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**REMORSE and REPENTANCE.**

**For Daisie's Sake**

CHAPTER XXVII. EXPIATION.

"Show the gentleman in, Patrick. I have time to see him," she exclaimed, leading the way to a reception room.

She saw that the caller was a very fine-looking man—young, tall, handsome, clean-shaven, and wearing protective glasses over penetrating dark eyes.

"I am Reed Raymond, madam, and I called in answer to your ad in the evening paper," he said, with a very courteous bow.

"It is fortunate you came at this time, for my husband feels very dull this evening," she answered, adding: "It is for him a companion is desired. He is a helpless cripple, who chafes always against his fate, and I must own that at times he is a most irritable person. But who could blame him—condemned to so sad an existence in the bloom of manhood! What he needs is a bright, cheerful young man, cultured, acquainted with the world."

"I can furnish unexceptionable references from Lord Werter, with whom I have traveled the past five months," the handsome applicant assured the lady.

"I think I will introduce you to my husband, as he, after all, will be the one to decide on your availability," said Daisie, rising and motioning the young man to come.

He bowed, and followed her into the hall, thinking to himself that she was certainly the rarest beauty that had ever dawned on his horizon.

"How cruel to lose such a woman! No wonder!" he was thinking, when his eyes were arrested by another vision of beauty, trailing down the grand staircase toward him—no less a person than Annette Janowitz, sparkling, radiant, in rose-pink satin and pearls.

"I am all ready, Daisie, dear!" she cried, in her musical young voice, and the listener reeled backward against the wall, with his hand upon his heart.

"Ah, what is the matter?" cried Daisie, in alarm.

Reed Raymond soon recovered himself, and answered, with a pallid



**"My Back Is So Bad"**

**PAINS** in the small of the back, lumbago, rheumatism, pains in the limbs all tell of defective kidneys.

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**Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills**

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smile: "I beg pardon—it is nothing, I am subject—to slight spasms of the heart."

And he staggered on with her into the library, not daring to glance back at the radiant vision on the stairway, while he groaned to himself: "Who would have thought of meeting her here? Yet now I remember that Dallas Bain once told me she was Daisie Bell's dearest friend."

At that moment Mrs. Fleming entered, exclaiming:

"Well, girls, are you all ready?"

"Sh-h, Mrs. Fleming! Daisie is taking a stranger into the library."

"Who is he, Patrick?"

"He came to answer the ad for master's companion, madam."

"Come, Annette, let us follow, and see if he will suit Royall," cried the volatile little widow, snatching Annette's hand dragging her along.

"Mrs. Fleming, Miss Janowitz, Mr. Raymond," said Daisie, and they all bowed formally, the gentleman standing at the back of Royall's chair, superb in manly dignity.

"Stunning!" whispered the widow to Annette. But the young girl had grown suddenly very pale and still.

She waited silently, her bosom heaving under its pearls, her eyes down-cast beneath their jetty fringes, until Mrs. Fleming uttered:

"Well, we must be going, girls. Take Royall; so glad you like my new Paris gown. You must try to exist without Daisie a few hours, will you?"

He threw her a bitter smile, and Daisie waited to clasp his cold hand and kiss his brow, heedless of the stranger's presence, ere she followed the others from the room.

Royall looked up at him, saying wittily:

"Is it not enough to make a man curse God to be the husband of so rare a creature, yet a helpless cripple from his bridal hour?"

He saw the pale face of the stranger working with sympathy as he said hoarsely:

"Do not curse God, but rather the dastard whose hand sent the blow."

"Ah, you have heard?"

"Yes, it was in all the papers last year, you know. I have always felt the strangest sympathy for you, and if I can brighten one lonely hour, God knows I shall be glad."

"I thank you. But do not think I am neglected. My wife has been all devotion, only her health could not bear the strain. She had to have some recreation, hence my wish for a companion. In fact, all three who have just left me have been angelic in their ministrations. My cousin, Mrs. Fleming, is untiring in her kindness. As for

dear friend, she is the kindest-hearted girl in the world. On the night I was laid up she came to help me. Let me nurse me. She was as kind as a sister. When the doctor said I would live, she wept for joy. A week later, when the first hope of recovery was wrecked by my sudden shock of paralysis, she was inconsolable. She cried out that it must not be so. God would not be so cruel; and in her excitability she almost went into hysterics. She remained for weeks, and when her mother insisted on her coming home, we all missed her like a dear little sister. But since then we have her often with us, and her sympathy is very sweet and dear. She has been with us now a month, and Daisie says she has become a great belle and has many lovers."

"Does she show any preference for any?" Reed Raymond asked, in a voice that was husky in spite of his efforts to make it careless.

"I do not know about that. But why are you standing all this while, my dear fellow? Sit down, and let us be sociable. Will you smoke?" ringing the bell. "Wine and cigars, Pierre," to the attendant. "And now, do you really think you want to be my companion?"

"I wish it, above all things, Mr. Sherwood. Stern necessity forces me to apply for this place, and if you accept my service I shall do my best to deserve your patronage, believe me."

The strong, eager voice impressed Royall very favorably, as Raymond hurried on:

"I have been a companion for Lord Werter several months, in fact, traveling in New York only a few days ago, and he permits me to refer you to him as to my reliability."

"I should fancy that your position with him is more tempting than this with me?" Royall asked tentatively.

"It was very pleasant. I am very fond of his lordship. But—I am weary of travel, and he is a nomad. I am an

American, too, and prefer to settle down for a while in my native country." Reed Raymond rejoined eagerly, in his anxiety for favorable consideration.

In his keen remorse for the evil he had wrought in madness, in his longing to expiate it, in so far as he could, by devotion to his victim, Ray Dering had decided on this step, and nothing could turn him aside from what he believed his duty.

By such disguise as the change of his name by a slight transposition, the shaving off of his luxuriant dark hair, and the adoption of eyeglasses, he felt himself safe from recognition by former friends, and his winning manners at once secured him the boon he craved.

**CHAPTER XXVII. TO REMEMBER A LITTLE WHILE.**

Mrs. Hill-Dixon, the famous society leader of New York, was so proud of her titled cousin, Lord Werter, that she fastened him by metaphorical chains to her triumphal car, and dragged her cynical victim whithersoever she would.

It had been a little different in past days, when Dallas Bain paid several visits to America.

Then he was only the earl's younger son, destined for the army.

But when his elder and only brother was drowned in crossing the Channel last year, and Dallas Bain succeeded to the title of Lord Werter, and stood in direct succession to the earldom, oh, that was quite another thing—yes, indeed.

Dallas must be feted and lionized now, although he said frankly that it went against the grain with him.

He might have told her as frankly that his good looks had won enough adulation from women already, and that he did not care for the surfeit he would have now with his title and prospects added, but he did not wish to seem conceited. It was easier to give her her way for a few days, than to slip away when he grew too weary of the passing show.

But the second day after his arrival, when she was talking about the social queens, and mentioned Mrs. Royall Sherwood, he betrayed a sudden interest.

"The most beautiful and winning girl society has seen in years," she said. "But at first some would have liked to put her down, you know, because she was only a poor girl—a New York teacher—though she looks like she was born to a purple. But, of course, her marriage to a Sherwood changed all that. And, really, Lottie Fleming stood by her grandly, and I never liked the little widow, I own; but she has the true Sherwood grit, and never gives up what she sets her mind on. They say she helped Royall in his love affair, and he married the girl at her summer home down in Maryland last August. There was an awful tragedy about the case, you see, because Royall was shot in the grounds on his wedding night, by a jealous rival, it is supposed, though it never could be traced directly to him. Well, the young husband did not die; but he got better, for he has been paralyzed ever since, waist downward, and lives in a roller chair."

Dallas said huskily: "And the bride's devotion—did it outlive his affliction?"

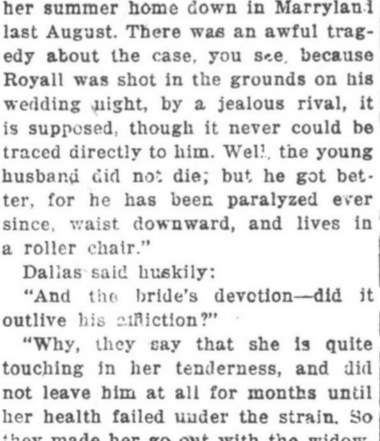
"Why, they say that she is quite touching in her tenderness, and did not leave him at all for months until her health failed under the strain. So they made her go out with the widow, and she seems very gay, only there is something in her face at times—in repose, you know—that hints at secret grief. And, no wonder, with her husband struck down, almost the same as dead, on their bridal night, and she poor girl! wedded, but a maiden wife, watching his slow descent into the grave, with what torture who can tell!"

"But must he die? Can he never recover?"

"It is supposed not. Poor fellow, it is such a shame! He used to be one of the best dancers in New York."

(To be continued.)

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