

# Ruled by Destiny!

CHAPTER XXIV.  
THE UNDELIVERED MESSAGE.

"Judge for yourself!" she retorted, lunging into courage. "Floris Carlisle has flitted you, Bruce, and run off with Bertie Clifford!"

He looked at her with a dull, perplexed gaze. "Is this an elaborate joke, Flanche?" he asked, quietly; then as she scanned her face his grasp on her arm grew tighter, and he drew her to him so that she thought he was going to kill her.

"What did you say? Say it again—say it again! I didn't hear you—I could not have heard you. I must be listening still! Floris—Floris!—well, can't you speak?" he said, harshly.

"Bruce, it is quite true! Would you leave it were not! She has left you, Bruce! She has gone off with Bertie Clifford!"

He dropped her arm and stepped back, then he looked at her calmly, quietly.

"It must be a lie!" he whispered, quickly, just as Floris had whispered. "It is true; I have seen the porter, Josine a fortnight ago!"

She shook her head. "It is the truth, Bruce!"

"How do you know? She has not written; she has—oh, Heaven! am I awake or dreaming? Blanche, for heaven's sake, tell me all! I know there is some hideous mistake—of course there is some mistake, and it must be put right at once. But tell me all—don't waste a moment! Now—now!"

"Bruce, I can only tell you what I know. The day you left she received a telegram; she started for the railway station at once, and there she met Bertie Clifford."

"A lie!—a lie!" he groaned. "Bruce, it is no idle scandal. Josine saw them go off together!"

"Josine, Josine! Who is Josine?" he demanded, hoarsely.

"Lady Betty's maid—a great friend of Floris!"

"Fetch her!—fetch Lady Betty!" he said, pointing to the door.

Lady Betty went out—she was glad to get out, if even for a moment or so, from the sight of his face, the sun of his voice.

In five minutes she returned with two others.

He was still sitting in the chair, looking vaguely, vacantly out of the window.

"Oh, Bruce!" sobbed poor Lady Betty, going to him; but he kept her back with upheld hand.

"Girl," he said, sternly, "tell me that this means! Speak the truth, if you can, or by Heaven—!"

His glance was terrible, and even Josine quaked; but she had gone too far to draw back.

"Milord, I know nothing but this, to say in a low, steady voice—and to repeat her lesson.

For a certainty Miss Carlisle had fled to Ballyfoe with Lord Clifford.

"And you—you believe this?" he demanded.



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M. S. POWER, D.D.S. (Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College, Garretson Hospital of Oral Surgery and Philadelphia General Hospital.)

176 WATER ST. (Opp. M. Chaplin's.)  
nov24, a.w.f.

manded, turning to Lady Betty. "What can I do, Bruce?" she waited. "It is true; I have seen the porter, the guard, and—"

Lady Betty shook her head. "No, Bruce, not a word. I have written to her, begging her to relieve us of this terrible suspense with one word, but she has not sent it."

"Go!" he said, pointing to the door, and the two went out, leaving Lady Blanche standing there with her hand before her eyes.

She stood thus for a moment or two, then she ventured to look at him. He was sitting in the chair still, his face turned from her.

She went up to him and knelt beside him. "Bruce—dear, dear Bruce—be brave. Oh, Bruce! she is not worth it, she is not, indeed!"

He turned his head, and she started and shrank back.

His face was deathly white to the lips his eyes filled with a despair that seemed to have transformed him into an old man.

For a moment he appeared unable to speak then he put his hand on her shoulder.

"Blanche," he said, hoarsely, almost inaudibly, as the voice of a man at death's door, "you can do me no good! Leave me to myself!"

"But—but—" she cast a quick, fearful glance round the room; his pistol case stood on a side table, and there was despair, frenzy on his face.

He smiled an awful smile. "No, Blanche, do not be afraid! I shall not do that. Will you go now?"

She got up slowly. She longed, with a longing past expression, to throw her arms round him, to pour out the passionate love of her heart at his feet, to remind him that there was still one who was faithful, but she dared not, dared not!

—She had gone to the length of her tether for the present; for the future?—well it lay in the hands of the gods!

## School Girls' Nerves

When an undue amount of nervous energy is consumed in the brain there is bound to be failure of the other functions of the body.

Digestion is impaired—the head aches—you cannot sleep—you are easily excited and irritated—feel tired and lack energy.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a creator of rich, red blood and a builder up of the exhausted, nervous system.

That city of lovely faces, and the people had elected to call her, not by the name she had assumed, Lillian Wood, but "the pretty English lady!" and there were many who were pleased at winning a smile from her sweet, sad face as at drawing the copper coins from the grand people who rode lazily through the parks or crawled languidly along the quays.

Among the English at Florence it had been quite an amusement, during the long winter months, to guess at the history of the graceful English girl who was seen so often in her solitary walks about the city; but not one of the chatter boxes ever imagined for a moment that the girl who lived in the little house at the corner of the square, with the eccentric old Mrs. Sinclair, and who was called Lillian Wood, was none other than Floris Carlisle, once so nearly Countess of Norman!

Floris had to come to Florence in the beginning of the winter, with a heart that was too heavy, as Dante says, to ache much, and had found a quiet but not unfriendly welcome from the lady who had engaged her.

Mrs. Sinclair was one of those eccentric people who permit themselves to be absorbed by an idea, and give up everything in life to the pursuit of it.

Mrs. Sinclair's great ambition was to write an exhaustive work on botany.

She was passionately fond of flowers, and had made them her study ever since she was a girl; but the book had not got itself written yet, though she was now an old woman with white hair and falling eyesight.

It was in consequence of this failing eyesight that she had advertised for a young girl to assist her, and she soon found that she had secured a treasure in Floris.

Floris' work was not difficult; for two hours in the morning and an hour in the evening she was occupied in making notes and copying extracts for the great work; the rest of the time was at her own disposal, and she disposed of it in learning Italian in the quietude of her own room, or wandering dreamily about the beautiful city.

To all intents and purposes, she was completely at the disposal of the one to whom she had been secured, and Floris Carlisle might indeed have been dead and Lillian Wood have sprung from her ashes.

Mrs. Sinclair had no friends besides the clergyman and the professor; no English newspaper ever entered the house; no tidings of the great world on the other side of the channel ever reached the Violet Villa, as it was called, and Floris knew nothing of Lord Norman's accident and illness, guessed nothing of the plot which Lady Blanche and Oscar Raymond had so skilfully woven and put into execution.

Slowly, dreamily, Floris crossed the bridge on this May evening, and reached the library. She stood talking to the librarian, to whom she was known and then she set off for home.

With her book under her arm she was walking quietly through a narrow street when, suddenly, there came upon the drowsy, shadowy silence the sound of men's voices raised in anger.

There was no one in the street excepting a couple of children at play in the road and a woman loitering at a door, and Floris was wondering whence the sound proceeded when, from the house opposite which she was standing, two men came out.

They came out hurriedly; the foremost one in silence, the other one vociferating in the sharp, excited Italian fashion.

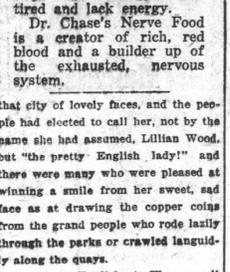
Something in the appearance of the first man attracted Floris' attention, as she stepped back to allow them to pass she saw that he was an Englishman.

It was a very lovely face even in

## Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Patterns. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A PRACTICAL SET OF SHORT CLOTHES FOR A LITTLE GIRL.



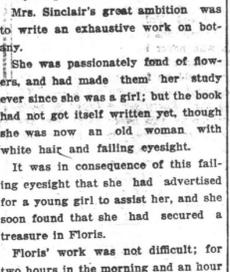
2513—This outfit comprises a simple dress, a short-waisted petticoat, and a combination garment consisting of waist and drawers which could also serve as a model for bloomers.

The dress is a design good for lawn, batiste, gingham, chambray, voile or percale. For the undergarment muslin, cambric, long cloth and satinook could be used. If the combination undergarment is used as rompers, it could be of galatea, gingham, drill, linen, repp or percale.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 requires, for the dress, 2 1/2 yards; for the petticoat, 1 1/2 yard; for the combination, 1 1/2 yard, of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Dress for Party or Best Wear.



2487—In soft batiste, china silk or crepe, handkerchief linen or dimity, this will make a pretty frock. It is also nice for all-over embroidery, flouncing, embroidered voile or dotted swiss. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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## CHOICE GROCERIES

To tempt the appetite and satisfy it as well.

- Chicken a la King.
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## Germany and Russia

That the disturbance in Moscow following the assassination of the German Ambassador amounted to a "serious counter-revolution," is a statement that rests upon the sole authority of a Berlin news bureau obedient to imperial control. The news transmitted through such a medium must necessarily be accepted with wariness; a wireless message to London says that the disorder has been suppressed. That is probable enough, for Moscow is the seat of what the supporters of the Soviets call their Government, and it would naturally be assumed that they have there a sufficient force of Bolshevik soldiers to put down street disturbances. Moscow is not the place just now where an uprising against the authority of Russia's misfortune would be likely to take a formidable and effective shape.

There is hardly room for doubt that Germany will take her revenge upon Russia, as she did upon China when she seized the Kiaochow in reparation for a similar affront. Any Government would resent and demand reparation for such an insult as the murder of its Ambassador in a foreign capital, but Germany is sure to make her demand serve her general purpose of seizing upon the whole of Russia and confirming her control of its governmental and commercial affairs. Her revengeful procedures may bring matters to a crisis in Russia, they may rouse the people to a pitch of courage necessary for resistance, but that is by no means certain. Further outrageous acts of this character may be expected, for Russian society has advanced far enough toward actual dissolution to have made a near approach to that condition of anarchy where every man's hand is against every other man from whom he may hope by violence to obtain food, money, clothing, land, or the gratification of the passion of hate. We know that there has been a great deal of promiscuous butchery by the sincere believers in total "liberty" whom the misrule of the Bolsheviks has freed from all restraint. Further works of savagery, even on a large scale, would be the natural sequence of past procedures under the Bolshevik Government; an increasing destitution supplies the motive.

The new danger to Russia arising out of the murder of Count Von Mir-

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- 30 cases CAL. ORANGES.
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## T. J. EDENS,

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## And the Worst is Yet to Come—



## CHAPTER XXV. A STREET QUARREL.

"If I were asked which was the most beautiful month in the year," said a famous French traveler, "I should answer 'May'; and if you asked me where I would choose to spend it, I should say 'Florence.'"

It was May, a lovely, balmy, pleasantly smiling May, and Florence was looking at its best.

On one of the bridges, and leaning against the stone-work and looking down at the river was a young girl.

She was dressed in mourning—not heavy crape, stiff and hideous, but of simple black merino, relieved by a touch of white lace or linen at the sleeves and throat.

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(To be Continued.)

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