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CHAPTER XLI.

"I know you!" she exclaimed, in accents of suppressed excitement. "I know you—I remember you! You are Ernest Mortimer!"

Nora flushed to the temples, but her eyes did not fall; she did not cower with shame and self-abasement, as Lady Florence expected.

"I remember you!" repeated Lady Florence. Then she laughed with bitter scorn, as after looking Nora up and down she turned to Senley Tyers.

"Why have you brought me here?" she demanded, fiercely.

"Is this girl—boy—whichever she is an accomplice? Do you expect me to believe a word she says?" Then to Nora: "You are Ernest Mortimer. You can not, dare not, deny it. Which are you, man or woman?

Nora stood pale and speechless. Milly clinging to her in amazement and affright.

"Hush! hush!" said Senley Tyers. "This lady is Miss Nora Trevanion—Miss Vale. I know her whole history, and I will explain everything—why she masqueraded as a boy, how it happens that she is here, the mistress of this place. What you wish to know has little or nothing to do with that episode, any further than this: that she and Vane Tempest were together, close companions, not only here, but in Scotland. That is so, Miss Vale?"

Nora assented by a gesture.

"Quite so," he said, smoothly. He took a memorandum-book from his pocket. "Now, will you say simply, 'Yes' or 'No' to these questions I am going to ask you? Lady Florence will not, I think, suspect you of being an accomplice, as she phrases it. You think you have no cause to love me, Miss Trevanion, as I will call you?"

Nora opened her lips to call him villain again, but prudently checked herself.

"I will answer," she said, "but on one condition; that you leave the house immediately you have my answers."

"Good!" he said. "Now, you were at Luib, in Scotland, on November 30th, with Mr. Vane Tempest?"

"I was," said Nora.

As she spoke, the door opened and Mr. Lester entered. At a sign from Nora—which Senley Tyers, intent upon his note-book, did not perceive—he remained standing by the door.

"You were, on the night of the thirtieth, in the presence of myself, the landlady of the house in which you were living, and her daughter, declared by Vane Tempest to be his wife. Is that so, or is it not? I may as well tell you before you answer, Mrs. Tempest"—Nora scarcely noticed the name by which he had addressed her; but Lady Florence did, and she caught the edge of the table and glared fiercely, proudly, defiantly at Nora—"that I hold here"—he touched some papers with his thin, white forefinger—"the affidavits of those people and my own. In our presence Vane Tempest declared you to be his wife, and you assented. Is not that so?"

"It is," said Nora, coldly.

As she spoke, Mr. Lester stepped forward and noiselessly took the affidavits from Senley Tyers' hand. He swung round upon him, but before he could speak, Mr. Lester took the initiative.

"My name is Lester," he said. "I am a solicitor and Miss Vale's friend. I have heard your statement, sir, and I act on her behalf. Pray proceed."

Senley Tyers bit his lip and seemed confused for a moment, then he raised his head.

"Very good," he said. "I could desire nothing better. You are a solicitor, Mr. Lester. Oh, I know you. I have had a detective watching you and Miss Trevanion—I beg her pardon; I really beg her pardon—Mrs. Tempest—for months past. I now appeal to you for your decision. You know the Scottish law of marriage, doubtless?"

Mr. Lester inclined his head. He had been examining the papers, and there was an exceedingly grave expression on his face.

"Well, then, I ask you: Seeing that Miss Nora Trevanion was, in Scotland, declared by Mr. Vane Tempest to be his wife, and assented to the statement before witnesses, is she or is she not his lawful wife?"

Mr. Lester stepped forward and drew Nora's arm within his.

"She is his wife," he said, solemnly; "his wife as surely as if she had been married, with all due form, in an English church or before a registrar."

Nora felt the ground slipping from her, the room spinning round. She was going to faint, but a cry from Lady Florence restored her.

"It is a lie!" exclaimed Lady Florence. "That woman—that woman his wife! It is a lie! it is—" She sunk into a chair and hid her face in her hands, then suddenly rose and swept, with fierce defiance, to Nora:

"You the wife of Vane Tempest! You who, lost to all sense of decency—"

Senley Tyers touched her arm.

"Come," he said, in a whisper. "It is true; you can not undo it. This gentleman is not in league with me; Mrs. Tempest hates me like poison, and would rather contradict than agree with me. Come away; there is no time to lose." She would have shaken him off, but his grip was too tight. "Be sensible," he whispered, hurriedly. "You are beaten. Fate as well as I, has been too many for you. Come! See, you are but adding to her triumph and your own discomfiture. Call your pride to your aid."

She put her hand to her throat, as if she were choking, and her eyes half closed.

Milly uttered a cry of alarm.

"Look, look! she is dying!"

Lady Florence raised her head and looked round with a dazed stare, as if only half conscious. Then, as her eyes fell upon Nora, she seemed to realize all that had happened.

"So you are his wife—you, and no I?" she said, painfully. "Tell him—tell him that I—pity him—yes, pity him! That I could wish him no harder fate than that of being tied to the woman who disgraced herself by playing the part of Ernest Mortimer."

A cry—the first—escaped from Nora's lips, and she hid her face for a moment; then, drawing herself to her full height, the splendid light of indignant passion flashing from her eyes, she gave back the blow.

"No, Lady Florence, I may or may not be his wife, but I will not give him your message. It would be useless. He would refuse to accept your pity as he has refused to accept your love."

She had returned her rival's blow but in doing so she had exhausted the remnant of her own strength and with the last word she fell back into Mr. Lester's arms.

In the confusion that ensued, for Milly's shrieks brought the servants flocking into the room, Senley Tyers drew Lady Florence away, and hurried her through the hall and into the carriage.

"Drive to the station," he said to the coachman. "You have just time to catch the mail. Get up on the box," he said to the maid, peremptorily. And, after a moment's hesitation and a questioning glance at the mistress who lay back in a corner of the carriage, as if half conscious, the maid obeyed.

He got in and sat for awhile silent, his hand on his knees, watching her. At last, when they had travelled some miles, he ventured to touch her hand.

"Florence!"

She flung his hand from her and looked at him.

"You here still?" she said, hoarsely.

"Florence, my dearest!" he murmured, reproachfully.

She leaned forward and looked into his face, then burst into a harsh laugh of scorn and derision.

"I had forgotten you," she said.

"Forgotten?" he exclaimed.

"Yes. Why are you here? Where are you taking me?"

"To London, first," he said; "then across the sea. The destination you shall choose, Florence."

"In-deed!" she said, with bitter irony. "Mr. Tyers, I congratulate you on the success of your plot, but it is not quite so complete as you imagine. I conjecture, by your extraordinary insolence in entering this carriage, that you are under the impression that I am in your power—that, in short, I am willing to be your—what, wife or mistress?" She laughed.

"Why are you so angry?" he pleaded. "What is the use of it? You are—well, yes, to put it bluntly, brutally—in my power. You love Vane Tempest too well to desire to see him injured. Alas! I know that, Florence. Would that you were indifferent."

"Well?" she said. "But I am weary of you and your schemes. Stop the carriage and allow me to alight, or let my maid return, and take me back to my father, please."

"You can not go back," he said, quietly.

"In-deed!" she said, and her hand darted for the check-string.

He caught her hand and grasped it tightly.

"Be calm, be reasonable," he said. "Refuse to go with me, and the moment I return to London I will apply for a warrant for Vane's arrest on a charge of bigamy. Do you see?"

She looked him full in the face, then a light—the light of a wild joy—the joy of balking him at last—gleamed in her eyes.

"You fool!" she hissed, "we were not married. Vane is not at the Grange."

He tried to smile, as if he did not believe her, but the truth shone in her eyes, in her exultant laugh.

"Too clever, Mr. Tyers. The wedding was postponed."

"Postponed?" he said, trying to speak suavely, his lips trembling. "Why, I do not believe—"

(To be Continued.)

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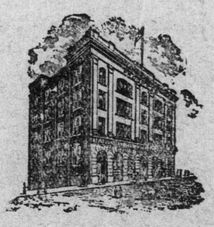

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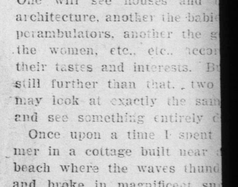

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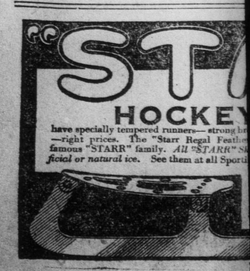
Two people walking down t together will not see the sam One will see houses and architecture, another the babi perambulators, another the s the women, etc., etc., accor their tastes and interests. B still further than that, two may look at exactly the sam and see something entirely d

Once upon a time I spent mer in a cottage built near beach where the waves thund and broke in magnificent su had many visitors and of co took them all down to see th

And they all saw or heard thing different.

The engineer watched for minutes in silence and then h

Wedding Bel

St. Augustine's Church wa scene of a very pretty weddi Wednesday at 6 p.m. when Mr. George led to the altar Miss Piercey, both of New Harbor. ceremony was performed by th cumbent, Rev. T. W. Upward. bride who was attired in looked very handsome. She wa tended by her cousin Miss Thorne, while Mr. A. Hefford ported the groom. After the mony the wedding party drove t residence of the groom's father w a large number of friends took in the festivities. Dancing was dulged in till the wee sma' hour the morning. The bride was the pient of numerous presents testif to the esteem in which the yo couple are held. After a while happy pair are leaving for Dunca British Columbia, where they