

A Millionaire's; Countess Westerleigh.

CHAPTER XIII.
(To be Continued.)

Her eyes grew dreamy, deep, dark. Then suddenly they lightened—an other thought had flashed into her mind. She sprang up, as if electrified, and looked about her.

Before her she could see the Trelorne lights—just lighted. She stood and looked for a time, her brows drawn straight, her lips set tightly. The brain works quickly. It can give lightning a start and romp in. In the flash of a second or two her mind had evolved a scheme, a plan, a resolution, call it what you will. Her blood was rushing tingling through her veins, her hands burned as they gripped the tiller.

The boat sped on. She sailed carefully, safely for a few minutes. Then suddenly, as she was within a mile of Trelorne harbor, she moved the tiller. The boat seemed to stop dead-still, then face the wind. It swayed over, as if covering from the then, just as it seemed to capsize, crack! went the mast, and the upper half, with its sail, fell forward across the boat.

She put the boat round swiftly leaped to the seat, thrust the oars in their places, and rowed for the shore. The waves ran high and broke across the gunwale; but the cold water did not daunt her resolution or damp her spirits. Her eyes were glowing, flashing now. With some—great—difficulty she chose an open spot between the rocks, and with a long, steady pull heaved the boat.

She sprang out, falling in her eagerness, but regaining her feet managed to hold the boat, though it rocked so violently as to sway her to and fro as if she were a feather.

No one looking at her slim figure as she had reclined on the rock in the afternoon would ever have believed that she possessed such strength as she displayed now. Strong as she was, she could not hold the boat for long. She sprang it

and pushed off a little way, then fell on her knees, and tearing up the planks at the bottom, felt for the plug and pulled it out.

The water rushed in. She waited until it was above her ankles, then she felt for the hole, and thrust the plug in again. Then she leaped out, battling with the waves, forced her way to the shore. She was wet through, and half blinded by the

SUFFERED AWFUL PAINS

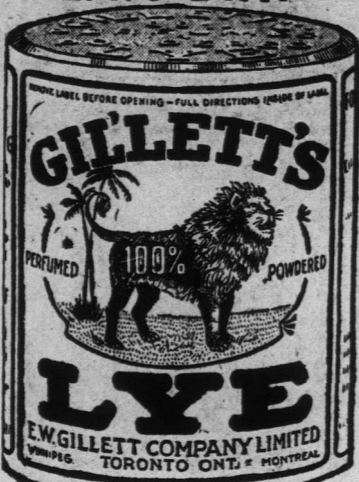
For Sixteen Years. Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Moretown, Vermont.—"I was troubled with pains and irregularities for sixteen years, and was thin, weak and nervous. When I would lie down it would seem as if I was going right down out of sight into some dark hole, and the window curtains had faces that would peek out at me, and when I was out of doors it would seem as if something was going to happen. My blood was poor, my circulation was so bad I would be like a dead person at times. I had female weakness badly, my abdomen was sore and I had awful pains.

"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sensitive Wash and they certainly did wonders for me. My troubles disappeared and I am able to work hard every day."—Mrs. W. F. SAWYER, River View Farm, Moretown, Vermont.

Another Case.
Gifford, Iowa.—"I was troubled with female weakness, also with displacement. I had very severe and steady headaches, also pain in back and was very thin and tired all the time. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am cured of these troubles. I cannot praise your medicine too highly."—Mrs. INA MILLER, Gifford, Iowa.

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spray, but she dashed the salt water from her eyes and looked seaward. The boat, half filled with the water, was tossing helplessly on the waves. Up into her bosom welled a tender pity and regret for the boat she had owed so well. Her eyes filled with salt water of another kind. She dashed them clear again and watched, like a thing that knows it is doomed, the boat beat helplessly to and fro in the trough of the sea. Suddenly it struck against a rock and keeled over. Filled with water as it was, it was unable to recover itself, and with the next buffet of wave and wind it careened over.

A deep sigh rose from Nora's bosom. "Good-bye, good-bye!" she breathed, half chokingly.

The boat, bottom upward, seemed as it struck against the rock to groan and the sad farewell. She stood motionless for a while, while the waves ground her dearly loved vessel against the cruel rocks then she began to strip off her oilskins; but suddenly she stooped and looked down. Clad in them, with the out-wester she had put on when it commenced to blow, her sex was completely disguised. She buttoned her oilskins round her again, and suddenly, as if by a great effort, tearing herself away from the doomed boat, she turned and climbed up the beach. It was bounded by an unlimbable cliff, and she had to walk long some distance until she reached a break in the cliff leading to Trelorne.

Without hesitation—for this slippy girl with a face like the goddess Diana, had the heart of a man within her tender bosom—she walked toward the light.

She had not gone far along the shabby road before a dim figure arose from the darkness, and accosted her.

"Where to, mate?" She made her voice as hoarse as she could, and answered: "Up along."

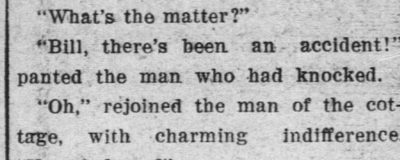
The man looked at her rather curiously, but said nothing, and she followed the road and approached the small cluster of fishermen's cottages. The window of one was very near her ground. She crouched down under the sill, and taking the cakes from her pocket, eat one—it was rather wet—and carefully replaced the packet, and took it from her bosom and opened it. There were several wrappings beside the outer one of all-cloth; but inside them, like a nut in its shell, was a roll of sovereigns and a letter. She turned the latter over with the wistful look which those who wear who cannot read. But she had learned to count, and she counted the roll of gold. There were five-and-twenty sovereigns. She put these back, but with singular forethought she tore the letter into minute fragments, for it occurred to her that if she were overtaken or caught, that letter would tell her captors too much.

She sat under the window, resting for half an hour, then she stole out. The wind was still blowing hard, the night was growing dark. With her beautiful eyes half closed, she thought deeply—keenly, and then she moved toward the open country, inland, away from the sea; for she was strong and not in the least tired, and it was safer for her to travel by night than by day.

She had not gone twenty paces before she heard a man running behind her. He was coming from the beach. She stopped and crouched down against the wall of a cottage. The man almost touched her, pulled up short, and breathing hard, knock-

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The other man drew nearer, and in a lower voice, but not too low for Nora to catch, replied:

"It's the boat of the Caldron." The inmate of the cottage seemed to wake to interest.

"No!" "Yes, it is," assented the other, gravely. "Come down, will ye?"

"Wait a minute," was the response. There was the sound of shuffling boots, and then the man of the cottage joined his fellow outside.

"The Caldron boat?" he said, in a grave voice.

"Yes, I'd swear to it. And bottom up! I got her on the beach. Her mast's gone, and she's almost broke to pieces."

The other man whistled. "Who was in her?" he asked, in a low voice.

"What—now? Why, nobody, of course! But there was some 'un in her. Whether it was the old lady, or the gel—"

He stopped. "Whichever it was, they're gone," said the other man, grimly.

The first nodded. "Gone as sure as Lundy Light's alight," he said, with a seaman's oath. "It's my belief she went over when the mast gave out at sea, and that the boat's drifted in; the wind changed, ye know. Pity, eh? Which of 'em d'ye think it was?"

The other man thought for a moment. "The gel, most like," he said.

"Poor little lass! There, there! 'Tut! tut! Well, mate, we all on us must die."

"That's true enough," assented the other.

Their voices and footsteps died away, and Nora rose to her feet and stood with a faint, grave smile on her pale face.

CHAPTER XIV.
Rather more than a week after



"From a mere Skeleton."
Mrs. HANNAH IRD, of 43, Asquith Street, Halifax, writes:— "I am writing to tell you the great benefit my little girl has derived from Virol. In March last she had a very serious illness which reduced her to a mere skeleton—so bad that the bones came through her skin. The doctor who was attending her said the only thing that would pull her up was Virol. Before starting her on it, her weight was 1 stone 7 lbs. 2 ounces, her age being 5 years 7 months. She is now 6 years old, and her weight is 3 stone 2 lbs. 2 ounces. Her illness left her so weak that for three months she could not keep a particle of food down; but the Virol—that seemed to feed her and strengthen her chest. She is now a picture of health. I shall recommend Virol everywhere. In cases of wasting or delicate children, it has been my little girl's 'true friend'."
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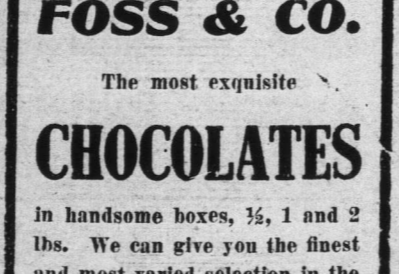
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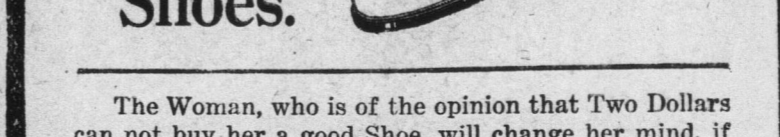
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