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CHAPTER XLL

Forty-eight hours later Dolores, with her eldest daughter, Kathleen, reached the Manor House.

'Let me see Gertrude first," she said when they came forward to welcome "Gertrude, come to me!"

The girl hastened to her mother and clasped her arms round her. She felt the tall slender figure, clad in heavy black, tremble in her arms; she saw a look on the fair face such as she had never seen before. "Gertrude" whisnered Dolores-"I

do not wish anyone to hear me-tell me-is he living or dead?" Oh, what an agony of fear there was in the sweet, sad, violet eyes! In what a wistful way she seemed to hang on the words that came

from Gertrude's lips! "Dead, mamma," was the reply— "dead, my dearest. He died on that very night when people said he had

Mother and daughter were alone. Even those who had pressed forward to welcome Lady Allanmore had quietly withdrawn. Dolores sank down upon her knees, and covered her face with her hands. He was dead! The lover of her youth, the husband she had adored, had been lying dead while she had hardened her heart against him, had shut herself away from her fellow-creatures because of the disgrace that she believed had been reflected on her. She had brought up his loval daughter in utter ignorance of even is name, while she had made her life a burden to herself.

Well might she shrink away in bitter wonder and sorrow. All this time the world had judged him guilty, while people had speered at him, while his nearest friends, and even his own wife, had believed the accusations against him, he had been perfectly inmocent and lying dead.

me all, and no one can witness my re-

So Gertrude led her mother to Lady Fielden's boudoir. She made her lie down to rest and take some refreshment before she told her the story. Dolores listened with dazed senses until Gertrude clearly proved her father's innocence. It almost seemed incredible that Sir Karl had been lying dead all ese years-lying so near his old home -while she had believed him to be

guilty and alive. It was some hours before Dolores recovered herself, or was able to calm her quivering nerves and fairly realize Then, when she had fully grasped and had grown accustomed to it, her thoughts reverted to Lola. She asked innumerable questions, concerning her, and by turns pitied and blamed her.

"What a revenge to take upon me," she said wonderingly, "when I never injured her. But she, I am sure, has suffered most. How wretched she must have been!"

When Gertrude described how Miss de Ferras had knelt on the ground to ask her forgiveness, and how she had craved for a kiss and a kindly goodbye, Dolores wept; yet at the same time she felt slightly jealous. Why should this woman who had wrought such terrible mischief love Sir Karl's

"You do not know then where she has gone?" said Dolores.
"No, mamma, dearest. She has gone

out of our lives forever. Let her rest in peace.'

"Dead all the time," murmured Dol-ores—"dead—and I believed him happy with her. Oh, my true and faithful love, how I have misjudged you! How foolish I was not to think of that old shaft! Oh, Gertrude, if I could undo the past, if I could live my life over again. I would act very differently! I was too quick in my judgment. I allowed my jealousy, and not my reason, to influence me. Oh. Karl, forgive me

Present, he grew calmer. Kathleen, Lady Fielden and Harry came in to her, and they talked until nightfall of what had happened.

"Gertrude," said Lady Allanmore, "I shall always call you 'Golden Heart' -but for you, your father's memory would never have been cleared."

It was a day full of emotion for Ledy Allanmore. It became known, a though they tried hard to keep it secret, that she had returned, and old friends flocked to see her. They would see her: they prowded around her with warm and glad greeting. At Deeping the church bells pealed merrily. Everybody rejoiced that Lady Allanmore had returned: but as yet the terrible story concerning Sir Karl was unknown. There was no sleep that night either for Dolores or her daughters; or er and over again the young girl had to repeat every detail, and Lady Allammore never wearied of asking about the treacherous pit.

the had an eager desire to see it, but Gertrude said she must not. It would haunt her in her dreams, for evermore. The whole place was to undergo alteration. Lord Fielden would attend to it, and then she might visit

the spot, but not till then. "Why should you add even one more dismal recollection to the sad memories of your life?" Gentrude asked, and

Dolores gave up the wish.

They did not know, either mother or daughter, of the sad work that was being done that night. It was as though half the town of Deeping were awake. Lord Fielden had given orders

that every preparation for a funeral should be made at Fielden Manor. He asked Gertrude to promise that Lady Allanmore should not leave her room until the next day, when he would ask to see her. Never did man work with such energy-indeed, he worked so hard that he almost lost sight of

the reward in view. When the shadows of evening fell, he went with a picked body of brave men. They had ropes and ladders, and a litter, in case their search was successful. Three of the men had volunteered to descend the disused shaft.

They formed a weird group-the little crowd of men standing around the long-forgotten pit. The first thing that Lord Fielding ordered was that the mass of deadwood and creepers should be removed and the mouth of the pit laid bare. It took some time to do this, and when it was effected the men cried out in horror. A great gasping chasm, black as night, yawned before them.

"It was neither more nor less than a death trap," said Lord Fielden. "Covered in that treacherous fashion, I wonder that many others did not fall into it. It ought to have been

railed round.' They soon discovered that there was no water in the pit; and then, amidst breathless silence, two men were gent-The lookers-on stood ly lowered. round in grim silence, waiting for the signal their commades were to give to be drawn up again. At last it came, and the men began slowly and earefully to draw up the ropes. When those from below reached the surface the pallor of their cheeks showed weirdly in the torchlight. The leader, Robert Simmons, went straight to

Lord Fielden.
"My lord," he said, "it is there."
"What is there?" asked Harry, hardly able to control his emotion. "The skeleton, my lord, of what was

once Sir Karl Allanmore." A solemn hush fell on them Found at last-he who had been lost and believed guilty all these years. "I will go down with you," said Lord Fielden; and, in spite of all remonstrance, he carried out his resolution. It was a terrible place, but not so horrible as he had imagined. The pit was very deep, and dark as night;

but, to all appearance, there was noth-

ing living in it—no rats, no creeping reptiles. The walls were dry and hard; if ever there had been water in it, it had long since duied up. Lord Fielden shuddered as he glanced

The three men standing by glanced at each other in horror. Who was to be the first to touch what remained of the baronet? It lay a few inches from the spot, immediately under the open-

"He must have been dead. I should think, when he reached the ground,"

remarked Lord Fielden With reverent hands be examined what had once been the body of one of the handsomest and kindliest of men. There was nothing repulsive about it. It was but a white and perfect skeleton. The clothes Sir Karl had worn were mildewed, and fell to pieces at a touch; the gold watch and chain were not broken, and one of the men noticed that the former had stopped at twenty minutes past

"That must have been the time at which he met with the accident," said

There was one other thing that af-fected the young nobleman deeply. On the third finger of the right hand something was shining brightly. He stooped to see what it was, and discovered a superfo ruby, in which a tiny white rose was set in diamonds. He had heard the history of that ring. Reverently, and with tears, they raised the skeleton of the long lost man, and then they placed it upon the litter, and carried it to Fielden Manor. Silently the bearers strode through the long grass with their ghastly burden. Dark and still as was the night, the story of what was being done had got abroad, and a crowd of sorrowful men with heads reverently followed the

mournful procession.

They did not carry him to his old -the home he had left without one thought of the awful fate hanging over him. Lord Fielden had him brought to Fielden Manor. There were tears and sobs enough now. Many re-membered the handsome, kindly, generous man who had never spoken a harsh word to anyone. He had lain disgrated for many years, but they paid respect to him now.

[To be Continued.]

AROUND THE LAMP.

The Princess of Wales is a lover of

animals, and visitors to Sandringham always enjoy a visit with her to the kennels to see her canine friends, and to the pigeons, which come clustering around her to be fed.

THE BANJO.

The London Daily Mail says that the days of the banjo are numbered in England, and that that instrument will soon be included in the same category with the mouth-organ and the accor-The zither is growing in popularity, and will probably be the favorite instrument during the coming

THE KIMBERLEY DIAMOND

MINES. Nine years ago there had been taken some hing like nine tons of diamonds from the mines. The properties yield "Let us retire somewhere, Gert- a profit of close to \$9,000,000 a year, rude," she moaned, "where you can tell and usually pay a dividend of 40 per

> PASS THEM ON! "All who joy would win Must share it,-Happiness was born a twin.

You have no money for Christmas presents? Then pass on the things you have, -the books you have read, the unhung picture, the duplicate present, the scarf or gloves you do not need, the musical instrument you have stored away, the Christmas cards packed in desk or boxes-anything which you may enrich or comfort or please others, without impoverishing yourself. These things have yielded you their best flavor; let them carry to others friendship's rich Pass them on!-Christmas

AGE OF BIG TREES.

Referring to the age of the big trees of California, Prof. C.E. Bessey records in Science that he once counted with much care the rings of growth of the tree of which the stump constitutes the floor of the so-called dancing pavilion. The count was made from circumference to center, and every ring in all that distance was counted, no estimates or guesses being made. The result was that 1,147 rings were counted, and accordingly it is safe to say that this tree, which was fully 24 or 25 in diameter, and considerably more than 300 feet in height, acquired these dimensions in eleven hundred and forty-seven years. Prof. Bessey doubts whether any of the existing trees approach the age of two thousand years.

WEARING OUT THE BRAIN. A French scientist has determined that the military and maval professions most quickly wear out the brain. Out of 100,000 naval and military men, 199 are confirmed lunatics. Next come the liberal professions, artists heading the forgive me, my dear lost love, for I list, followed closely by lawyers, and more distantly by doctors, clergy, literary men and civil servants. number of those who go mad is 177 in each 100,000. Domestic servants and day laborers run the profession men very close, sending 155 out of each 100,-000 to the asylum. These are followed at a long distance by mechanics, only 66 of whom go mad in each 100,000. And the group which is most favorable to sanity is, contrary to general belief, that of commercial men, which sends only 42 out of 100,000 to the asylum.

VITALITY OF SEEDS.

It has been demonstrated by actual experiments, observes Science and Industry, that many of our wild forest plants produce seeds that, when buried in the earth, retain vitality for ten to thirty years.

COLORED LINENS.

The old familiar "Holland" has now formidable rivals in the delicately-tinted and evenly-woven linens that are being turned out. These are much in favor at present for bedroom up-holstery. Bedspreads, valances, window curtains, tollet covers are made of this dainty and durable material. One great advantage it has, of possessing just the exact degree of stiffness which makes it hang gracefully. Curtains and bedspreads may be trimmed with insertion lace of a coarse make and edged to match. Pale pink or pale green are suitable colors for a sunny room, and yellow or gold color will light up a room with a northern aspect. These same linens make up admir-

ably for blouses and entire costumes They "do up" much better than cotton. Even black linen has been worn this summer for mourning, relieved with white or cream on the bodice. Dark blue always looks well, and it is easy to trim effectively.

TO AVOID TYPHOID FEVER.

A prominent physician gives the following rules to avoid typhoid fever: 1. Take only cooked food, being especially careful of raw milk and oysters, at least until very cold weather sets in.

2. Avoid as far as possible personal contact with patients suffering from the disease, or those in immediate charge of them. Where contact is inevitable, then scrupulous cleasing ren-

THE TRIUMPH OF THE SHORT

SKIRT. Common sense has triumphed over the arbitrariness of an absurd fashion. All the best dressed women are now wearing short skirts on the street. They have them made in cloth, serge or homespun, expressly for walking. They are usually finished with several rows of stitching, and the hem stands out smartly at a convenient distance from the ground, so that there is no need to firt the skirt, even at a muddy crossing. Very well-made and well-fitting boots are a sine qua non with the short skirt, which places the feet so much in evidence. Of course long skirts will still be worn on formal occasions, but only those who can afford to drive when so gowned, should indulge in this expensive fashion, which, under unfavorable circumstances, becomes also a most untido one.

PAPER FURNITURE. Paper furniture has for some time had considerable of a vogue in England on account of its cheapness. It is used as a substitute where there is a desire to be imposing and good solid furniture would be too costly. Lately it has attracted the attention of peo-ple who can afford expensive articles. Compressed paper has been employed for paneling work for halls, corridors, etc., in the homes of some wealthy peoand very fine banister rails are made in imitation of mahogany. Some artists use paper mache extensively with metal inlay and flower pots and jardinieres, in exact imitation of majodica ware and porcelain, are used for

decorative purposes.

TURKEY SHORTCAKE. Make a biscuit dough and bake it in a shallow square tin, as for fruit shortcake. Take one cupful of cold turkey, minced; heat with one cupful of gravy, season with one-half teaspoonful of salt and one saltspoonful of pepper. When the crust is done, split and put the meat between the layers, pour the sauce over it, and garnish with parsley.

TURKEY RAGOUT.

Chop a pint of cold turkey and put it in a stewpan. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, a half pint of water, half an onion chopped, half a pint of canned peas, a small head of lettuce torn in small shreads, half a tablespoonful of salt, a quarter of a tablespoonful of pepper. Cover and cook slowly for one hour; when done dish and serve with a border of boiled rice.

POTATOES-SOUTHERN STYLE. Take one large tablespoonful each of lard and butter, and let heat in a stew-pan or small kettle. When hot stir in one large tablespoon of flour. Stir until smooth, then add one medium-sized onion cut small. Cook for about one minute, or until brown, then stir in one quart of potato dice, previously prepared. Add sufficient boiling water to cook the potatoes, not quite enough to cover them. Put a lid on the kettle and let cook until the potatoes are done through and the water has boiled

POTATO CROQUETS.

about 20 minutes.

To well-seasoned mashed potatoes add a little celery salt and onion juice. Add the beaten yoke of an egg to each pint of potatoes, and a little chopped parsley. Roll into croquets, dip in egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry in deep

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