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Mr. E. P. Kimball, Ent-whistle, Alta., writes: "Our little girl from birth was troubled with inflamed eyelids and in spite of several remedies, grew worse until at the age of six-teen months her eyes could not be opened after sleep without bleeding, a waxy discharge sticking the lids together and adhering with great tenacity. The child's grandmothers were consulted by mail, and both responded with a little sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. These were used as directed, and lasted until we could obtain a further supply from Edmonton. Improvement was very marked from the first application. The waxy discharge was easier removed and did not reappear. Inflammation subsided and has not returned."

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The Imprisoned Heiress

—OR—
The Spectre of Egremont.

CHAPTER XIX.

With these thoughts Lord Ashcroft placed, and the beauty of its penmanship for his sister's departure.

The Lady Lorean had seen him take up the missive, but as he had turned away when reading it, she had not remarked his change of expression.

"What is it, Lionel," she asked. "Is it some paper you had dropped and which the housemaid put there where you would see it? I feared at first it might be some device of your secret enemy."

Lord Ashcroft smiled, without answering her inquiries. She did not seem to expect a reply, satisfied that her conclusion was accurate, and said:

"But we were talking of exerting a favorable influence over Alexina."

"Excuse me, dear Lorean, but I do not care to talk about her to-night. I must have time to think," answered Lord Ashcroft, mentally ejaculating a wish for his sister's withdrawal.

"I can imagine in what a chaos your mind is when you think of her," said the Lady Lorean, sympathizingly. "But there is some good in every human being and there must be some in her. I will try to find what it is, and for your sake I will try to win her love. Of course, if you have given your word personally to marry her and she claims the fulfillment of the hastily given promise, it is impossible to retreat. An Ashcroft loves his honor better than his happiness."

"Yes, dear Lorean," returned Lord Ashcroft, not having heard what she said: "but I have an engagement—that is, you look tired, and ought to retire. I cannot keep you up longer. We will resume our conversation to-morrow."

"Poor boy! He is almost distracted!" murmured his sister, pityingly. "His heart is too sore to bear even my words of sympathy. By to-morrow, perhaps, he will have grown more calm and collected, and will have arrived possibly at some decision. In the meantime solitude is his best physician."

She arose with the words upon her lips, and bade him an affectionate good-night, and he returned her caresses with a decided sensation of joy. She then withdrew to her own apartment.

Left to himself Lord Ashcroft mused over the tiny note, which he again and again perused.

He wondered how long it had been waiting there before he came up, and admired the ingenuity of its hiding-

place, and the beauty of its penmanship.

He was obliged to wait a few moments before seeking the gallery, lest he should encounter some member of the household in the passage, and this interval he employed in meditating upon the propriety of this secret meeting.

It was not that he thought it wrong to meet Aimee at that hour, for if he did not meet her then he should never see her. She was, besides, so pure and angel-like that no more thought of impropriety could be connected with a meeting with her than there could have been with meeting the ghost she was popularly supposed to be.

But Lord Ashcroft feared for himself that he was cementing his heart to that of this mysterious maiden, and that wretchedness and misery could alone come of it. He knew that she loved her—loved her as a man loves but once in his life-time; that the worshipping reverence he felt for her was such as should be accorded alone to the sharer of his life, the kindred half of his being, and he feared to win her heart in return, since he was promised to wed another.

"How foolish I am!" he said, at length, half aloud. "There is no hope that this ethereal being would love me! She has seen me but twice, and would smile at my folly if I were to tell her that in those two brief meetings I have learned to love her. She would be astonished to learn how I have studied this little picture of herself, until its every feature is engraven upon my heart. She spoke of my betrothal to the Lady Alexina, so no harm can arise to her from our meeting. Besides, if I go to see her I may be able to cheer or assist her. There is some deep mystery about her, and I fancy I may be able to assist in unraveling it. It thus becomes a sacred duty to see her!"

With this conclusion Lord Ashcroft lowered the light of his lamp and went out into the corridor in his slippers, stealing quietly along to the picture-gallery.

At the moment he entered it the moonlight was streaming through the windows at the end with ghostly effect, and through the skylight he could see stars gleaming brightly from the cold winter sky.

But Aimee was not there. There was a fire in the antique bronze stove, giving out a genial heat throughout the vast chamber, and Lord Ashcroft took a seat near it, looking at the pictures on the walls.

How ghostly they all looked in that spectral light! How fierce and grim the pictured men all look, and how wan and despairing the feminine faces!

Even the smiling portrait of the ill-fated Lady Jaspine seemed changed, for Lord Ashcroft thought her eyes had now an anxious expression, as if she feared and dreaded her ultimate fate, of which some angel had warned her.

He was looking at it, under the influence of the hour, when a slight sound at his side caused him to turn, and he arose, finding himself face to face with the Lady Aimee. "She had changed too, since he had seen her, but the change in her was not due to the spectral light. Her loveliness had become fairly radiant, her eyes glowed with a splen-

did light, her cheeks were stained with a rosy flush, her mouth was curved with a joyous smile, and her lithe, slender figure was instinct with a newer grace and beauty.

Lord Ashcroft regarded her with a look that was almost adoration, and with a sensation of wonder and awe. "Lady Aimee," he said, softly, fearing to frighten away the wondrous vision.

"It is I, Lord Ashcroft," she answered, in a tone tremulous with joy. "Oh, what a beautiful world this is! How glorious the stars are! How magnificent are the trees, so tall and straight, and bare! And the dark trees that are so green in the winter time. I did not imagine the earth was half so lovely!"

Lord Ashcroft feared her senses were wandering, and said:

"I don't quite understand you, Lady Aimee. These beauties of which you speak have grown so familiar that I often fail to remark them."

"And I have never seen them until to-night!" she returned, with an accent of regret. "It must seem strange to you, but until to-night I have never stood alone in the open air and looked upon all these things. It was like a revelation."

"Where, then, have you passed your life?"

"I may not tell you," said the maiden. "I cannot betray the secret of which I myself know very little. But I am not used to freedom, nor a view of anything save the sea, which I have grown to love as if it were my near kindred, and the sky, which is beautiful to me in cloud or sunshine, in starlight, or when the moon rises up from the sea. Did you find my note?"

Lord Ashcroft answered in the affirmative.

"After I left it in your room I wandered about and found a staircase, which led me to a door opening into the garden. The door was ajar, and I went out and rambled up and down the garden, though there are no flowers there now, and stood on the edge of the cliff, and saw the waves boiling and bubbling against the rocks; and I heard the winds whisper among the green pines and watched the stars—oh, it was wonderful! And then I came back, fearing the door might be shut, or my absence discovered!"

This narration afforded Lord Ashcroft some satisfaction, for it gave him the assurance that the mysterious maiden was an inmate of Egremont; but his heart ached at the thought that she must be kept a close prisoner, else she would often have beheld the scenes to which she had avowed herself a stranger.

"You were looking at the Lady Jaspine's picture when I came in," she said, after a short silence. "I look like her—don't you think so?"

"The resemblance is marvelous. It is nothing short of a miracle!"

"It is so unusual for two of a race to look alike, then?"

"No—then you are an Egremont!"

"Did I say so, Lord Ashcroft?" asked the maiden, with an arch smile. "I did not mean to, for I promised—"

(To be continued.)

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