

# Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS"

Supplied Under

Royal Warrant of Appointment to

## HIS MAJESTY

## KING GEORGE V.

### At the Eleventh Hour!

CHAPTER X.

MYRTLE'S REPENTANCE.

(Continued.)

She pressed Lynette's cold hand with a warmth of sympathy that sent a thrill of joy to her sore heart, so wounded by her friend's previous coldness. But just then Miss Halliburton said coldly and impatiently: "You chose a bad time to faint Lynette, for Myrtle was just in the midst of a thrilling story—the end of a sensational instalment, as it were. I hope she will resume it now."

"Yes, go on, Myrtle dear. I am all right again," murmured Lynette, trying to look careless and unconcerned again.

"Where was I when you fainted?" asked Myrtle.

"Oh, yes. Madge McDonald had just rushed into her mother's presence with a babe in her arms, and fallen at her feet."

"Yes," answered both girls, while Graham Prentiss looked and listened in cold silence.

Myrtle continued: "The mother raised her daughter, who was half-fainting, and took from her arms the babe—a poor, emaciated little atom of a few months, ill with whooping-cough. She calmed Madge's agitation with a fond welcome, and after a while heard her daughter's story."

"Madge had been secretly married to a handsome, mysterious young man who took her to Baltimore to live, hiring for her a little furnished house and a woman servant. Here he came frequently from Washington to visit her; but after a few months she fell ill, and her husband worried her and deserted her, leaving her but a small sum of money. When this was spent, there was nothing to pay house rent, so she was turned into the street, penniless and friendless, save for the servant who found her a place with a kind family to care for some children whose mother was a stenographer in a law office downtown. Here she remained, and the lady befriended her and let her stay until the time of her trouble, when she was sent to a hospital. Coming out of this place with a feeble infant in her arms, and a few dollars in her purse, she determined to return to Washington and seek out her cruel husband."

Myrtle paused, and looked so curious.

### When You Feel Cross

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only at Graham Prentiss that he flushed, then laughed defiantly: "I hope you are not going to suspect me of being her husband, Miss Dare. I own I spent the greater part of last year in Washington, but so did Stephen Belcourt, you must remember."

"Oh, yes, he was there as the lawyer in a famous criminal case, and you as a gentleman of leisure, I remember," answered Myrtle coolly. "But to my story: Madge McDonald, after many trials, succeeded in tracing her husband. She found out that he had married her under an assumed name, and that he did not live in Washington at all, but was a rich West Virginian gentleman. She showed her mother his picture in a gold locket that she wore around her neck, but she would not tell his name, saying that she would do so after she had confronted him and demanded justice for herself and child. Mrs. McDonald begged her to leave the wretch alone, but the girl was angry and determined, so, leaving the child in her mother's care, she set out on her journey, saying that she should hear from her in a few days."

"Perhaps he will not acknowledge you, my dear," returned the mother, who secretly feared that the child had been deceived by a mock marriage.

"He shall acknowledge me, or the whole country shall ring with the story of my wrongs," returned Madge angrily, out of the bitterness of her sore heart.

"She flung her arms about her mother's neck, kissed her sleeping child, and tore herself away."

"That was almost a month ago, and the mother, waiting, hoping, yearning, received no tidings of her child until she read in a paper the story of the murdered girl for whose death Stephen Belcourt lay in prison. A sickening certainty seized on her that Madge would return no more, that it was she who had met death that dark night in the woods far away from her home, and been buried in a pauper's grave, her very name unknown."

"The ailing infant, too, was dead—had died in a week after its mother's disappearance, despite the fondest love and care. Mrs. McDonald determined to go to West Virginia to seek out the scene of the murder, and ascertain if it were indeed her own daughter who had been the wretched victim."

Myrtle paused a moment, then added: "Mrs. McDonald arrived in Roncove this morning, and on hearing a description of the dead girl's clothing, burst into tears, declaring that Madge wore the same garments when she left home. But to make assurance perfect, she has gone into the country to visit Anthony Deane, who took some kodak pictures of the dead girl. Should they prove to be those of her daughter, she will then visit Stephen Belcourt in prison, to see if he looks like the picture in the locket that Madge wore. You see, this is very important to the prisoner, do you not?"

"Very," assented Vida, and she stole a glance at Prentiss. She saw that he was deathly pale; but he had turned his face to the driver and given the order for home. "Let me out here, please. I want to make a call in this neighbourhood," said Myrtle, and left them, calling out cheerfully: "Good-by, all!"

Vida tried to make talk as they drove back through the autumn-tinted woods to Blooming Meadows; but her efforts met with poor success, for Lynette was pale and distraite, like one in a waking dream; and Graham Prentiss was silent also, apparently in sympathy with his betrothed.

Vida soon resigned the effort to be company in "a crowd of three," and gave herself up to languid wonder as to whether her new autumn outfit, now on its way from New York, would be becoming.

Lynette was thinking, with creeping chills of horror, of that gloomy, barred window behind whose grating she had fancied the eyes of Stephen Belcourt looking at her in silent reproach as she flaunted past his prison in her new splendor as the betrothed of Prentiss.

"How he must hate and despise me!" ran her painful thoughts. But of her betrothed's musings, who could guess the tenor? His brow had darkened, and his eyes were baleful beneath the lowered lids. A cloud was over them all, and each felt a secret sense of relief when home was reached.

"Will you drive to-morrow?" the lover asked anxiously. "Perhaps so—I don't know," Lynette faltered in return.

"Well, I shall come to see you, anyway," and handing the two girls from the carriage, he accompanied them to the porch, and stood chatting easily a moment while he lighted a cigar, to console himself, he said, on the lonely drive home.

The Prince of Wales is a shy lad and when taking part in public functions requires occasional prompting to acknowledge the people's salutations. He does not, however, incur the royal displeasure, as did the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who as a child accompanied his parents on a visit to Dublin.

Along with his brother, the late King Edward, he sat with his father and mother in the carriage, but while the late King raised his hat and bowed becomingly, the duke remained covered, preserving a sullen impassivity. Queen Victoria did not permit airs of that sort and to the delight of the populace she whipped off the boy's hat in full public view, gave him a resounding box on the ear, such as Queen Bess's hand might have administered, and stirred the boy to a show of politeness.

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court asked like a horn in his heart.

"He thought me wantonly cruel, parading my happiness before his eyes while he lay in prison," she cried remorsefully; and a feeling of hatred toward Graham Prentiss took possession of her heart. "Way do I hate him so!" she wondered. "It is Stephen Belcourt, the slayer of his deserted wife, that I ought to despise; but I find all my love and sympathy turning to him, while I experience only repugnance for the man I have promised to marry."

It was a cruel situation, and it became more torturing every hour as Lynette's heart obtained the mastery over her reason.

The story Myrtle Dare had related to them in the carriage rang through and through her brain, and she wondered what the outcome would be.

Madge McDonald's mother was going to the prison to-morrow to see if she could identify Stephen Belcourt with the picture of her daughter's husband which she had seen in the locket.

What would the outcome be? To be continued.

Boxed the Duke's Ears.

The Prince of Wales is a shy lad and when taking part in public functions requires occasional prompting to acknowledge the people's salutations. He does not, however, incur the royal displeasure, as did the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who as a child accompanied his parents on a visit to Dublin.

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