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THE PANGS OF REMORSE

— OR —

A COMPLICATED TANGLE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Look at him. I hate him! I have hated him through it all and have sworn to revenge my own ruined life on his. Have I done so or failed? Call in your police, but let them take the younger thief with the elder, the pupil with the master. Both together we'll hang or die in the hulks, while you, Sir Ralph, live to feed the gossipmongers and all the hungry maw of the newspapers. Revenge! It is grander! It is vengeance!"

"Silence!" cried Clarence Clifford, tortured by Lilian's moans beyond endurance. "Sir Ralph, I surrender. Make out the warrant; do what you will, but spare her this! I plead guilty to everything this fiend lays to my charge! I—I—— Merciful Heaven, will no one take us from her sight? Mr. Ainsley, if your friendship be anything more than a name take us from her before this vile tongue can utter more."

As these words rang out Lilian, who had fallen into her father's arms, and had hidden her face against his breast raised her head, tore herself from his arms, and darted to Clarence's side.

"No one takes him," she cried, snatching his hand and holding it against her bosom, "without me!"

Tears sprang into the eyes of Claude Ainsley and all else save Melchior's.

With a laugh of derisive mackery he threw up his hands.

"I confess all," he cried. "I am Melchior, and he is the lad, Clif. Where are your officers, Sir Ralph? You'll want a warrant for your son-in-law to be! Ha! ha! Oh, this is my game, after all; I win my revenge."

With his harsh, ferious laugh another cry rang out.

It pierced his and silenced the angry muttering of the servants, who pushed forward with ominous looks and were with difficulty restrained by Jack Druitt, who stood grim and silent beside Melchior and kept all off by a swing of his arm.

"Sir Ralph;" exclaimed the curate, "for Heaven's sake! Her ladyship, her ladyship!"

She tore herself from his arms before he could finish, and throwing up her arms gave vent to the low wail again.

"Send for the doctor! carry her out! make room there!" cried a dozen voices.

Claude Ainsley turned to her side.

He saw at a glance that reason had left the weak, over-strained brain and that the vacant eyes saw nothing.

"My son! my child!" she cried. "Oh, give me back my child!"

In her madness she had gone back to dwell while life lasted upon the moment when they told her that the child was stolen; all things, her life in the long, awful interval, had cleared away like a dark cloud, and this long-past anguish stood revealed.

"Oh, my child, my boy! give me back my boy!"

"Give her back her boy! I will!" said Melchior, throwing back his head and waving his hand. "Look, maniac, he is here! convicted!" and he pointed to Clarence Clifford. "There stands the rightful master of Rivershall, Sir William Melville's son; a self-confessed thief. Arrest me and you send the master of Rivershall to the hulks; proclaim my guilt and you blight his name forever. And this is my revenge! This is what I have worked, plotted and lived for. For this hour's triumph I snatched him from the gilt cradle and trained him to a swindler's life. For this sweet revenge I am willing to pay any price your malice can suggest. Now call your officers."

Without a word Clarence kneeled beside the still form of Lady Melville.

"My mother!" he groaned. "Oh, Heaven, is it possible?"

"Sir William's son!" cried a gruff voice, and old Jack Druitt pushed forward. "Old Sir William's son! List to me, young sir!" and he turned his rolling eyes to Clarence's upturned face. "Gi'e me your arm! I'm Jack Druitt, old Jack, Sir William's old and faithful servant. I know his child from a thousand! This toad says you be him. If that's true there be a summat as will prove it! Gi'e me your arm, lad," and before anyone could prevent him he sprang forward, seized Clarence's arm and forced the sleeve back.

"By heavens, it is Sir William's boy!" he shouted, excitedly, and to the amazement of all he held Clarence's arm up and pointed to a small mark in the middle of the arm. "I knows this mark! I've spoke of it to every man and boy about t' place! It's old Sir William's child!"

"Sir William's child! who said Sir William's child?" cried Lady Melville, struggling in the hands of the maid servants and pushing her straggling hair from her face. "Who said my child? where, where, where? Oh, Heaven, I am blind and cannot see him!"

As her voice rose with each word it pierced Clarence to the heart.

Claude Ainsley, who had been watching with astonishment, uttered a warning cry as a shadow swept over the white, drawn frace, and the eyes fixed, then he took Clarence's arm and tried to draw him away; the crowd drew round.

"She cannot answer you, my poor fellow," solemnly bending over her. "She is dead!"

"Dead!' cried Clarence, falling on his knees again, and seizing the lifeless hand.

"Ay, dead!" echoed Melchior, with a wild laugh, and, seizing the favorable moment struck the man nearest him to the ground and dashed through the French window.

The fearful crash of the broken glass roused them all; Jack Druitt with a shout followed through the window, others ran to the door, but it opened upon them, and a man ran in and, panting for breath, looked round eagerly.

"Gone!" he said, in a tone of disappointment. "Sir Ralph Melville, I am a detective officer from Scotland Yard. We've traced a man we want down here. Hello! broken window——" and without another word he sprang through it and ran across the rosery.

The fugitive with a white and set face tore across the lawn like a hare with Jack Druitt panting behind.

"Stop him, stop him!" shouted the detective. "Where's the dog?"

Jack Druitt, catching at the hint, turned in his path and made for the lodge.

The detective kept in a straight line with the fugitive, but Melchior was better trained, and thinner. Looking back with a laugh of derision, he made for the low garden wall and sprang at it like a wildcat, dropped on the other side, and started across the common.

The detective reached the wall a few minutes after, crying: "Stop, thief, in the King's name!" climbed it as quickly as he could, and set off in pursuit again.

Melchior, whose courage rose with the exertion, and whose love of life was increasing with each yard he put between his pursuers and himself, turned off from the direction of the village and made for the open country.

"I'll balk them yet," he breathed, looking back over his shoulder at the fast-falling-away detective. "I'll win the whole stakes, after all."

But even as he spoke a horseman came up over the rise of the moor before him and pulled up at the detective's shouts for assistance.

Melchior fell flat on his face immediately, and the horseman, not seeing anyone about, could not understand either the detective's speed or his fratnic cries, and looked round the heath with astonishment.

But Melchior could not remain in his ambush and, clinching his teeth, sprang to his feet and started off to the right of the horseman.

The detective fedoubled his cries, and the horseman, with an answering shout now, turned the horse's head and made to cut the fugitive off.

Melchior, nevertheless, ran straight on; but as he came near enough to recognize the new pursuer, pulled up short and with an exclamation of amazement.

The horseman pulled up, too, and stared with all his eyes, then laughed a hoarse laugh of malice and spurred the animal on.

"Is it you, my fine rogue? he said. "I am opportune."

"You are Lord Harcourt," shouted the maddened man. "Turn aside, or I fire!" and he pulled a revolver from his breast and pointed it full at the man riding down upon him.

(To be continued.)

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Yes! I Think So!

By VIVIAN FOSTER.

("The Vicar of Mirth").

I once performed before an audience to whom I was introduced by a clergyman. When I was presented to him as "the Vicar of Mirth," he looked at me doubtfully.

"Mirth, sir! Mirth!" he repeated. "I have never heard of the place!"

Many of my speeches have been recorded by the gramophone people. Once I met a man down at Woolwich who said he never thought he would have the pleasure of meeting me "in the flesh."

"Do you know," he said, with the air of one about to impart a close secret, "that they have got you on the gramaphone?"

Yes, I think so!

What the Maid Said.

After playing in a country town I arrived at the station after the last train back to London had departed. So I tried the nearest hostelry and asked the charge for bed and breakfast. The cashier said it was 4s. 6d.—2s. for breakfast and 2s. 6d. for a bed. I asked her if she would take 2s. 6d. for bed and 2s. for breakfast. "No," she replied, very seriously, "we cannot alter our prices, sir."

When I was leader in "The Gretesque, "we had to wait two hours at a station one Sunday. I adjourned with my pianist to an old-fashioned inn for an English Sabbath dinner. The maid appeared with a pudding under a large electro-plated helmet. I said, "I am longing to know what's under that cover."

She said, "You h'are, h'are you?"

"Yes," I replied, "H'I h'am."

Didn't See the Joke.

The pianist went off into a paroxysm of laughter, which greatly annoyed the maid. After a while she whispered to me, "I don't know what that gentleman is laughing at, sir. It must be his evil thoughts."

Yes, I think so!

Talking about railways remind me of a long wait I had in the middle of the night on Normanton station. I was waiting on the platform whilst the train was being shunted, and as I always look upon life through comic spectacles, I thought it very funny. I asked the porter, "Has the engine-driver taken the passengers to see Selby Abbey?"

"Oh, no, sir," he replied, quite seriously; "the Abbey's closed at this time o' night."

Many years ago I worked a ventriloquial act. I had the usual cross-talk with my boy figure, who scored off me every time and, in fact, used some rather insulting language to me.

A country yokel, who was intent upon the whole proceedings, worked his way up to the front and shouted to me: "Give 'im a clout int' ear'ole, guv'nor!"

Giddy!

At a seaside fete several seasons ago I was standing by the turnstile, when a lady with three children came up to me.

"It is quite like old times to see you again, Mr. Foster. I do hope you'll have a successful show."

Then, lowering her voice, "Get under, Gladys." And one of the children got under the turnstile.

"Yes, I do hope you will have a splendid season." And a second child followed the first under the turnstile. When all were on the right side the lady graciously offered the money for herself alone!

It is a long time now, but the very first time that I appeared "in the cloth" at a theatre I overheard two charming little chorus girls talking about me. One of them said, "I wonder what that parson's doing behind the scenes? He must be a giddy one, mustn't he?"

Yes, I think so!

Let Your Child be First

Some children lack "go." They are low in their class, not much good at sport. Don't let your child be a "second rater."

No child can do well unless properly nourished—give "energy to do better" by giving Virol.

Virol not only contains all three Vitamins, but presents them in a scientifically balanced diet rich in those qualities in which ordinary everyday diet is so often deficient.

No food can take the place of Virol for growth and development. It is because Doctors and Health Authorities recognise this that

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Household Notes.

Serve lemon sauce with mollasses sponge pudding.

Add marshmallows cut in small pieces to fruit salad.

A few chopped nut meats add interest to potato salad.

Peppermint icing is particularly nice on chocolate cake.

Add a little strong tea to the last rinse water of black silk.

Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

WHEN WE PLAYED SHOW.

It used to cost a penny in that dead departed time
When I was once a little boy, and now they charge a dime.
We used to let the children in for pins to see our play,
And now the tiniest little tot in cash is asked to pay.
But otherwise, it seems to me, old friends of long ago,
They do the things we used to do when we played show.

The youngsters here at Pointe Aux Barques, as lovely girls and boys
As ever cared for little dolls or begged their dads for toys
Have lately entertained us with some clever vaudeville,
Seven acts surpassing anything the Shuberts find to bill,
And speaking as a critic now I'd say with pride aglow,
The acting was as good as ours when we played show.

For days before this glad event, our cottages seemed bare,
Some missed the blankets from their beds, some missed a rocking chair.
A screen was pilfered from our room. I faced a sorrier plight,
I missed the flannel trousers I had planned to wear that night.
And then I tumbled to the cause, a fact I ought to know,
We also took a lot of stuff, when we played show.

Then came the great performance and one mother said to me:
"Our blankets are the curtains here, I very plainly see."
And when a youthful star appeared, I said, "Well, I declare!
There are the flannel trousers I have searched for everywhere."
Those boys made sixteen dollars from their one performance, though,
Which shows what amateurs we were when we played show.

Dream Castle of Baroness Deserted

Except for the halting footsteps of an aged caretaker, Castle Rosamond, the dream of Baroness Rosa von Zimmerman, stands silent and deserted in the quiet of the hills near Pasadena, California.

The Baroness and her husband came to America nearly 14 years ago. A dream which she had been harboring for a long time became a reality in 1917 with the completion of Castle Rosamond, which with its 40 rooms and huge baronial hall is said to have cost $1,000,000. Baroness von Zimmerman died April 26, 1917, and shortly after the United States entered the war the property was seized by and still is in the hands of the alien property custodian.

Baroness Von Zimmerman was born March 12th, 1860, in Guadenfeis, Germany, the daughter of a wealthy brewer. She married Baron Von Zimmerman, manufacturer of munitions, when a young woman. Later, her father died, leaving her a vast estate and an annual income from Russian railroad securities—which became worthless when the Czarist Government of Russia was overthrown.

A Week's Washing

The week's wash contains many different articles of clothing and many different qualities of material.

Most people use "Sunlight" Soap for washing their most expensive clothes, because they know that "Sunlight" will not damage either the colours or the texture of the clothes. A moment's reflection will show that if "Sunlight" is best for the finest material it is also best for ordinary work-a-day clothes, for a saving in any kind of clothing is a saving in money, and "Sunlight" saves clothes.

For washing all kinds of garments, the best and most economical policy is use "Sunlight" Soap. aug10,4i,m

Quarrel at Sea

CAPTAIN WOUNDED AND ABANDONED.

Discovering the French schooner Valkyrie aground on the Longsands, with no sign of life aboard her, the crew of the Clacton lifeboat searched the vessel and found the captain lying wounded and in a semi-conscious state in his bunk.

It is stated that during her voyage from Roscoff (France) to Aberdeen, with a cargo of onions, her small crew and ten onion sellers put off in one of the ship's boats, after differences having arisen, and left the captain behind.

When discovered by the lifeboatmen the latter had a bad wound on the forehead, which had incapacitated him from controlling the ship.

The crew and the onion sellers were picked up by the Danish steamer Elie and taken to Gravesend, whence they were brought to London. It was then learned that the Valkyrie had refloated and had been taken into Harwich Harbour, and that the captain claimed his men back. The crew's prospective return to their homes in France has therefore been delayed.

The handy one pound can fits the basket conveniently, and will be found most useful in the country. For frying trout or salmon Crisco is ideal, so easy to use, and no smoke or odor. aug3,3i,m

Pure Soap makes Clothes last longer — that is why the Sunlight Guarantee means so much more to you to-day.

MOTHER can never make a mistake in using Sunlight Soap—it is a pure soap, and there is no extra charge for its guaranteed purity. The clothes are Mother's first consideration when washing them, and clothes washed with Sunlight Soap certainly last longer, because there are no injurious chemicals in the soap to injure the fabric.

Then again the clothes are not subject to a destructive rub-a-dub method with Sunlight Soap. The dirt slips away easily and quickly, saving Mother's time and labour as well as saving the clothes. Clothes look nicer when washed with Sunlight Soap—they are more wholesome and are a greater comfort to tender and sensitive skins.

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aug17,19,21

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

DON'T FORGET THE SUBMERGED PART OF THE ICEBERG.

A friend of ours who is a salesman had one of his most important customers visiting over the weekend not long ago. He had made very careful plans for his entertainment but you know what happens to the best laid plans of mice and men. The customer put one plan agley by arriving three hours later than he had planned and the weather man settled the other by sending a raw cold day.

I met my salesman friend on Monday and asked him how the visit had gone and he gave me the above statistics adding, "I bet he's sore. I'd have done better not to have him down at all."

"No, But He Could Be Sore."

"Why how can he be sore," I protested. "It wasn't your fault, it was partly his fault and partly because of the weather. He knew what you had planned. Surely he isn't so unreasonable as to blame you for his own business and the bad weather."

"Blame me?" said the salesman. "No, he won't exactly blame me. But the visit will leave a bad taste in his mouth and he'll feel sore and that's bad business."

"That seems terribly unreasonable to me," I still protested.

"Oh yes," said the salesman, "I'm unreasonable enough, I grant you that. But where did you ever get the idea, young woman, that people's feelings are governed by reason."

And I wondered where I did get it.

Reasoning But Unreasonable.

I suppose I have it. Indeed from what I read and hear people say, I suspect most of us have it in an unanalyzed way. We know that man is a reasoning creature, but we forget that that really means "capable of reason." It doesn't mean that he can be depended upon to exercise that capacity any great proportion of the time.

One of the biggest discoveries that the psychologists have made is how small a part the conscious reasoning mind has in determining our reactions. Somewhere I have read a comparison of man's mind to an iceberg. The visible part above water is the reasoning conscious mind, the vastly larger part below the water, invisible, powerful and dangerous is the subconscious mind, the instincts and emotions.

You doubtless think of yourself as a reasonable human being. You do not think you are swayed by prejudices and instincts. Most of us have that happy impression about ourselves. But I think if you will watch yourself you will often catch yourself in primitive reactions.

As If She Had Anything to Do With It.

Recently I picked up a pencil. It was a very hard pencil. I like a soft one. I felt a sense of irritation while I tried to use it. I looked at the pencil to see where it came from. It was not my usual brand, but had on it a odd name which was also the maiden name of a girl I have never liked. And believe it or not I found my irritation at the pencil and my dislike of the girl mixing themselves up in some strange way.

Utterly unreasonable, wasn't it? And yet part of that iceberg of emotional reaction that has to be reckoned with in all our dealings with ourselves and our kind.

It is a wise parent or teacher or salesman or self student who does reckon with it and does not try to deal with himself or others wholly on the basis of reason.

Tempting Dishes

— Breads and muffins that are *different*, tasty cakes and cookies, delicious pies and pastries, wholesome puddings are more easily made with Purity—the rich, pure milk, and sugar, combined.

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