

In this age of the dramatist it was almost a foregone conclusion that somebody would dramatize that charming group...

The publisher of the paper in the Maritime provinces is writing to us stating...

DON'T SUFFER FROM ALL WINDS

Read This Evidence Today to Cure With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Sciatica is neuralgia of nerve. Its origin is general and its origin is general...

There is only one thing better than sciatica and that is treatment of it as prescribed by the one of the forms of cure by the old school...

It is a scientific fact that the majority of sciatic cases are due to cold which is in an anemic or bloodless condition...

Mr. H. W. A. writes: I am a leading merchant of H. A few years ago I had sciatica in my right leg...

Sciatica is a stubborn treatment and the patient for years. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not simply relieve the pain...

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By Helen Wallace Author of 'The Greatest of These,' 'Their Heart's Desire,' Etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Isobel Stormont, daughter of Sir David Stormont, a wealthy Scotch country gentleman...

CHAPTER XVII THE EMPTY SPACE

NIGHT of deep, dreamless sleep. A soft, warm glow between the night before and the morning...

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standing beside her daughter in an attitude somewhat suggestive of a father's feelings...

"I've you," she fathered, half hopelessly, half reproachfully, and then her eyes, too, were caught by the empty space upon the wall...

Isobel saw the hot embarrassment leap to her cousin's face, and then her eyes followed her mother's to the blank wall...

"I think I had better follow my portrait," she said in a low voice out of the bitterness of her heart...

Her mother sprang after her with a cry, but the girl was gone, light and airy, swinging down the stairs...

"Oh, Basil, I thought you spoken only by me," said Isobel. "He could not resist himself to utter more than the bare monosyllable."

"Then I wish you had," cried poor Lady Stormont, and as Basil Conyers strode in silence out of the room...

"I don't deny it, not altogether," said Basil. "But will you let me say something, or try to say it, for I'm no good at putting things into words..."

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couldn't be it, could it? She, Isobel Stormont, to love a man who deemed her now unfit to be his wife—how else could his conduct be explained?

"A cracking of houghs, a plunging rattle through the fallen leaves, and he had turned sharply, her eyes bright, her pulses leaping to face—Evelyn! Ashel!"

The quick spark died from her eyes, a "I fancied I heard a cry, but it was not what I thought it was."

"I fancied I heard a cry, but it was not what I thought it was," she said, looking doubtfully at the girl standing so pale and still on the brink of the garden, straight water, she did not look like a dancer in distress, but she was certain that he had heard a cry of pain or terror.

"It was possible that they were awake within her?" "A cry? It must have been fancy, surely," said Isobel. "I at least am no need of a rescuer today," forcing a smile. "I owe you quite enough already."

"You are in need of a word of caution, then," said Ashel, letting her last words pass. "Do you know that you are standing uncomfortably near the edge, and these banks are very treacherous—they are rotten—see, and as Isobel drew away with a careless laugh, she looked at the girl standing so pale and still on the brink of the garden, straight water, she did not look like a dancer in distress, but she was certain that he had heard a cry of pain or terror."

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afterward—well, you're not responsible for it, and there'd be plenty to take the risk meantime, who might be frightened off by more vagaries.

"I thought I'd ask you here just to see what mischief you had on hand, for I knew there was something up. You're very clever, Evelyn, too clever at times, but if I were you, I never'd try the possible."

"It is not only I who am too clever, I think," said Ashel, with a careless laugh. "If you choose, I'll make up a little story for you, which is anything impossible."

"The old lady's eyes ran over the faint graceful figure and the distinctive face, as if she were appraising them point by point."

"Not enough, my dear Evelyn," with a judicial summing-up air, "unless you've got some trump up your sleeve, which would be of use to me, I don't doubt you think you have. But if there were no other reasons, a Stormont marriage is an affair of high politics."

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