



Black Knight Stove Polish
MAKES HOME BRIGHTER AND LABOR LIGHTER
A PASTE [THE F.F. DALLEY Co.] NO DUST NO WASTE HAMILTON, CANADA NO RUST

PLOTS THAT FAILED

For an instant his face clouded. He remembered but too well what she had said, that in an infuriated moment he had promised to give her his entire fortune to this girl, in the hour in which she became his wife, which would mean cutting off his only son, who had been the apple of his eye up to the time when this beautiful girl had woven her siren charms around him.

He knew he was doing a wrong act, but love has always been known to conquer everything.

CHAPTER LIV.

"I know your love will stand the test," murmured India, frightened at seeing him apparently hesitate to do her bidding, "and my whole life's devotion will repay you for your confidence in me." She went on, "you shall be my hero, my world. We shall live for each other."

Her words seemed to carry him away, make him forget the duty he owed to his son, whom his dead wife had placed in his arms and had him always look after, love and care for. He forgot everything save the beautiful girl before him and his own desire to make her his bride.

"It must be now or never," whispered India.

"Then let the ceremony take place at once," he returned in a tremulous voice.

He tapped the bell and asked that his lawyer, whose office was in another part of the building, be sent for immediately.

The papers were already drawn, and the fortune of the old banker was laid out only the slight scratch of the banker's pen being wanting.

In vain the old lawyer had expostulated with his friend, but Banker Neville was not to be moved by his entreaties.

"Faction me," he said, "but my fortune is my own, to do what I please with. I never permit my men of business to meddle with my private affairs. I have made my fortune, and consider that I know how to make use of it. You will understand the matter as settled."

There was nothing to do but follow Banker Neville's instructions, which entirely suited off his son—all save the money stipend.

The lawyer looked sharply at the beautiful young woman whom he encountered as he opened the door of Mr. Neville's private office.

He was not surprised to hear that the wedding was to take place within the hour, and that the paper making over the fortune to his bride, was to be duly executed then and there.

He left from the bottom of his heart that his old friend would regret it, but nothing remained to be said upon the subject.

"Will you not accompany us?" he asked.

Again the old lawyer would have liked to have refused, but, with his friend's eyes fastened on him so steadily, he did not know how to say no, although he felt that the sight would be one for him to witness.

He did not believe in the mating of May and December; he knew that this young woman was wedding the banker for his fortune; he was putting himself into her power. He wondered vaguely how it could end.

When Banker Neville made up his mind to do a thing, he never faltered, and when the document was placed before him to sign, he wrote his name with the calm deliberation habitual to him.

The deed was done. India could scarcely keep back the cry of exultation that sprang to her lips. His entire fortune was made out to her! It wanted but the ceremony being performed to make the document binding and his million of money hers.

To the lawyer was devolved the task of making the speedy arrangements, and half an hour later they were driven to the nearest paragon, where the minister who had been selected awaited them.

Banker Neville looked so old and white that his old friend, the lawyer, was alarmed. He wished heartily that he might stop for the doctor, thinking that he was needed to give him a stimulant to carry him through the occasion, but he was afraid to suggest such a course.

This conviction became even more deep-seated in the lawyer's mind as the ceremony proceeded. At length it was over, and the girl who stood by the old banker's side now possessed his fortune, for as they stepped before the minister who was handed her, the important paper was signed.

The old lawyer knew it was his duty to step forward and congratulate bride and groom, but the words stuck in his throat; it seemed beyond his power to utter them. The sound died away on his lips in an unintelligible murmur; but at that moment what the lawyer had feared happened.

With a cry, the bridegroom suddenly fell backward, and the next instant he lay at the feet of his bride in a dead swoon. As the old lawyer had foreseen, the excitement had been too much for him.

In an instant the greatest confusion reigned.

"He is not able to be removed," said the minister; "I pray you consider my house at your disposal, madam. Let him be conveyed upstairs at once, and I will send for a physician."

"As you think best," said the bride, doing her utmost to repress a yawn, for the ceremony had been irksome to her, despite the fortune which it was to bring into her possession. And now that this princely fortune was hers, she did not care how soon the aged banker passed away, leaving her free to carry out the plan that had thus far worked so well, and which was to crown all her ambitions.

Banker Neville was removed to the room above, and the old family physician sent for. When he arrived and looked at his patient, Dr. Graves looked every letter of his name.

"I cannot stand excitement," he said; "I warned him of that."

As he uttered the words he looked full in the face of the bride, the remembrance passing through his mind how he had gone to this girl when he had first heard of this mad marriage being contemplated, warning her that, in his opinion, he would scarcely be able to reach the altar with her and return to their home without breaking down.

She met his gaze defiantly, and he turned away, sad at heart. He realized, as did the lawyer, that this magnificent French girl, who had won his old friend, did not care for the banker's condition, and if he pulled through it would not be because of her watchful care.

The doctor remained as long as he could, picking up his hat to go at last, remarking, as he turned away from the bedside:

"I shall send trained nurses here to attend him, presuming that that will be your wish, madam."

"No," said India, haughtily; "I desire that you will not do so. I choose to attend him myself."

"You know nothing whatever of attending the sick," returned the doctor, suavely, "and if you did, your service alone would not be sufficient; you would soon wear yourself out with long, arduous hours of constant watching."

"As long as I do not mind it, why need you, doctor?" she returned, coldly.

"My patient is a very sick man, Mrs. Neville," he returned, severely, "and, as the doctor in the case, and his family physician for years, I am eminently qualified to judge of his need, and therefore I propose to send a force of nurses here, who shall act under my instructions, never leaving his bedside by day or night. That is the only way in which I will be able to pull him through, and, of course, you are quite as interested as I am in saving his life."

India bit her lips savagely. She knew it was not diplomatic to oppose the doctor's wishes; she had no good reason to give for overruling them.

"Oh second thought, I suppose you know best, doctor," she said, sweetly; "I am so zealous concerning my husband's health that I feared no one could administer to him as I could."

Dr. Graves bowed stiffly, making no comment. Her explanation had no weight with him; he did not intend to follow her instructions when they collided with his judgment in regard to his patient.

The old lawyer followed his life-long friend out into the corridor.

"Will he live or die, doctor?" he asked, anxiously.

"That will be as his bride wills," was the doctor's startling reply.

CHAPTER LIV.

Dr. Graves reached the doorway he hesitated an instant, and then turned back, looking in once more to the sick-room, observing, anxiously: "You will not forget the instructions, Mrs. Neville—a spoonful of the medicine I have left every fifteen minutes until the nurse arrives."

India lifted her eyebrows scornfully. "Do you think my memory is so short that I could forget in five minutes instructions which you have repeated not less than a dozen times in as many minutes, sir?" she asked, haughtily.

He looked slightly confused under the steady glare of the glistening black eyes regarding him so sharply—so antagonistically, it almost seemed.

"Pardon me, but we are wont to repeat our instructions to many times to those unaccustomed to the sick-room, where the life of a patient is at as low an ebb as is your husband's."

Again he turned and left the apartment, but not without many misgivings, which he could not wholly account for.

He was obliged to leave the banker in his bride's charge until the nurse could arrive; there was no alternative. He would have felt more content if the old lawyer could have remained, or any member of the clergyman's family been permitted to sit by the bedside, and see that his instructions were faithfully carried out.

Left to herself, the bride of half an hour began to pace restlessly up and down the room, and her tumultuous, warring thoughts were by no means pleasant companions.

So engrossed was she in her own plans for the future she never even heard the low moans of the sufferer on the couch.

The sound of the clock striking the half hour roused her from her ruminations, recalling to her mind that she had forgotten entirely the medicine she was to have administered.

Glancing at the white face on the pillow, she saw that it was ashen pale. She had but just noted this fact when she heard the sound of carriage wheels, which suddenly stopped outside, and she realized that it was the doctor returning with the nurse, even before she hurried to the window, assuring herself of the fact.

With the quick stealthiness which she was such perfect mistress of, she seized the phial from the little stand by the couch, and, measuring out two teaspoonfuls, threw them into a darkened corner of the room, not having time to open and close the window.

When the doctor opened the door he found the lovely bride kneeling by the bedside, apparently weeping hysterically. His first rapid glance was directed toward the bottle, and he saw that the amount he had left had gone down the two spoonfuls directed.

"I follow your orders carefully, doctor," sobbed India, from behind her perfumed point lace handkerchief, "but he seems to be growing rapidly worse."

The doctor was bending over the prostrate form; slowly he turned to her, saying, in a voice that echoed through her brain and haunted her to the last hour of her life:

"Your husband is dead, madam!"

Again staid old Boston had another sensation in the story of Banker Neville's secret and sudden marriage to a beautiful young Parisienne—the niece of their respected townsmen, Mr. Karl Haven—and of how the aged bridegroom was stricken with paralysis at the altar, and had died within the hour, and last, but by no means least, that his widowed young bride inherited every dollar of his princely fortune.

It so happened that Clarence Neville did not read the papers during the ten days that they made mention of these facts, or recorded the events of the last sad rites, so busy was he with the history which he was compiling for Judge Harvey, learning of it only by the merest chance in casually picking up an old paper some three weeks after the funeral.

The young man's silent grief was terrible to endure—not because of the fortune he had lost through his father's mad infatuation and marriage, but for the reason that the father whom he had loved so fondly had died without forgiving him—ay, and that he had not been by his bedside to soothe his last moments.

He made a confidant of no one. The judge's family observed that he had suddenly grown grave and careworn, and that there were many silver threads in the bonny brown hair which had not been there the week before, and they attributed the cause to the fact that he must be working far into the night over his books, and that the strain upon him was so severe it was breaking him down.

"You must take a fortnight's holiday, my boy," the old judge said kindly; "there is no rush regarding the getting out of this history."

"I had rather work upon it than remain idle," declared Clarence; "idleness would simply kill me, sir."

"You are very different from the general run of young men nowadays," remarked the judge, admiringly; "work is good, if you do not take upon yourself too much of it."

Clarence determined from the past bitter experience never to let the daily paper escape his attention; he would spend at least half an hour after breakfast in its perusal.

One day the following personal caught his eye, and held him spellbound:

"If C. N., son of the late Banker Neville, will consult I. X., at No. —, he will learn of something greatly to his advantage."

He knew that the personal was intended for him, and that India, his father's widowed bride, had caused it to be inserted. His spirit grew hard and bitter as he read it.

She possessed every dollar of his poor, misguided old father's wealth. What more did she want? he asked himself.

Probably she desired him to sign a release to any part of the property which might be under a cloud because of his existence, despite the fact that he had been disinherited.

He cogitated long and earnestly over the matter, cooling at length that it might be as well to face the situation, whatever it might be.

The address given was his own home—the home where the mother whom he loved was brought to a bride; had lived there long, happy years, and there had died.

Now it was presided over by a beautiful, imperious young girl, who knew no other law than the gratifying of her own sweet will.

He was not surprised that new faces greeted him at the door.

In the home he had known since childhood he was met as a stranger.

He entered the familiar drawing room like a man choking for breath, and sat up his card to the new mistress.

The servant soon returned with the message that Mrs. Neville would see him directly. "Meanwhile," she sincerely hoped that he would make himself perfectly at home."

Again that bitter smile crossed his lips; the message seemed decidedly sarcastic.

He crossed over to where his father's portrait hung on the wall; his dead mother's, which he always hung beside it, and which had been the pride of his childhood, had been banished. This caused him the keenest pang of sorrow his heart had ever known save the parting with his sweetheart he had won and lost so cruelly.

He was so absorbed in his own thoughts that he did not hear the front door of silver slippers down the stairway and along the corridor, crossing the threshold and entering the room.

The next instant he was startled by a pitiful cry, and to his amazement, India threw herself on her knees at his feet.

CHAPTER LV.

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He stooped and raised the cowering figure, exclaiming, wonderingly:

"Why should you kneel thus to me, Mrs. Neville? Why should I condemn you for making a good marriage?" he asked, with a finge of sarcasm in his voice, though he did not intend it.

For a moment she cowered before his steady gaze, then she drew herself up to her fullest height, pushed her dis-

heveled blue-black hair back from her white face; fixing her eyes upon him with an expression in them so strange that their influence seemed to extend to all parts of his being—the odd sensation one experiences when under the ban of a powerful hypnotist.

"Don't be hard upon me for what I have done—for marrying our father, I, who am so young in years; I did not marry him because I loved him," she breathed, hoarsely.

"I can well understand that," he returned, grimly.

Not appearing to notice the remark she went on:

"Let me tell you why I did it, and then you will realize what the power of a woman's love is."

She strode backward and forward the length of the magnificent room, Clarence Neville watching her in amazement, utterly at a loss to account for her strange words, let alone her actions. He could only stand there dumb, awaiting her pleasure.

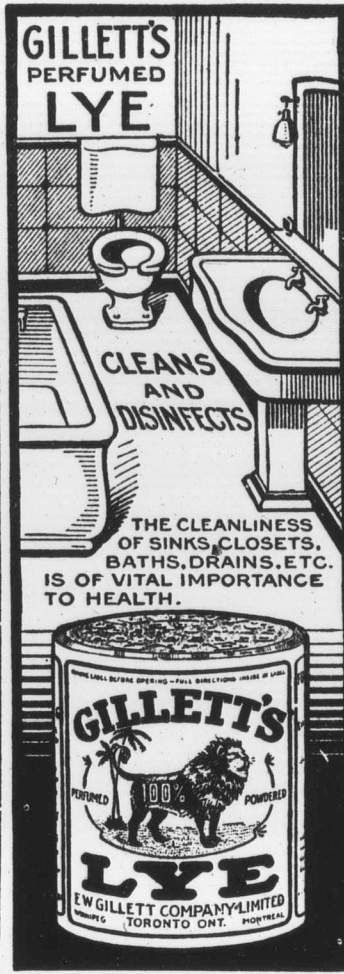
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"Listen, Clarence Neville," she said, "I will tell you the truth, spare me though you may for it. I took that step, knowing it might cause your hatred, because I loved you. Hush," she cried, holding up her white, jeweled hand, as he was about to interrupt her, "not a word until you have heard me through. Your father was desperately in love with some pretty hospital nurse at the time I first met him, and in a burst of confidence he told me that he intended to ask her to marry him; but he well knew that she would insist upon his making over the whole of his fortune to her, disinheriting you. You can imagine my horror on learning this state of affairs. I saw before me ruin for you. I—I loved you, Clarence Neville—yes, it is the truth—I am making a clear confession to you. All my acts have hinged upon that. It preyed upon my mind by night and by day, until I could endure it no longer."

"Suddenly, like an inspiration, a thought came to me. A voice in the night seemed to whisper to me, 'Marry Banker Neville, take him from his other woman, let him make over his fortune to you, and some time in the years to come you can return the fortune to the man whom you love; the fortune which cost you such a terrible sacrifice, even to winning you his scorn; ay, his hatred. All things terminated sooner than I expected, and the grand Neville fortune is mine, all mine, every dollar of it.'"

Again he was about to interrupt her, and again she held up her little, white, jeweled hand, enjoining silence.

(To be Continued.)



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GILLETT'S LYE

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(To be Continued.)

CHAPTER LV.

For an instant Clarence Neville looked at her with amazement at the prostrate figure, wondering if his eyes had deceived him, or if his senses were leaving him, as India had thrown herself on her knees before him, crying out to him to show her mercy in his judgment of her, and to pity and pardon her.

He stooped and raised the cowering figure, exclaiming, wonderingly:

"Why should you kneel thus to me, Mrs. Neville? Why should I condemn you for making a good marriage?" he asked, with a finge of sarcasm in his voice, though he did not intend it.

For a moment she cowered before his steady gaze, then she drew herself up to her fullest height, pushed her dis-

heveled blue-black hair back from her white face; fixing her eyes upon him with an expression in them so strange that their influence seemed to extend to all parts of his being—the odd sensation one experiences when under the ban of a powerful hypnotist.

"Don't be hard upon me for what I have done—for marrying our father, I, who am so young in years; I did not marry him because I loved him," she breathed, hoarsely.

"I can well understand that," he returned, grimly.

Not appearing to notice the remark she went on:

"Let me tell you why I did it, and then you will realize what the power of a woman's love is."

She strode backward and forward the length of the magnificent room, Clarence Neville watching her in amazement, utterly at a loss to account for her strange words, let alone her actions. He could only stand there dumb, awaiting her pleasure.

Then she stepped as suddenly before him.

"Listen, Clarence Neville," she said, "I will tell you the truth, spare me though you may for it. I took that step, knowing it might cause your hatred, because I loved you. Hush," she cried, holding up her white, jeweled hand, as he was about to interrupt her, "not a word until you have heard me through. Your father was desperately in love with some pretty hospital nurse at the time I first met him, and in a burst of confidence he told me that he intended to ask her to marry him; but he well knew that she would insist upon his making over the whole of his fortune to her, disinheriting you. You can imagine my horror on learning this state of affairs. I saw before me ruin for you. I—I loved you, Clarence Neville—yes, it is the truth—I am making a clear confession to you. All my acts have hinged upon that. It preyed upon my mind by night and by day, until I could endure it no longer."

"Suddenly, like an inspiration, a thought came to me. A voice in the night seemed to whisper to me, 'Marry Banker Neville, take him from his other woman, let him make over his fortune to you, and some time in the years to come you can return the fortune to the man whom you love; the fortune which cost you such a terrible sacrifice, even to winning you his scorn; ay, his hatred. All things terminated sooner than I expected, and the grand Neville fortune is mine, all mine, every dollar of it.'"

Again he was about to interrupt her, and again she held up her little, white, jeweled hand, enjoining silence.