

# A Tangled Web

BY MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "Beaton's Bargain," "His Perfect Trust,"  
"By Another Name," "Her Hea's Idol,"  
"Half a Truth," "H's Rival."

At that instant the hounds gave tongue. "They've found," cried every one. Winton's horse, wildly excited, tried to bolt, and strove by every device that could enter into the heart of a horse to unseat his rider, rearing straight up, buck-jumping, lashing out with his heels, in vain. A hand of iron controlled him, and the firm grip of the knees was not to be shaken. At last he darted off in the direction his rider chose, like a bolt from a catapult. During this struggle Mrs. L'Estrange covered her eyes, but Nora could not remove hers. She turned deadly white, for at one moment it seemed as if the horse would have fallen back, then she knew how little all her self-control had done to uphold Mark Winton from her horse's slow splendor. She sat. She had not observed before what a fine figure he had. Would he come back safe after a run on such a vicious brute?

"I really thought Mr. Winton would have been killed," said the eldest of the rectory's daughters. "How wonderfully he rides! My brother says he is a great showman. In fact, he cares for nothing but sport. You were frightened, too, Miss L'Estrange?"

"I have not been used to horses for years," stammered Nora. "You ought to ride now. I remember you managing your little Sheltie carefully long ago. Won't you come back to luncheon at the rectory? Mother would be charmed to see you and Mrs. L'Estrange. Mrs. Gardner and her friends are coming."

Mrs. L'Estrange preferred returning with her little daughter, but Nora was glad to divert her thoughts by accepting the invitation, and was not, in a month, unmated of the party. She could not, however, be persuaded to stay till the eldest son of the house, an officer on leave from his regiment in India, returned with a report of the run.

"I suppose Mrs. Ruthven has heard nothing of her jewels?" said Mrs. Gardner, as Nora was saying goodbye.

"Nothing," said Nora, "but I am despondent of recovering them."

"It was a frightful business altogether," exclaimed Mary Damer, "but you remember a Captain Shirley who was at the ball. You danced with him several times. He danced very well."

Nora did remember. George says there were queer reports about him in India. He was in the same regiment as Mr. or Major Ruthven. People said, too, that Mrs. Ruthven was well, not too particular.

"I only know she is particularly nice," returned Nora. "Do not believe half the ill-natured things you hear."

"I wish," said Miss Damer, "that Mr. Marsden had not been frightened away by the worry of this unlucky robbery. How nice it would be to have Evelynleigh open once more."

"Do tell me, Miss L'Estrange," cried the younger sister, "is the square engaged to Mrs. Ruthven?"

"Indeed, I do not know, but I am sure she would make a very pleasant mistress for the manor house. Now, I must not stay, it will be dark before I get back."

"I think you are quite heartless, not to stay and hear if poor Mr. Winton came alive out of the hunt and in such a great friend of yours."

"Oh! he can take care of himself," said Nora, and with a few more words she escaped, her heart torn by Damer's last remark. She would certainly persuade Helen to come up to town next week, or as soon as possible, and then would take singing lessons, and amuse herself, and forget the folly and distresses of which she had fallen.

"How ill-natured people are," she thought, "and ready to spread ill-natured stories." She did not believe that Captain Shirley ever did anything disgraceful, though she had not been favorably impressed by him, and was disposed, in an instinctive and unreasoning way, to dislike and distrust him.

Large drops of rain made her hurry on to gain shelter before the threatened storm burst; but as she crossed the carriage drive of Evelynleigh Manor, on her homeward way, she noticed fresh tracks of wheels and horse's feet. The steward had no doubt been up at the house. She caught a glimpse of it before she passed through the gate leading into the wood opposite her own home. How mournful it looked with its closed shutters, and the one thin thread of smoke rising from its wide stack of chimney! She was quite glad to be safe at home, in her own comfortable bed-room, changing her dress for her indoor garments. She had grown stupidly nervous of late. One folly brings on another, she thought.

In the drawing-room Bea was dressing her doll, while her mother read aloud some of Grimm's fairy tales.

"How late you are, Nora, did you get wet?"

"No, at least very little."

"Had George Damer come back? How did the hunt go on?" I should be glad to know if Mark Winton is safe."

"I did not wait. I think the fox must have headed for Anchester down. Do let me have a cup of tea! I feel so tired!"

Nora, to change the subject, for there was an indelible something in Marsden's tone when she ascribed the loss of the jewels to him, and went myself to Amsterdam, to see what I could do—all in vain. Don't talk of them, you don't know what an infernal blow that unfortunate business has been to me. That my guest should have been robbed almost under my eyes! It's a sort of blot on me and my house."

"That is quite a morbid idea. How could any reasonable being blame you? I am sure Mrs. Ruthven—"

"Mrs. Ruthven has behaved very well, but she is desperately cut up, and I do not wonder at it," interrupted Marsden.

"She is very nice, and so pretty—"

"Yes, she is a pleasant little devil, but she ought not to be so heavy with her paint-brush about the lips; that sort of art may be overdone."

"Squire!" in a shocked tone, "how can you be such a traitor? I thought you were fond of Mrs. Ruthven—that you were her best friend."

"I am, but I am not therefore, blind. All the world (except you) can see she paints her lips."

"I did not, and it is not nice or loyal of you to tell me."

"I am rebuked. You are an awful place of perfection, Nora."

"Do not be sarcastic. I know my own shortcomings well enough, but I am not false to my friends. I shall not confine my weakness to you."

"Do you not understand me, why, you are my own?" he hesitated, with her little girl, to do various errands in the town. Nora, relieved by the absence of Winton, whose presence was of late always a restraint, put on thick boots, and set forth to visit the blind woman whom she had rather neglected of late. She accused herself of selfishness, and many minor crimes and misdemeanors, as she donned her walking attire, and belittled herself considerably on the score of being late, off than she deserved, and taking a self-indulgent lie. Still, she did not see how she could do otherwise. At any rate, she would never sink into a weak sentimentalism, a faded flower, pinning under the weight of an unrequited love, and in a month, in a month, two she would have thrown off this dead, aching, steady pain in her heart, and be able to smile at the past.

With this brave determination she started on her walk to the blind woman's cottage, seeing as she went, in spite of all her resolutions, the picture of Winton, contending with his horses as he was stamped on her memory.

Walking across the bridge which connected her own little domain with the town, she turned sharply into the path leading to the moorland higher up, and nearly ran against the lord of the manor coming in an opposite direction.

"This is luck!" cried Marsden. "In another moment you would have found Mrs. L'Estrange."

"Now Mrs. L'Estrange either," said Nora, "turning her head and looking at me, she said, 'I should have found you here, if I had not been so late.'"

"Then, if you will allow me, I'll be your escort," returned Nora, heartily glad of his company.

"When did you arrive, and where did you come from?"

"I came last night, that is to say, last afternoon, and I came from Paris."

"Mrs. Ruthven, when she wrote, did not seem to know what had become of you."

Marsden turned, and walked beside her.

"Oh, yes, to be sure. I went away to a place near Fontainebleau, to see an old chum of mine, De Meudon, who has been very ill, and so to let her or two of her misadventures, but I saw her the day before yesterday in town. She is in a rage to complete the purchase of a damp villa at Twickenham, which she could not do without me, but I have settled everything to her satisfaction."

"And are you going to stay here?"

"No—yes," replied Marsden, with a quick sigh, and he looked earnestly into her eyes, a curious, wistful, strained expression in his own. "I am a rolling stone, you see, Nora. I presume your high dignities will permit me to use your baptismal appellation—and I am rather at a loss what to do with myself. I shall be hard up for another year or two, but then the property will be pretty clear—then I will settle in the halls of my fatherly and live cleanly and like a gentleman."

"I hope you will, squire," said Nora, kindly and seriously.

"What? Do you think I have been such a scamp?" asked Marsden, laughing.

"You know I did not mean that," she returned, the color rising in her cheeks. "I hope you will live at Evelynleigh."

"And be your neighbor? Thank you, sweet cousin."

"Yes, it would be very nice to have you at the manor house. It looks ghastly when shut up."

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Heals and Soothes the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes. Cures COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, etc., quicker than any remedy known. If you have that irritating Cough that keeps you awake at night, a dose of the Syrup will stop it at once.

USED FOR EIGHT YEARS. I have used DR. WOODS' NORWAY SYRUP for every cold I have had for the past eight years, with wonderful success. I never see a friend with a cough or cold but that I recommend it.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

the Gaspe Peninsula realize that it has not been spoiled by too many railways, although the forests are rich and the land good. Offers to the railway company have already been received from Great Britain and the continent. The plateau along the proposed railway are sheltered by the Shickstock Mountains and the climate is much less severe than on either coast. The engineers report that no large bridges are necessary and that no heavy difficulties are met with.

As the promoters plan to put on a line of steamers between Gaspe and Great Britain the road will be a first class one, while the grades will go nowhere beyond one per cent. Ten miles from Gaspe island have already been located, and construction will commence during the coming summer.

Mr. Menier, the Anticosti king, is also a warm champion of the road and has promised a steamer making the trip from his island home to Gaspe Basin in ten hours.

Mr. Carpenter declares that the Company's first intentions were to start at the I. C. R., but when the Grand Trunk Pacific was announced they determined to make the connection with the new transcontinental railway and make a strong bid for a winter port. He is sure that they can take an ocean steamer out of Gaspe nine months in the year, and with a fast train to Montreal there will be no end to the possibilities of such a line.

Then he states that the petroleum wells, which have already spent \$2,000,000 drilling for oil within twenty miles of Gaspe have decided to sink wells all along the railway every five or six miles as soon as the line is finished. They have a well producing a barrel of oil a day. As this was the same well's output six years ago, they cannot but think that it is the drain of a large body of oil yet to be discovered.

How to ward off an attack of Rheumatism. "For years when spring time came on and I went into gardening, I was sure to have an attack of rheumatism and every attack was more severe than the preceding one," says Josie McDonald, of Man, Logan County, West Va. "I tried everything with no relief whatever, until I procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and the first application gave me ease, and before the first bottle was used I felt like a new person. Now I feel that I am cured, but I always keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm in the house and when I feel any symptoms of a return I soon drive it away with one or two applications of this liniment. For sale by A. McG. McDonald."

Roseville. Mr. George LeTouzel accompanied by Mr. N. Simon drove to Indian Cove Saturday morning and returned in the evening after a very pleasant trip.

Mr. F. Patterson accompanied by Miss Hall of Peninsula was the guest of Miss de St. Croix, Monday evening.

Mrs. N. Guignon was seen out Saturday calling on friends.

Mr. N. Riley is now recovering after a severe attack of illness.

Mr. Ernest Robinson left here Thursday morning for his home in Shigawake.

The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Dutton passed by Tuesday enroute to Fontenelle.

A Mother's Recommendation. I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have no hesitancy in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds and croup I have ever used in my family. I have not words to express my confidence in this remedy—Mrs. J. A. Moore, North Star, Mich. For sale by A. McG. McDonald.

Headquarters For Choice Fresh Meats, Vegetables in Season. Hams, Bacon, Eggs, etc. Flour, different brands always in stock. Try our Golden's Peoples' special brand.

Delivery team will call and take orders if requested.

J. E. MILLER & SON Telephone No. 8 WATER ST. CAMPBELLTON

James Connacher of Kemp Road has returned home, he has been in the employ of K. Shives as clerk at Booling Brook sheds.

E. Whallen and W. Thompson of Campbellton paid Kemp Road a flying visit on Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Dixon of Bordeaux were visiting friends at Gowanbray on Wednesday last.

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## Kempt Road

We are having fine weather now, quite a change from the cold and frosty weather we have had, we hope it will continue fine.

The month of spring is here, we will be looking to see spots of the mother earth through its fleecy covering.

The roads are in fine condition the young people taking advantage of the moonlight nights.

Quite a number of our young people drove to Mr. Harper's in Riverdu Loup where a pleasant evening was spent, dancing being the chief amusement. Supper was served after which all skipped.

Mr. Blakie of Kemp Road hill was hauling hay from the marsh at Cross Point last week.

Quite a number of people from the hill are busy hauling ties.

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