she put up one hand and covered her eyes for a moment, but she stood silent, and otherwise motionless.

"It was no passing fancy," he went on. "All that evening I could not forget you; and at night I stole to the great house, that I might be near you. And I heard you!" he said, his voice scarcely audible; "almost as if in answer to my prayer, you came out on the terrace and spoke, not to me—ah, no, I know!—but you seemed to speak to me."

"All my life has changed since that moment, for you have taken possession of it. I think of you all day, your face flits between me and the canvas, I hear your voice—" He paused. "Lady Norah, what will you say to me? Will you let me go on loving you—ah, you cannot help that, I must love you!—but will you try and love me a little in return?"

Norah's face grew almost white with the struggle that was rending her heart; the struggle between the desire to answer, "I love you already," and the desire to obey her father.

He looked at her, and his own face was pale beneath its tan.

"Is it so impossible?" he murmured, and the entreaty, the anxiety in his eyes almost overcame her.

"I—I cannot," she faltered, scarcely knowing what she said. "The earl, my father—"

She could get no farther.

Cyril started slightly.

(To be Continued.)

Incandescent Gas Lighting.

Possibly, the feature of incandescent gas lighting most frequently noted by casual observers is the great ease with which tasks, ordinarily arduous under artificial light may be performed under the Welshbach gas mantle. The light has a peculiarly "soft" quality, difficult to describe, but which is readily recognized by those who have had experience with the gas mantle lamp.

In its general effect upon bodily health and comfort, the use of incandescent gas lighting is decidedly favorable. The currents of air set up by the burning gas improve ventilation, tending to expel the air vitiated by respiration and draw in fresh air to replace it. Harmful or dangerous disease germs are instantly destroyed in the flame. The extent to which this effect takes place may be verified by placing a gas lamp close to a ceiling without any provision for interfering with the up-rushing air currents. The charred particles which collect immediately above the lamp are the remains of dust particles which before passing through the flames were laden with germs and microbes. Actual experiments have shown that the burning of gas lamps in rooms previously containing bacteria, resulted in absolute sterilization of the air.

Contrary to the popular notion the temperature of rooms lighted by incandescent gas lamps is seldom markedly greater than under incandescent electric light, even under unfavorable conditions of ventilation, while in rooms provided with the ventilating facilities required by the demands of hygiene, the temperature in gas-lighted rooms is frequently lower.

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