



The Web;

OR,
TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER II.

In an English Palace.
THE Earl of Arrowdale was beautiful to look at, beautiful to listen to, and as highly polished as the Koh-i-noor. He had been known for years as the modern Chesterfield, and society was proud of him, as an instance of what noble rank and high breeding can produce.

He was tall and thin, with a face in which every feature was as clearly and keenly cut as if it had been done by a Grecian sculptor, and on which a beard or moustache had never been allowed even to suggest itself.

At this period his hair was nearly white, but otherwise the face was almost without a wrinkle, and the figure was so well preserved that it was at once the admiration and astonishment of all who were privileged to gaze upon it.

In speech, Howard, Lord Arrowdale, was, so it was said, a model of grace and eloquence for these degenerate times; his voice soft, and yet distinct, and capable of any modulation. In manners—but the pen falters in its endeavors to convey an idea of Lord Arrowdale's manners. Lord Palmerston, who had employed him in foreign service, had been heard to declare that Arrowdale's voice would melt a Red Indian, and his manners move a Tartar.

No one had ever seen him in that vulgar frame of mind known as a "temper." When angry—and even he had been angry at some periods of his polished existence—his voice usually grew softer and his smile sweeter. Once, when a young man, a woman had struck him across the face—with or without cause, probably with—and in the presence of others, they had waited to see what he would do, and were moved to admiration when he caught the hand that had struck him, and raising it to his lips, murmured, with a smile: "Rather a blow from

Dry, Hoarse or Painful Coughs Quickly Ended
Home-Made Remedy that Saves You \$2—Does the Work Thoroughly.

The prompt and positive action of this simple, inexpensive home-made remedy in quickly healing the inflamed or swollen membranes of the throat, chest or bronchial tubes and breaking up tight coughs, has caused it to be used in more homes than any other cough remedy. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest-colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, whooping cough, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.
To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) into a 16-oz bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. You then have 16 ounces—a family supply—of a much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.
Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with quinine and is known the world over for its promptness, ease and certainty in overcoming stubborn coughs and chest colds. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

you than a kiss from another;" and in their admiration the onlookers probably forgot that he had wronged the woman, or as probably considered that his exquisite manners had more than atoned.

As a young man, the noble earl had been wild and reckless, with a society polished wildness; but of late years he had subsided into the middle-aged, but ever youthful man of retired habits and studious tastes.

And he was still the model to which parents pointed when they wished to impress upon their sons a type of what a man should be who was made by manners.

It is true that there were ribald individuals who had been known to jeer at him, and even to go so far as to call him the Superfine Earl; but if he was aware of these—and it was very little he was not aware of—Lord Arrowdale went on his way serene, smiling and unmoved.

On the evening of the day after that on which Mr. Petherick had paid his visit to Cliff Cottage, Norton, the earl had a small dinner party.

He had asked the guests before he had received the letter from Catherine Hayes, and, notwithstanding it was the day upon which he was to receive the daughter he had not yet seen, he had not postponed his little party.

"Never put off a dinner, however unimportant, unless there be a death in the family or smallpox in the house," was one of his maxims.

And exactly at a quarter to eight o'clock he left the hands of his valet, exquisitely dressed, upright as a dart, with every white hair in place, without a crease in his shirt front or scarcely a wrinkle on his face, and with the clean-cut lips just curved with the smile which, if he had labeled his smiles, would probably have been numbered, "No. 2, Smile for the reception of one's guests."

Santleigh Court was as old and as unimpeachable in the way of ancestry as its owner. Originally the residence of a Norman baron—of course an Arrowdale—it had been transformed by successive owners into one of the most magnificent of English palace mansions.

It would have been a show place like Chatsworth or Eaton Hall, if the noble earl could have brought himself to endure the thought of the presence of plebeian tourists in the lofty corridors and stately hall; but the mere idea caused him to shudder, and the guide books always put to their descriptions of the place a footnote: "Strangers are not permitted to pass the park gates."

The earl made his way down the broad stairs—up which one might have driven a coach and four with ease, so far as breadth goes—with the slow and stately grace peculiar to him, and was passing into the drawing-room, when the footman approached, and in subdued tones, said:

"Mr. Petherick has arrived, my lord."

His lordship inclined his head slightly—his curiosity extended to the lowest menial in his service.

"Thank you. In the library?"

"In the library, my lord."

The earl turned aside and entered the oak-paneled library, and held out his white and delicately-shaped hand.

"Ah, Petherick," he said, with a smile, the smile to be used when greeting the family lawyer; "a safe journey, I trust. You do not mind time for dinner. We do not dine until a quarter past, and I have a few friends. The heat has subsided a little, has it not? I fear you must have suffered much inconvenience from it."

Mr. Petherick coughed.

"Thank you, my lord; yes, it has been hot. I have returned, my lord, and—Lady Norah has accompanied me."

The earl raised his eyebrows slightly.

"Norah. Do you spell it with the 'h' or without?" he asked, blandly.

The lawyer coughed again.

"Er—with the 'h' I believe, my lord."

"Ah, yes. It is a musical name; Irish—or Celtic at any rate, is it not?"

As Mr. Petherick did not know, he merely bowed. He knew the earl too well to expect him to exclaim: "My daughter here! Bring her to my arms!" but he was rather startled and embarrassed at this peculiar reception.

"I do not think we have had the name in the family before. Norah,

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exactly meet to-day's needs. OXO CUBES exactly meet the needs of all classes of the community. They are ready in a moment, and can be converted quickly into a hot nourishing drink which, with bread or biscuits, sustains for hours. In cooking they are an excellent substitute for fresh meat and promote food economy.

A CUBE TO A CUP.
Tins 15c. and 35c.

Yes, it is not unmusical. I am infinitely obliged to you for all the trouble you have taken, Petherick, and believe me, I quite realize how excessive it must have been."

"Not at all, my lord," said Mr. Petherick. "I may say that it has afforded me much pleasure. Lady Norah—"

The earl glanced at his watch.

"Pardon me," he said, interrupting him. "Would you kindly ring the bell?"

Mr. Petherick did so, and a footman entered.

"My compliments to Lady Norah, and I shall be gratified if she will dine with me at a quarter past eight."

Mr. Petherick grew red.

"Eh—ahem—I beg a thousand pardons, my lord, but—I—I—am afraid Lady Norah will be tired, and scarcely—that is—I think you said, my lord, that you had a dinner party?"

The earl smiled sweetly.

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Presently some of the guests arrived.

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He shook hands with them, murmured a few graceful words of welcome, then glanced at his watch.

"We are waiting for two others," he said, softly; "I expect Guildford Berton."

"Ah, well, he is always punctual," said the rector, with the chuckle which accompanied nearly every remark; and, indeed, as he spoke, the door opened and the footman announced the gentleman alluded to.

He was a tall, thin young man, with a sallow face, and hair and eyes of a darkness seldom found in an Englishman. They were fine eyes, seemed to light up his face and render its sallowness almost unnoticeable, and they flashed for a moment round the room and from face to face before he uttered a word. Then he came forward and greeted the earl, and his voice was almost as soft and sweetly pitched as his host's.

The earl's glance rested upon the dark face and carefully attired figure with a momentary approval, and there was a touch of cordiality and familiarity in his voice as he spoke to him which had been absent when he addressed his other guests.

"Ah, Guildford. We were lauding your punctuality. The air is somewhat cooler this evening, I trust?"

"Yes," said Guildford Berton. "But I walked slowly. I hope I have not kept you waiting."

There was a foreign accent in his speech, and he seemed to utter every word carefully, as if he weighed it and watched it as it passed.

"No," said the earl, "we are waiting now for Lady Norah."

Lord Ferndale, who was standing near, regarding the young man with a not altogether approving countenance, turned to the earl with surprise.

"Lady—Norah!" he said.

It was a bachelors' party, and the announcement of a guest of the other sex startled him. The rector and Mr. Parfreet stopped suddenly in the middle of their gossip, and also turned toward the earl.

He stood bland and smiling, looking at them, one white hand touching carelessly the flower in his button-hole, the other hanging gracefully at his side, and only the black eyes of Guildford Berton were acute enough to detect something malicious and self-torturing beneath the smile and the veneered ease.

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The earl seemed, in a courteous fashion, to enjoy their surprise.

"You are astonished, Guildford?" he said, addressing the young man whose eyes were fixed upon him. "You were not aware that I was even married. Our good friends could have told you the story"—he waved his hand slightly toward the three other silent men. "Not at all a new or original one, but not without its touch of romance. A foolish and high-flown youth and an unsophisticated girl. He spoke as calmly and blandly as if he were talking of some one else's marriage rather than his own. "Romantic, but disastrous. It may serve as a warning to you, my dear Guildford. We will not go into details; suffice it that the foolish youth and the unsophisticated girl speedily discovered that the god Love is more mortal and less lasting than poor humanly, and—they parted. Really I think it was the wisest thing they could do. You agree with me, rector?"

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"My compliments to Lady Norah, and I shall be gratified if she will dine with me at a quarter past eight."

Mr. Petherick grew red.

"Eh—ahem—I beg a thousand pardons, my lord, but—I—I—am afraid Lady Norah will be tired, and scarcely—that is—I think you said, my lord, that you had a dinner party?"

The earl smiled sweetly.

"Take my message to Lady Norah, please," he said to the footman, who instantly and noiselessly disappeared; then he turned to his companion.

"Thank you for your consideration, Petherick," he said, blandly. "I see you desire to spare me a—shall I say a shock?—but believe me, I am quite prepared. I am not exacting, and I do not expect grapes from thistles. I am also resolved that as Lady Norah is here under my roof, my acknowledged daughter, I will not permit myself to be—it is an ugly word, but I can find no other—ashamed of her!"

Mr. Petherick grew redder, and he opened his mouth as if he were about to make some eager response, but he thought better of it.

"I hope you will have no cause to be ashamed of Lady Norah, my lord," he said, slowly.

"Thank you very much. I trust not. But, as I said, I am prepared for the worst. A girl brought up as she has been—"

He stopped. "But, my dear Petherick, I am detaining you, and will cause you to hurry your toilet."

Mr. Petherick bowed and left the room without another word, but when he reached the hall he looked round and suffered himself to mutter his favorite ejaculation, "Bless my soul!"

The earl went into the drawing-room, a magnificent salon, richly decorated with gold upon ivory white by Inigo Jones, and stood in a graceful attitude awaiting his guests.

He felt a curious curiosity respecting this daughter upon whom his eyes were to rest for the first time, certainly no trace of it was to be seen in his face as he took up an orchid from a vase and examined it with as pleased and devoted attention as if his mind were entirely free from any more pressing matter.

Presently some of the guests arrived.

The footman announced Lord Ferndale, whose estate joined Santleigh, an

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