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The Imprisoned Heiress

The Spectre of Egremont

CHAPTER XXVI

Throughout the day succeeding his second meeting in the picture-gallery with the Lady Almee, Lord Ashcroft sought in vain an opportunity for a private conversation with his host. Lord Egremont seemed to be in unusual demand. After the ride in the forest, during which the arrest of Kepp was effected, the earl was closeted for hours with his steward and bailiff, and when he rejoined his guests it was to entertain the clergyman of the parish, who had come to Egremont to pay one of his parochial visits, and to congratulate the young betrothed pair on their speedily approaching marriage. The clergyman remained to dinner and through the evening, tempted by the warm fire-side and plentiful amusements, but he went away at last.

It was then, however, too late to ask the earl for a private interview, and Lord Ashcroft was obliged to hear the arrangements for his marriage discussed, the wants of the Lady Alexina expressed, and to hear Lyio Ingor join in the conversation with a friendly interest that would have been appropriate to a younger brother.

But the opportunity for speaking with his host was afforded at last. Lord Ashcroft escorted his sister to her room as usual, and was then about to return to the drawing-room when he encountered the earl on the stairs.

With an eagerness that did not escape the gaze of his host, he required an immediate interview.

"Quite a coincidence," said Lord Egremont; "I was on my way to your room. I want to talk with you about the marriage settlements."

In truth, the earl desired also to elicit from Lord Ashcroft a renewal of his promise to provide for his future, and, if possible, to secure this provision at the time when the marriage settlements should be drawn.

He put his arm through that of his guest, and they passed into Lord Ashcroft's room together.

The little parlor was lighted by the bright fire, but the lamp-light had not been turned on, and the room lay half in shadow.

Lord Egremont drew a chair up to the fire, and meditated upon the best manner of broaching his request, while Lord Ashcroft examined the embrasures of his windows, etc., according to the habit into which he had fallen.

"You won't find anybody concealed there to-night," said the earl, looking up, with a smile. "Your enemy is locked up in the strong-room, and I defy him to escape from it. I shall have him attended to to-morrow. His

father and mother came here to-night and begged pitifully to see him, but I sent them away, telling them to go over to the jail in a day or two and they would find him there."

"I hardly think Kepp is my enemy," said Lord Ashcroft, thoughtfully, seating himself near the earl.

"You doubt it—and in the face of such evidence as we have against him," cried Lord Egremont. "What can convince you, if the fact that the gun and knife were his—the fact that his being out all night at the time your life was attempted with the knife—the fact of your watch being found in his bed—will not convince you?"

"The case does look black against him."

"I should think so. His very conduct has been enough to convict him. The motive has been supplied, and I regard his guilt as self-evident. You may congratulate yourself, Lord Ashcroft, on being rid of an unscrupulous monomaniacal enemy. But I did not come here to talk of Kepp," and the earl's face flushed a little. "You were good enough, Lord Ashcroft, to intimate, on the night of your arrival, that you deemed my services as guardian to your betrothed wife worthy of some recognition. Had Alexina's father lived longer, I don't doubt that he would have made some provision for my wife and myself, for he well knew how narrow was our income, and how inadequate it was to people of our rank and habits."

"Were I the husband of your ward, my lord," declared Lord Ashcroft, "I should consider it my sacred duty to care for her guardians, as if they were my own parents. Those who had loved and cherished her since her infancy would merit my gratitude and kindly offices. But I am not her husband. What is more, my lord, I never shall be!"

The earl stared helplessly at his guest.

"I see you don't understand me," explained our hero. "I do not love the Lady Alexina."

"But you said you were bound in honor!"

"I am so bound no longer," declared Lord Ashcroft. "Permit me to explain. I told you that I did not love her, but since I had won her affections I considered myself no longer free to exercise a choice. But all that is changed. Your ward does not love me, as you have been led to believe. On the contrary, she loathes and despises me."

"Who has been defaming her?" cried Lord Egremont.

(To be continued.)

"Now Feeling Fine and Able to do my own work"

Mrs. Walter Grieves, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "I was in such a weakened, run-down condition that I could not take care of my household duties. I was unable to sleep at night, and the doctor told me I was anemic. I commenced a treatment of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and to-day I am feeling fine and able to do all my own work."

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The Heir to Beecham Park FOR JOY OF GOOD HEALTH

CHAPTER I

"Stand back there! Move aside! Good heavens! Can't you see the woman will die if you press about her in this way?"

The speaker bent over the lifeless form as he uttered these words, and tried once more to pour a little stimulant between the pallid lips. The scene was one of indescribable confusion. A collision had occurred between the Chesterham express and a goods train, just a short distance from Chesterham Junction. Five of the carriages were wrecked. Fortunately, three were empty; and the other two contained only three passengers—a man, who, with his arm bound up, was already starting to walk to the town; a boy, badly cut about the head, leaning, pale and faint, on a portion of the broken woodwork; and, lastly, a woman, who lay motionless on the bank, a thick shawl spread between her and the cold, damp earth. On discovery, she had been removed from the debris, laid on the bank, and forgotten in the excitement and terror. The rest of the passengers had sustained only a severe shaking and bruises; and loud were their grumblings and expressions of self-sympathy as they clustered together on the bank, shivering in the gray autumn mist. A doctor, who had been summoned from Chesterham, ran his eye over the assembled people, strapped up the boy's head, and skillfully set the broken arm of the man. It was while doing this that his glance fell on the prostrate form lying on the grass; and the sight of the pale, bloodless face immediately brought a frown to his brow.

"What is the matter here?" he asked a passing porter.

"Lady in a faint, sir."

The doctor fastened the last bandage, and, with hurried steps, approached the woman. A crowd followed him, and gathered round so closely as to cause him to request them to "stand back." His words produced the desired effect, and the bystanders moved away and watched with breathless interest, his fruitless efforts to restore animation.

The frown darkened on the doctor's brow; there was something more than an ordinary faint here. He raised the woman's head for another trial, and the mass of red-gold hair, already loosened, fell in glorious waves round the beautiful, pale face, bringing a murmur of admiration from the beholders. The sudden action caused one limp, cold hand to fall against the doctor's warm one, and at the contact he shuddered. He raised the heavily-fringed eyelids, gave one look then gently laid the woman's head down again, and reverently covered her face with his handkerchief.

"I can do nothing," he said, tersely, as if speaking to himself; "she is dead!"

The crowd drew back involuntarily, some hid their faces, while others gazed at the slight form in its dark-brown dress as if they doubted the truth of his statement. Suddenly, while the doctor stood thoughtfully drawing on his gloves, one of the porters appeared in the crowd. He held a child in his arms—such a pretty child—with hair that matched the red-gold masses of the lifeless form on the bank, eyes that shone like sapphire stars from beneath her curling lashes, and a skin of cream white with no warmth of color in the face, save that of the small, red lips. She was dressed in a little gray coat, all covered now with dust; in her tiny hands she clasped a piece of broken woodwork, holding it as though it were a treasure, and she glanced round as the bystanders with an air of childish piquancy and assurance.

"Whose child is this?" inquired the porter, looking from one to another.

There was a pause; no one spoke no one owned her. The porter's honest face grew troubled.

"Where does she come from?" asked the doctor, quickly.

(To be continued.)

As Strange as Fiction

IS DETAILS OF WOMAN'S TERRIFYING 15-MILE RIDE ON PILOT OF ENGINE.

The despatches have already told of how Mrs. Mary Clark, of Indianapolis, aged 19 years, had a Christmas night ride of 15 miles on the locomotive pilot of the Knickerbocker Special, a fast New York Central train where Mrs. Clark was caught when the train demolished an automobile at a crossing, and she was swept off into a ditch, where she was found by a farmer, who heard her last desperate scream.

Mrs. Clark has since given a description of the occurrence. She said, as the automobile started across the tracks she heard a terrific crash, and then remembered nothing until she found herself on the locomotive pilot.

"I was still dazed," she said, "but I realized where I was and I apparently had enough presence of mind to cling to some kind of iron bar on the head of the locomotive."

"I screamed, shrieked and shouted until my throat became so raw I was unable to make further noise. The train was going so fast. I thought the engineer or fireman surely had realized the train had struck something and would slow down in a minute or two. The minutes seemed like hours and the wind was so strong I was afraid to turn around and look ahead. It was the coldest wind I ever felt and it went through my coat and shirt-waist and skirt as if I had on no clothing at all. I thought of a thousand and one things I guess, and the longer I remained there the more horrifying it seemed."

Mrs. Clark was wearing a pair of cloth gloves and, she said, she soon felt her hands growing numb.

"I felt then that it would be only a question of a few seconds until I probably would be dashed to the tracks below and ground to pieces. It was terrible. I prayed to God to give me strength to hang on just a little farther. I also asked that if He intended to take me, please to spare Kenneth (her husband) and the rest of the family."

"I thought of Kenneth and his father and mother and little Billy (her nephew) many times as the train sped on, and I wondered if they had been killed. I prayed and prayed that they be saved. Realizing that the train was not going to stop, I hoped that in some of them could get word to a dispatcher somewhere along the line, so the train could be flagged. I thought

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For real effectiveness, this old home-made remedy has no equal. Easily and cheaply prepared.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered, until you try this famous old home-made remedy. Anyone who has coughed all day and all night, will say that the immediate relief given is almost like magic. It takes but a moment to prepare and really there is nothing better for coughs.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, put 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, this mixture saves about two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, and gives you a more positive, and more pleasant. It keeps perfectly, and tastes pleasant.

Children like it.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It promptly loosens a dry, tight cough, and soon you will notice the phlegm thin out, and the coughing also abate. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and it is also splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness, and bronchial asthma.

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