

his eyes as they dwelt on her face.

He had been in Scotland, far up in

Sutherlandshire, quite alone, wander-

ing in the wilds, going through the

against the mad love which consumed

him as men fight vainly against the

flames which spring up afresh against

the beating hands. And at last he had

He had booked his passage, the ves-

and prayed would divert his mind and

help him to kill the memory of his

He should never see her again-and

now here she stood before him, with-

in reach of his hand-unless she were

indeed only a wraith of herself, a

His breath-it had seemed to cease

-came again quickly; but he could

not speak, though his lips formed her

"Lord Gaunt! is it really you?" she

"Yes, it is I," he responded, as if to

He did not offer to shake hands, did

gazing at her. And she, for her part,

"I-I came to see Bobby," she said.

"No," she said; "he is out. He is

coming back presently, they say.

Where have you come from? Does he

Decima looked at him and saw more

"Have-have you been ill?" she

"No," she said, simply. "I am quite

well. What have you been doing all-

"Fishing, shooting," he said. "'All

"Yes; very long!" she replied, with

the ghost of a sigh, as she looked at

the fire. "How long is it? I-I scarce-

ly remember. Why-why did you go

He caught his breath to keep back

"Because I loved you, because

Then he said aloud, with a low

"Very much," he said, with bitter

There was silence for a moment. The

antique clock, with its figure of relent-

less Time mowing down the minutes

"And-and what is the news from

with its scythe, ticked mockingly.

Leafmore? Is your father well?"

dull, mechanical fashion.

"And-and Bright and the rest?"

He put the commonplace question in

"Yes." she said again. Then she

as if you had been there. The schools

"I don't know," he said, absently

should have gone mad if I stayed."

"And you have enjoyed it?"

so suddenly, Lord Gaunt?"

this time'-does it seem so long?"

the back of the chair.

He looked round.

"He is not here?"

expect you?"

asked, timidly.

Have you been ill?"

all this time?"

the words:

strained laugh.

"I wanted a change."

Decima nodded.

"Yes." she said.

leave no trace behind him.

girl-love.

vision, a ghost.

## **Happiness** pretense of fishing, shooting; fighting

#### Loyalty Recompensed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

She rose and went round the room, looking at the various articles upon the tables and cabinets. There was a strange mixture. A carving in ivory, a bronze medallion, an illuminated missal lay cheek and jowl beside a well-used Persian nine. Upon the walls hung swords and spears: not the ornaments you buy in Wardour Street, but weapons which had been used and still bore the stains of blood. She touched one with her fingers, and shuddered.

Yes: the room was eloquent of him. She got round to the mantel-shelf at last. It was too crowded with bric-abrac; but one thing among them attracted and chained her attention.

It was the portrait, a cabinet photograph, of a woman's face and bust. It name again. The blood had rushed to was a beautiful face; more than beau- Decima's face, something warm seemtiful, fascinating. A dark face, of per- ed to run though her veins, a swift, fect, oval, with dark eyes which smiled sudden joy leaped in her heart. witchingly, fascinating, as did the

Decima looked at it, and as she look- ten, in fancy, had he heard it in the ed, a strange repulsion took posses-

The face was beautiful, fascinating; but to Decima the beauty was repellent, the witchery unholy. The face jarred upon her, and yet she could here?" not take her eyes from it. It was inclosed in a costly silver frame.

She took it in her hand, and studied the face, her brows drawn straight. Who was it? Some friend of Bobby's-or Lord Gaunt's?

While the photograph was in her hand, she heard the hall door open. and she raised her head, listening ex-

pectantly. Steps came along the hall, a hand turned the handle of the door.

"Bobby," she almost exclaimed aloud: and she put the photograph Scotland-from Sutherlandshire." face downward, upon the! Mechanically slowly like a man mantel-shelf, and went to meet him,

with a smile on her face. The door opened, and a tall figure toward the fire. in a fur coat entered. It was too tall for Bobby, but for a moment she did not recognize him; then, as he turned from closing the door, and presented his face to her, she saw that it was Lord Gaunt.

She shrunk back, her outstretched arms falling to her side.

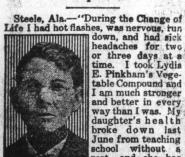
He looked at her, stopped short, dared to look long at her, lest the dethen exclaiming. "Good God, Decima!" sire to take her in his arms should came toward her. get the better of him. "And-and you? You look-you are thinner, paler.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Decima!" He stood stock still and gazed at her as if she were a ghost, a vision, called up by his longing desire to see her. He was thin, and his face looked worn and haggard and white against the dark, thick fur of the coat, and there was an expression almost of dread in

### THIS MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Both Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



or three days at a time. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-table Compound and way than I was. Mi

way than I was. My
daughter's health
broke down last
June from teaching
school without a
rest, and she has
taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound and the Blood Medicine with glanced at him. "It has gone on as if are nearly finished. They look very pretty, and-and- But you will see them, will you not?"

mpound and the Blood Medicine with of results. She is much better and the praise. You are welcome to use a letter for the benefit of other sufing women."—Mrs. F. A. GAINES, R. No. 1, Steele, Ala. Women who suffer as Mrs. Gaines did not hesitate to give this famous t and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkn's Vegetable Compound, a trial, as a evidence that is constantly being olished proves beyond question that a grand old remedy has relieved much He was listening to her voice rather than to her words, drinking it in; he was trying to realize that she was here, close by him, alone-alone with him. "My-my movements are rather uncertain." ng among women. confidential advice write Lydia E.

"Have you only just come from Scotland?" she asked, glancing at the fur coat, at his tired face.

"You must be tired! Will you let ne give you some tea?" She laughed softly, timidly. "That sounds strange -asking you in your own house! Shall I-may I ring for some more

"No, no," he said, quickly. He did not want the maid-any one-to come in, did not want any other voice than hers in the rooms. "That will do."

"It is quite hot still," he said. She poured out a cup for him, and parried it to him. He had not moved or offered to go to the table.

He took it from her with a slight inclination of the head, and his hand, in transferring the cup, just touched hers. He stood holding the cup as if he had forgotten it. "Won't you sit down?" she said. "1

have got your chair. Will you not come into it? You see I am forgetting that this is your room and your chair.' He shook his head and drew a chair forward, quite close to the fire, and signed to her to take the big one.

She sat down, her hands resting in her lap, her eyes fixed on the blaze as it rose and fell fitfully, one moment lighting up their faces, the next casting them into shadow.

Gradually the wan look was leaving acknowledged himself beaten, had rehis face, a light began to dawn in his solved to leave England forever. He eves. Her presence her nearness was would go without a word of farewell having its effect upon him. He could -as he had often gone before-and hear her even breathing, could feel. though he did not look at her, the eyes he loved so passionately glancing sel sailed on the morrow, and he had at him now and again. She was herecome to his rooms to get his gun and here by his side, his dear, sweet girlother weapons necessary for the killlove. He forgot all else. ing of the big game which he hoped

The silence did not seem irksome or embarrassing; it was as if his thoughts spoke, and no lip language were necessary. But at last he said. "And so all is going on well at Leaf-

"Yes." she said, with a slight start. Upon her, too, a kind of peace—a lull in the storm-had fallen. "Yes; Mr. Bright has been working very hard-" "Which means that you have also," he said in a low voice.

-"And a very great deal has been done. You will be surprised at the change, at the improvement. Mr. Bright says that it will be the model village, the example for the rest of small lips. She wore a low-necked said at last, and her voice rang like England. He is very proud of it. And liress-very low-and the white neck soft music in his ears. It was the the people-ah, you should hear what and bust shone snow-like against the sound he had been thirsting for all they say! It would make you very these weary, weary weeks. How of- happy, Lord Gaunt."

"Would it?" he said, slowly. "And great solitudes amongst the mounyou—are you happy, content?" She winced slightly, as one winces when a hand touches, though gently, a assure himself that he was awake and wound forgotten for the moment.

not dreaming. "What-why are you "I am quite content," she said, ignoring the "happy." "Why, have you not done all I-Mr. Bright and the not move toward her, but still stood people wanted? Yes; quite content stood still also, her hand resting on "Then I am also," he said, grave-

"Will you have some more tea?" she asked. "And will you not eat something-some bread and butter?"

"Only some tea, please," he said. She filled his cup again, and he took t, looking at her as he did so. Was it fancy on his part, or had the lovely "No," he said. "I have come from face grown less pale, the eyes less

a dream, he took off the huge fur coat the clock

"Bobby has not come yet," she said, and dropped it on the couch and came reflectingly. "I wonder how long-" Then, as if it had suddenly occurred to plainly, as the fire-light played on his her: "Oh, Lord Gaunt, had I not betface, how worn and haggard he look- ter go? I-I must be in your way." She said it quite frankly, and her

eyes sought his face innocently, as one man's might seek another's, and she rose.

"Ill? No." he replied. He raised his He put out his hand and almost head and glanced at her. He scarcely touched her.

"No. no." he said: "do not go; stay. Bobby will be here directly, no doubt. How long have you been in London?" he went on, as if by talking he could keep her. "Only this afternoon," she said, "I

have only just came up. I came up suddenly, unexpectedly." Her voice faltered and her face grew grave. She remembered-it came upon her like a flash—the reason for the journey, and the remembrance clouded over her unconscious joy in his presence. "I found that Aunt Pauline was not in London -She is at her country house-and I came on here to spend the evening with Bobby. I am going to Aunt Pauline's to sleep."

"I see," he said. up so suddenly?" She was silent a moment. Why could

she not tell him? And yet she could

low voice. "Is-is anything the matter?" asked noting her sudden gravity, the cloud on her face.

"Yes," she said; "at least, some thing has been the matter. We-father has been in great trouble." "Trouble!" he repeated, instantly

'What trouble?"

(To be continued.)

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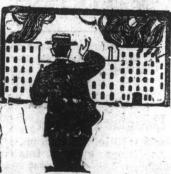


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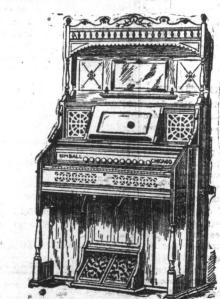
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