Her Adopted Daughter

Olivia went away, but as the door closed Montague's fair face changed to an almost ghastly look and his lip and the moisture stood in beads on his forehead.

"Good Heavens!" he muttered, "if she should discover or suspect the truth she would spare nothing—not even for her own sake—in her mad, jealous revenge. Ugh!"—how he shivered!—"if she only knew the power she might wield, and I—death! if I could—if I dared but whisper the word to her that showed mine over her, I could get every shilling she has to buy silence and love. If I could be certain of that—no, no, it's too awful a risk; and if—if ever those others suspect, I must get that other out of the way. Whew! what a frightful game of hazard it is! But I must keep well with Olivia, if possible, only she maddens me with her violent tempers and thrusts, and making one feel that the money is hers—no mere tact than would go in her thimble. Bah! I suppose one can't expect that from the gentilesse of Olivia Mercer."

The man in the glass house again, throwing a stone that surely rebounded on himself, and sharply, too—Montague though he wrote himself. He pat the check in his pocketbook and felt not the stone's rebound, neither saw the beam in his own eye.

Mrs. Montague presently returned, well arrayed, but, as one might expect, just a shade too showily. Her dress, like herself, had no poetry or artistic beauty, nothing of that picturesque grace of nameless harmony which so marked out Lenore Deleware—the one was simply a pretty, fashionably-dressed lady; the other a living picture.

"The Pandora first," ordered Montague, as he handed his wife into the open carriage and followed her.

"Yes, sir."

Just as it reached the entrance to St. George's Hospital—the house was in Grosvenor place—the crush of cross traffic obliged the coachman to pause a moment, just as a stoutish, rather elderly man, looking like a medical man, was descending the flight of steps. He looked up with a slight "Ah!"—as of recognition—that made both the occupants of the carriage look round, and Olivia saw the gentleman bow to Montague.

"Who is that?" she said, just in passing curiosity.

"Oh, a doctor I've met once or twice answered Dudley, carelessly; "lives in a big house somewhere far up the river, I was told."

"Keeps a private asylum, perhaps," said she. "Does he?"

Was that another falsehood to keep company with the several others those false lips had told in the last two hours?

CHAPTER XV.

LADY WYNDHAM'S FIVE-O'CLOCK

An elegant drawing-room in Hertford Street, Mayfair; a coterie of she's, sprinkled with some he's; five-o'clock tea and gossiping chat—that was the bill-of-fare this very early April afternoon, the honors being dispensed by Lady Wyndham—a pretty, charming woman of seven or eight and twenty, wife of Sir Hugh. Fred's elder brother. Fred had just come in. He had his bachelor apartments near, certainly, but it was a standing joke that he was to be found far more often at No. — Hertford Street. He and his brother and sister-in-law were huge chums as he put it.

"You're quite a stranger, you bad boy!" cried the hostess. "Haven't seen you since yesterday morning. What news have you got for us now?"

"He looks brimful" laughed another lady of much extravagance and inadequate means, who from time to time perpetrated vaped novels in the worst taste and vile English, and then badgered all her hapless acquaintances by word and letters to read her trash. "I am sure he has something to tell us."

"Discreet indeed, Lady Medora," told Fred, sinking into a chair well away from his pet lecture, "unless it's the considered news that I have decided to go to Hopelessly Digby's funeral and bear with the family company from two or three, and a young lady name a window box [illegible]

[illegible]

"Had enough of matrimony, perhaps," said Fred, drily. "Featherstone did once hint that Monsieur le Mari had been a big scamp, and was best dead."

"Perhaps he isn't dead, really," suggested Lady Medora, gayly, "and she isn't a widow at all."

"Oh, yes, I think she is," said the languid young lady, "though I don't see that it matters, since practically she's free."

"Poor young thing!" murmured Arline to her brother. "I am certain she has had a lot of trouble—a life set in a minor key, it always struck me."

"Yes, that's it," said he, nodding. Just then a carriage stopped, the bell pealed, and a minute later the footman threw open the door, announcing:

"Mrs. Montague."

"So glad to see you at last!" exclaimed Lady Wyndham, meeting her. "I thought you had forgotten us; it seems such an age since we met. My brother saw you driving with Mr. Montague, so I hope he will drop in too."

Olivia looked radiant this afternoon as she answered the greetings.

"Thanks; you are too good. He said he would venture shortly. I left him at the Pandora; but he won't be long. How is Sir Hugh?"

"Oh, he is always well, you know. Fred, hand this cup to Mrs. Montague."

Talk went on again.

"Had any one seen that par in one of the societies about a threatened divorce suit of unusual interest? Who could be meant by etc., etc.? Wasn't it too absurd the airs of old Lady—put on—juvenile airs—with that odious fellow young enough to be her son, who had married her for her money?" and so on.

Then there came another ring, and directly after a name, which made a general turning with bows, smiles, and "Ah—so pleased!" as Arline Wyndham hurried forward with both hands eagerly extended.

"My dear Mrs. Deleware, this is quite too delicious! Fred told us you had returned home."

And while this newcomer was fairly surrounded, for a minute Olivia's gaze was riveted upon her.

What exquisite grace! what perfectly picturesque beauty!—a beauty which the nigh two years of time had deepened and intensified, even to ordinary eyes. Whatever other changes had been wrought lay far too deep for any but one to read.

What—who was she, this slender girl who yet had all the high-bred, easy self-possession of a woman accustomed to the world and society? Was she a bride? Surely not, thought Olivia; that was not the face of a bride—or should not be.

"Allow me," said Lady Wyndham, extricating the guest directly she was able—"Mrs. Montague—Mrs. Deleware."

"I was just going to beg for an introduction," said Olivia, smiling, and as yet unaware of her identity with the unknown object of her jealousy. "I almost wonder that I have not had the pleasure of meeting you before on some such mutual ground as this."

Lenore, taking a seat beside Arline, and tea from Fred, answered:

"Perhaps it is that I have been for the last six weeks at Nice with my little daughter."

"Your little daughter!" exclaimed Olivia. "Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought you were—I fancied you must be—"

Lenore, laughing too, at the general merriment at her own expense, came to Olivia's rescue.

"Pray, don't apologize, Mrs. Montague. I am always getting laughed at for my lamentable want of matronly appearance, although my Pearl's four years old."

"You don't say so! An only child, or—"

"Yes, Mrs. Montague,

"Sole daughter of my house and heart."

And then Lady Wyndham said, laughingly:

"This lady, Mrs. Montague, is the daughter of the Mr. Featherstone your husband knows. My brother, Fred, introduced them, you know, when you were in the country."

So this was the girl her jealousy had risen in arms against and driven her back to Dudley—this—this beauty! For a moment she saw nothing but a mist—she scarcely knew what she felt except through all a vague, intense relief—a dim consciousness that this was a being too absolutely above Dudley's mental and moral sphere to be on her side any rival to herself, who stood on his own level. But the mental arrest, as it were, of her faculties was so brief that only Lenore's keen insight noticed it before Olivia could exclaim:

"Indeed, how oddly we have played at cross-purposes, then, Mrs. Deleware and how doubly glad I am to know a lady of whom I have heard several times, but only as Mr. Featherstone's daughter; in fact, I imagined that my husband, though he knew Mr. Featherstone well, had only met his daughter a few times."

"Well, I have certainly only a very slight acquaintance with Mr. Montague; comparatively, at any rate," said Lenore, with a mental reservation far from complimentary to Dudley Montague; and then the young men called upon her attention; but when, before long, her husband was announced, Olivia could not resist furtively watching him to note how he met Mrs. Deleware.

Montague shook hands with the hostess and those near him, bowed to others, nodded with a smile to his wife, and then moving on to where Lenore sat talking to Wyndham and Major Abbey held out his hand.

"Ah, how do you do, Mrs. Deleware? So glad to see you back in England, and I hope quite ready to settle as usual through the fatigue of the sea sick."

She had suffered him to take rather than gave her hand with that graceful hauteur and well-bred touch of nonchalance in manner and words by which a beautiful woman of the world can make a man feel that his attentions or admirations are at the least unappreciated.

"Thanks, I am very well; but the bitter cold that set in in January rather tried me, and my child, too, and in February we fled to the sun and warmth for a time."

"Ah you have lived so much abroad too, have you not? Your father is very pleased to have you back though. I saw him a few days ago," said Montague.

"Ah—yes," indifferently. "Major Abbey, will you put my cup on the table, please? Thanks."

There was a very odd look in Dudley's eyes as he turned away—an exceedingly ugly look it was, too, for the second it flashed into existence—but as he turned Lady Medora Thursby called to him from her sofa:

"Oh, Mr. Montague, have you seen the evening paper as you come along? I do so want to know how that queer bigamy case has ended."

The florid tint of Dudley's fair face deepened, and there was a sharp, momentary compression of the lips.

"Oh—ah—yes," he said, carelessly. "I did see something of it in the Globe, but I haven't followed the case. Was it—"

"The most outrageous, aggravated case of bigamy I ever read," put in Lady Wyndham, with true feminine downrightness. "Such scoundrels ought to be hung; and I think, so far as he is concerned, the second wife did right to refuse to hush it up."

"So I think!" exclaimed Olivia, indignantly, even vehemently. "She gets vengeance on the wretch."

"And pays a heavy price for it in publishing her own wrongs," said Mrs. Deleware, quietly.

"Yes," added Dudley, with a shrug, "for her own sake, certainly, she had better have kept dark and let him go unpunished."

"Oh, that's just like a man!" rejoined Olivia, warmly; "always backing up your own sex, though you put it the other way. Why should this woman sit down quietly under such wrongs? I don't see it at all; and I only know that if—"

"Clef!" went Lenore, under her breath, with a swift glance at Arline.

Lady Wyndham adroitly cut across the bad form of making such a case personal in the presence of the speaker's husband, himself.

"What is the sentence, then, Mr. Montague? A heavy one, I hope."

He turned toward her.

"I really only glanced at the paper, dear Lady Wyndham, but I think it was twenty-one years. At any rate I remember one of the fellows at the club remark that the sentence was the severest the law gives to bigamy."

"And that's too good for him," added Fred, as there was a general move of departure. Then, bending down to Lenore, whispered, "Don't you go, yet Arline wants to have you to herself a bit."

"She is too kind," she smiled, mere society acquaintance had lately been slowly for Lenore was reserved—ripening into friendship; so she kept her seat.

Wyndham escorted Lady Medora, the last to depart, to her phaeton. When he came back he began to laugh.

"Poor Mrs. Montague! I'm afraid she'll catch it. It was quite too awful, only you saw it the worst, Arline."

"Yes," said she, "she hasn't that refinement, too, sufficient to curb her vehement temper and feelings; but she is genuine."

"To effect," said Mrs. Deleware, smiling, "it's a case of Fairbairn's strong tonic. Above all no zeal certainly at the wrong time or place. Of course I knew from my father about three months ago that Montague was a married man, but father thought he was separated."

Fred thereupon enlightened her.

"I suppose," he continued, "that she married him for love; but I don't fancy on his side, it was much but money. He's a mark on the turf and play, and speculation, too, I think; and she doesn't always quite see it, being at her expense, you know."

"Let us hope he know it, too, I speak," said Lady Wyndham, "not in the most harmonious way, poor thing."

"What was she?" asked Lenore.

Arline shrugged her shoulders.

"Stock exchange, my dear, I believe, Fred, didn't some one tell you her father was a rich retired stock broker?"

"Yes—Mercer. Lived somewhere in Warwickshire," replied Wyndham. "Now, Mrs. Deleware, I do hope you are 'fixed down' in town for the next four months."

Lenore laughed as she rose.

"I suppose so, said she.

"Good-bye, dear Lady Wyndham; I really must go."

But Lady Wyndham, holding the slender hand, kissed the velvet cheek.

"Call me Arline, won't you?"

"Ah! may I? Adieu, then, Arline."

"How soon it came!

"Adieu, belle Lenore."

And then, Fred, declaring he was frightfully jealous, escorted her to her carriage.

"Fred," said his sister, abruptly, as he turned to her—she was standing looking down into the fire—"do you remember telling me—oh, two years ago long before you introduced me to her—that you had seen Mrs. Deleware as a Philharmonic with a gentleman—a very handsome man—whom you recognized as having seen and heard of at Monaco, I think?"

(Continued on page three.)

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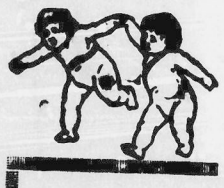

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CALLS THEM JACKALS.

Rev. Mr. Bland Evidently Dislikes Canada's Politicians.

SASKATOON, Sask., Feb. 14.—Rev. Dr. Bland of Winnipeg, formerly of Kingston, Perth, Cornwall and Smith's Falls, speaking at a meeting of the grain growers, said Canada was less pervaded by discontent than any other country, and no other country has so high an average of prosperity and contentment.

Of the politics of the country, he said:

"Politics seem to me to have sunk to the lowest depths to which politics can sink, and before we can be a nation we must stand for something, and have we anything to stand for that no other nation has? You never can get the right men into politics, until we have a third and new party inspired by a new ideal of national life like that new Progressive party in the United States. The day will come when politics will be a holy thing in Canada, when a multitude of men will rise, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and drive those human jackals, those hyenas, into the depths whence they came."

AGED GUELPH MAN DEAD.

Richard Mitchell Was 81 Years Old—Mother Alive at 98.

GUELPH, Feb. 14.—There passed away yesterday in the same house in which he was born 81 years ago, and in which he has always lived, one of the oldest and most highly respected residents of this city, in the person of Richard Mitchell. Deceased has been in failing health for several years past, but his death came rather unexpectedly.

The late Richard Mitchell was a well-known figure in Guelph all his life, and was honored in many ways by the city and the County of Wellington. He held a great many offices of public trust, was reeve and deputy reeve of Guelph before incorporation as a city, served as mayor and was city clerk for over twenty years, which office he only relinquished when he became too old to perform the onerous duties connected with it. He was then appointed police court clerk and served in that capacity for a time.

His mother, aged 98, and two brothers, survive.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the matter of the estate of Daniel Sutherland, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the late Daniel Sutherland, deceased, who died on or about the Seventh day of December, 1912, at the Township of West Zorra in the County of Oxford, are required to send by post prepaid or deliver to the undersigned, John L. Paterson, of the Town of Ingersoll, in the County of Oxford, Solicitor for Frederick Bennett, of the Township of West Zorra, in the County of Oxford, and William H. Sutherland of the Town of Ingersoll in the said County, executors of the estate of the said deceased, their names and addresses and full particulars in writing of their claims, and statements of their accounts and the nature of the security (if any) held by them.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after the fifteenth day of March, 1913, the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the persons entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice and that the said executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claim he shall then not have received notice.

Dated at Ingersoll, this eleventh day of February, 1913.

John L. Paterson,
Solicitor for said Executors.

Prof. Alex. Johnston, of Montreal, died suddenly at Ottawa, just after leaving a train.

Wolfe Island, opposite Kingston has now four customs officers, an increase of two.

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Interesting Experience of Two Women—Their Statements Worth Reading.

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The Case of Mrs. Kirlin.

Circleville, Ohio.—"I can truthfully say that I never had anything do me so much good during Change of Life as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Before I had taken one half a bottle of it I began to feel better, and I have continued taking it. My health is better than it has been for several years. If all women would take it they would escape untold pain and misery at this time of life."—Mrs. ALICE KIRLIN, 358 W. Mill St., Circleville, Ohio.

The Change of Life is one of the most critical periods of a woman's existence. At such times women may rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Edward Sudgrove, aged 26, a telephone lineman, was electrocuted while at work in Chatham.

Peneteng has carried a by-law to loan $25,000 to the Dominion Stove and Foundry Company.

Five Toronto boys were sentenced at Belleville to 30 days in jail for theft from freight cars.

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