

ADAMS BLACK JACK

Keep all the soldier boys you know well supplied with the best flavored gum you can buy—Adams Black Jack. A stick a day keeps bronchitis away. Every time you buy it for yourself, buy it for a soldier.



ADAMS Pure Chewing Gum

IN THE TOILS; But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER XXXII.
LIKE AN INQUISITOR.

There was a silence, profound and prolonged for a couple of minutes; then, as if unconsciously, Stephen Rawdon's hand reached for the brandy; it was not stopped this time. Slowly he filled a glass and slowly drank it, as if he were meditating some plan of action.

"If—if you have said all you want to say, I think I'll go now," he said. Hastley Derrick smiled sarcastically.

"I think not," he said. "There is no hurry, and there is some brandy in the bureau. Besides, I have not said quite all I want to say. I want to know, my friend, what you purpose doing. Do you mean to call on Lady Heatherdene, at Grosvenor Square?"

Stephen Rawdon looked at the keen eyes with a sullen determination in his face.

"If that is your intention, I should recommend you to abandon it," continued Hastley Derrick, with a pleasant smile. "Lord Heatherdene is the best-tempered man in the kingdom, but he is also the strongest; and I think a blow—or say a kick—would be almost more than sufficient to discompoze you, my friend."

Stephen Rawdon flushed—the brandy was warming him—and a savage light came into his hollow eyes.

"I don't think Lord Heatherdene will lay a finger on me, Mr. Derrick; I don't think so."

"Because," went on Hastley Derrick—"because you think you have a hold on his wife; is that it, my friend? You are mistaken. Lady Heatherdene is not at all the foolish sort of woman

you seem to consider her; she has no confidence from her husband."

This blow, delivered with slow composure, had its effect. Stephen Rawdon turned to the fire again.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that she has told him everything?"

"I mean to say that Lord Heatherdene is perfectly well aware that his wife was unfortunate enough in her early life to fall into the hands of an unscrupulous scoundrel, who obtained her confidence and betrayed it—as scoundrels usually do."

CHAPTER XXXIII.
DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE.

STEPHEN RAWDON crimsoned, and his lips twitched, but he sat motionless, turning up his face a moment afterward with an ugly smile.

"She has told him that, has she?" he said. "So I should have thought. It's a pity she doesn't tell him the whole of it; she couldn't, though, could she? Ah! so I am not to go to Grosvenor Square; am I not?"

"Unless you are anxious for a thrashing, and go for that," answered Hastley Derrick.

Stephen Rawdon clenched his hands on his knees, and pushed his face forward.

"No, Mr. Derrick, I shall not go for a thrashing, and I shall not get it. I shall go for something else, and I shall get it."

"In—deed," said Hastley Derrick, eying him with amused scrutiny.

"And what may that be?"

"I shall go," said Stephen Rawdon, raising and holding out one clenched hand tremblingly, "I shall go for my wife!"

Hastley Derrick had amused himself by trimming his nails during the latter part of the conversation; as Stephen Rawdon delivered this retort, the dainty mother-of-pearl pen-knife fell to the ground. Its owner stooped and slowly recovered it, and then, resuming his old, easy attitude, looked the speaker full in the face—his own was set with a hard smile.

"That was very well done," he

said, with a sarcastic nod of approval. "If you had turned your attention to the stage instead of the paint brush, I really think you would have met with some success. Your wife—that is a very admirable and effective—je."

Stephen Rawdon folded his arms and met the contemptuous eyes steadfastly.

"It's the truth, and you know it," he said.

Hastley Derrick put up his white hand and stroked his mustache; both the hand and the lips it concealed trembled.

"No," he said, as if he had weighed the assertion judiciously. "No, that will not do, my friend. If you have not got another card, you had better throw up the game. You say I know—now; I do happen to know something of the matter. I have a good memory, and I distinctly recall a certain moonlight night when a good-looking young villain tempted an innocent and unsuspecting girl to elope with him."

Stephen Rawdon changed color but his gaze did not flinch.

Hastley Derrick smiled.

"I was close behind them and heard every word—every word. Scoundrels of all kinds would do well to carry on their villainy either in the middle of an open field, or some spot equally free from such near ambushes as trees and hedges. I was behind the elm that stands beside the seat in Hawthorne churchyard, Mr. Rawdon, the night when you induced Olive Estcourt to leave her home by a promise of marriage."

Stephen Rawdon nodded defiantly.

"I don't disbelieve it," he said, with an ugly sneer, "you are quite capable of playing the eavesdropper. You forget, however, that she wanted little inducement, that she offered to come—"

"Which fact renders your scoundrelism doubly black," said Hastley Derrick, with a certain ferocity in his voice.

Stephen Rawdon smiled sardoniously.

"You seem to take the matter to heart; but keep your hard names till you know whether they are deserved or not. You say that I tempted her away with a promise of marriage, and you hint—"

"Hint?"

"You hint that I betrayed and deceived her. You are a clever man—Mr. Derrick—very clever, and pride yourself on your knowledge of men and the world; but you are wrong in this case. I neither betrayed nor deceived her. I married her!"

He folded his arms again, and smiled with evil triumph.

Hastley Derrick looked at him with glittering eyes, and waited.

"You heard me tell her," continued Stephen Rawdon, "that I would get a license and marry her privately. You heard the name of the clergyman who was to marry us—"

Hastley Derrick made no sign.

"His name is Edward White."

Hastley Derrick's face twitched.

"You remember him, no doubt," went on Stephen Rawdon, with a sneer. "He was a fine gentleman, like yourself; and he and I were at the same college together. He took orders in the ordinary way, as you, with your good memory, will no doubt recollect."

"He was and is a clergyman of the Church of England, and properly qualified, and he married us—Stephen Rawdon and Olive Estcourt—three days after that little scene in the churchyard, at which you played spy and eavesdropper."

He paused, and thrust his hands into his pockets, with a swagger of open and defiant triumph.

Hastley Derrick looked at him steadily, and smiled.

"All this rests upon your word—your word!" he said—"which is quite sufficient to condemn it as a lie!"

"You are polite, Mr. Derrick," retorted Stephen Rawdon, with a sneer; "but I can pass it over. I have enjoyed your hospitality, and will endeavor to swallow your insults with patience. But you are wrong once more; it does not rest upon my word alone."

"Where did this supposed marriage take place?" said Hastley Derrick, in a low, suppressed tone.

"At a lodging-house—number seventy-two, Hopley Street, Southall," replied Stephen Rawdon, without a moment's hesitation. "I hired the rooms, my friend—your friend, Mr. White, performed the ceremony, and it was witnessed, in due form, by the lodging-house keeper and his wife."

"That is a very admirable and effective—je."

Hastley Derrick folded his arms, and threw back his head, with a smile of sarcastic admiration.

"Admirably conceived!" he murmured. "You would have also been able to earn an honest, if precarious, living, as a novel writer of the third class, my fine friend. Everything circumstantial and expressly minute, and, of course, Mr. Edward White and the lodging-house keeper are dead; and equally, of course, the house will, by a strange chance, have happened to be pulled down."

"Nothing of the sort," retorted Stephen Rawdon, with a shake of the head. "Edward White is alive, and acting as curate down in the country. The lodging-house keeper will, no doubt, be alive; they were young people, and quite entered into the affair; and the house was in excellent preservation, a new one, in fact. Ah, Mr. Derrick, I can sympathize with you deeply. It is hard for a man, who thinks himself clever and infallible, to find that he has made a mistake like ordinary fools. Olive Estcourt, Lady Heatherdene, is my wife, you may take my word for it."

"That is a feat which I, clever as I am, cannot accomplish," said Hastley Derrick serenely. "I could not take your word for anything, great or little; good, bad, or indifferent. As I said before, it's a lie, my friend. A cleverly devised lie, but a lie, all the same."

"Don't take my word, then," said Stephen Rawdon, with an oath. "There is something that you must believe." And, with a hoarse laugh, he took a small roll of paper from his pocket and fung it on the table.

Hastley Derrick looked at it with the indifference of contempt.

"Take it up and examine it," said Stephen Rawdon. "I am not afraid of your pitching it on the fire. I can always procure a copy. Examine it."

"To oblige you," said Hastley Derrick.

And he took up the roll with the tips of his white fingers, as if he were afraid of catching some disease from it.

The insult was cruelly distinct, but Stephen Rawdon ground his teeth and restrained himself, while Hastley Derrick unrolled the paper, and read.

He read it, with tightly compressed lips and a set face; examined it minutely, murmured the written words half audibly, then turned, with a smile upon his face that startled and utterly bewildered his companion.

"You are quite right," he said, the scar on his face showing white and distinct, his eyes glistening like a snake's, and his lips pale with some emotion which Stephen Rawdon could not understand. "You are quite right; this is a genuine document—oh! I know a forgery when I see it, and I know White's hand too well to be deceived—this is a genuine document, and, as you say, Olive Estcourt is your wife, and not Lord Heatherdene's! Allow me to apologize!" and, with a bow, he held out the paper.

Stephen Rawdon took it, with a puzzled frown and prolonged stare. For the moment he was staggered by the effect which the evidence had produced upon his listener, an effect exactly contrary to that which he had expected. Then his ugly smile of triumph returned, and, carefully putting the certificate back in its place, he said:

"Now, then, who is to prevent me going to Grosvenor Square, and claiming my wife?"

"I!" said Hastley Derrick, with a smile.

(To be Continued.)

COUGHS WASTE ENERGY

Careful physicians always point out that every cough wears human strength and tears down the body's resistive powers. The reason

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is always best for coughs is that it peculiarly soothes the tender membranes while its rich, creamy food rebuilds the tissues to avert bronchitis and lung trouble. Scott's is medicinal food.

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Fashion Plates.

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

JUST WHAT YOUR LITTLE ONE NEEDS FOR A SET OF SHORT CLOTHES.



2416—The dress is ideal, in that it is comfortable, neat and easy to make. The sleeve, cut in one with the body portions, may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The slip petticoat could do duty as a dress for warm summer days. The drawers are cut on comfortable, loose lines. One could use lawn or nainsook for all of these garments, or make the dress of dimity, batiste, crepe, linen, pique, voile or cashmere. The undergarments are also good for cambric, long cloth, lawn, outing and canton cloth.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2, 3 and 4 years. The dress will require 2 yards of 36-inch material. The petticoat, 1½ yard of 27 or 36-inch material. The drawers, 1½ yard of 27 or 36-inch material, for a 3-year size.

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

A COMFORTABLE GARMENT FOR THE SMALL CHILD.



2393—This model will make an excellent play suit. It is good for galas, tea, ginghams, creosucor, pique, drill and other wash fabrics, also for serge, fannel and flannellette.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1 year, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 4 requires 3½ yards of 24-inch material.

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

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