



Do you suffer from Indigestion

Indigestion is largely due to a debilitated condition of the stomach. In this condition the stomach is unable to digest food—this is, extract the nutriment from it. Therefore, the food lays in the stomach and ferments, causing pains, fullness and heartburn. You almost dread mealtime because of those terrible indigestion pains afterwards.

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CHAPTER X.

He bit his lip and hesitated; he could not tell her that he had promised Tibby not to come; then a genuine excuse came to his aid.

"I'm sorry," he said; "but I have to attend a committee meeting at the place we have just left. I quite forgot it! I must hurry back. I will go with you as far as the corner."

"There is no need," she said, and now the brightness had gone out of her voice and face, and her eyes were downcast. But he walked beside her to the corner and there stopped and looked at her as he held her hand. The question that rose to his lips was: "When can I see you again?" but he could not put it.

"Good-night," he said; and she must have caught the wistfulness of his tone, for she raised her eyes and looked at him with an answering wistfulness.

"Good night—and thank you, once more," she whispered, and went on her way.

Though she did not glance back she knew that he was waiting and watching her, guarding her; but presently as she reached the entrance to the Rents she heard his retreating footsteps, and they echoed sadly in her heart.

She was entering the house when suddenly she became conscious of a feeling of loss, and awoke to the fact that her books were not under her arm. She stopped aghast, and remembered that she had put them on the window-ledge in the hall, near which she had been standing. Without her books she could not do her "preparation" for the next day's class. She thought for a moment in poignant distress, then she turned quickly and ran in the direction of the hall. She feared that the place would be closed, but she found one of the doors open, and entered.

The hall itself was in darkness, but a light came from the transom over the door leading out of it into a small room in which some persons were speaking, and, half-guided by this light and half-feeling her way, she reached the spot where she had been standing.

Her beloved books were still there, and clasping them with a sense of relief and thanksgiving, she turned to go; but at that moment the door opened and Clive came out. Behind him, within the room, she saw several men, among them the unwashed foreigner, Koshki. Clive was looking grave and rather angry, and as Koshki made way for him to pass the crowd, the Pole said sullenly:

"Zen that ish your last vord, my fren?"

"Absolutely my last word," said Clive sternly. "Not only will I have nothing to do with your proceedings, but if I hear any more of such a proposal as that you have made, Mr. Koshki, I shall feel it my duty to denounce the scoundrels who contemplate this villainy to the proper authorities."

"Ze! You threaten!" snarled Koshki, with a sneer.

"If you like to put it so, yes," returned Clive. "Good night."

Mina drew back trembling; and in the darkness he passed her quite closely and went out. She waited for a moment or two, then was stealing toward the door when she heard, above the angry murmuring in the other room, Koshi's guttural voice exclaiming angrily:

"Bah! You leave this vine aristocrat to me. I will take ze charge of him. He call me scoundrel! Me, Koshki, the patriot of Warsaw! Leave him to me, my bruzzers. I will show him zat we are not vorns for him to tread on; and if we are, zat vorns will turn. Scoundrel! No man called Koshki scoundrel vizout paying for it. Hein! We shall see!"

With a throbbing heart, Mina listened, half-turned to fly, then she heard a movement in the room as if the men were coming out, and she fled.

CHAPTER XI.

Mina ran to the end of the street, but when she had got round the cor-

ner she stopped, and, breathing hard with her hand pressed to her bosom, looked about her anxiously. If she could only see Mr. Clive and warn him! But Clive was, of course, not in sight; and weighed down by apprehension she went homeward.

Her first impulse was to tell Elisha of all she had heard; but she reflected that, as he did not know Mr. Clive's address, he could not warn him, could not help him. She had read of the outrages perpetrated by the foreign anarchists, and, half-distracted by terror, she pictured her hero and benefactor maimed and bleeding, even done to death by the scoundrels who were plotting in that inner room.

She knew that he was not afraid, and that in his contempt of danger lay the peril which threatened him. And she was powerless to help, to save him. She thought of the police; but she was afraid that Mr. Clive would be angry with her if she went to them and told them all she had heard; and, besides, it would be easy for the scoundrels to evade them, to lay in wait for their victim and deal the deadly blow. They had but to throw a bomb, to stab or fell him as he passed through the streets.

"There is something the matter, I can see," he said gently. He looked round. "Come into this quiet street and tell me. How lucky it is you happened to see me. Were you coming to my rooms?"

"No," she said simply. "I didn't know where you lived; it was chance and my good luck."

"And mine," he said in the same gentle, protecting tone. "Now tell me, Mina," as they turned out of the noisy thoroughfare into the quiet street. "You are upset, frightened—yes, frightened. Has any one—"

His face grew stern, as it had done on the night he had struck out and saved her from the hooligans.

"No, no!" she said in a low voice that still trembled. "It is not that; but you—"

"Me?" he said, with surprise.

"Yes," she said, and, at first brokenly, falteringly, but presently, as she got into her recital and again realized his danger, anxiously and earnestly, she told him of all she had heard in the working man's hall.

Clive listened in silence; he had taken her hand in his own to soothe and encourage her; and he still kept it and patted it reassuringly when she paused with emotion or for want of breath, and it seemed to her, with her natural instincts quickened by her recent culture, that he was scarcely listening to her fears, that he was thinking of something else.

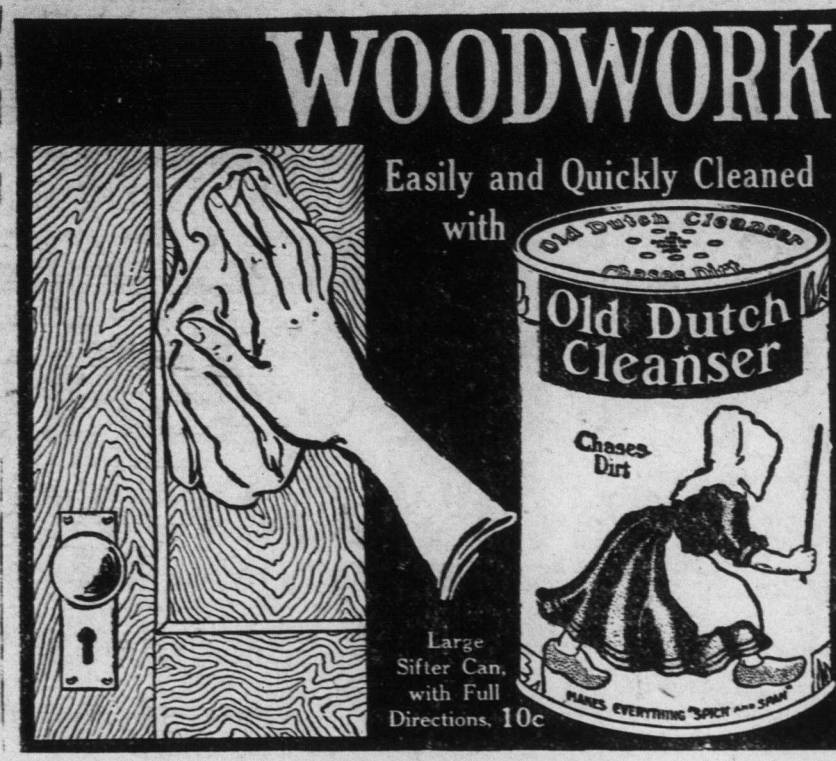
"And that is what has been troubling you, sent you in search of me, Mina?" he said. "My poor child! Yes, you must have been frightened by those bouncers, but there was no need for your alarm on my account."

"No need!" she echoed, opening her eyes on him. "Oh, you didn't hear them!"

"I shouldn't have been impressed if I had," he said. "No, Mina, I'm in no danger, I assure you. You'll believe me, will you not? The men you overheard are a miserable kind of scoundrels, and deal in threats of that sort as the grocer there deals in eggs and bacon. They are the sort of curs that are fond of barking; but they're afraid to bite, in case they should get kicked. They talk dynamite and outrage; but they don't care to run any risks. So I'm quite safe, quite."

She drew a long breath of relief; but there was still doubt in the eyes upturned to him.

"You are not saying so to—humor me?" she asked in a low voice.



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He met her eyes for a moment, and shook his head. He could not for a moment trust himself to speak with those innocent, anxious eyes on his. "No, Mina, it's the simple truth. But—but you cared so much, you were so afraid on my account that you tried to find me, to warn me?"

"Yes," she said gravely, simply, without a blush, her gaze still fixed on his face. "I was so afraid. I am still afraid, a little; because you are so strong that you may not understand, may make light of it; you did not hear that man—that one they called Koshki—"

She stopped and shuddered. "You cared so much!" he said rather to himself than to her. "You were searching the streets for me, and you were trembling with fear, anxiety; you are pale still."

"I won't be afraid any longer, if—if you will promise to be careful, to be on your guard," she said pleadingly.

He nodded. He was scarcely listening to her; as usual, it was her voice to which he listened rather than her words. He glanced at the slight, girlish figure at his side; what a child she still was, though the dawning loveliness of womanhood was in her face, glowing in her eyes.

"I promise," he said absently.

She stopped at once. "I will go now. Thank you for—for listening to me. I thought you might laugh, be angry—"

"Angry!" Something rose in his throat, and his eyes grew infinitely tender. "Sparely not angry, Mina! Wait—wait a moment."

She stopped obediently as she was turning away, and he stood battling with the overwhelming desire to detain her, to keep her with him for a few minutes longer. They had reached the Chelsea Embankment, and a little farther down loomed the Grecian facade of the Tate Gallery.

"You are tired, out of breath still, with hurrying," he said. "Let us go into the gallery and rest for a little while, shall we?"

She did not hesitate for a moment; but nodded, as a child might have done.

"What is it?" she asked as they passed in.

"A picture-gallery. Are you fond of pictures?"

"Oh, yes!" she responded promptly. "I've been to the National Gallery and to the one in the city. Oh, yes! But—quickly, apprehensively—"can you spare the time? Weren't you going somewhere? You seemed in a hurry, as if you were on business."

(To be Continued.)

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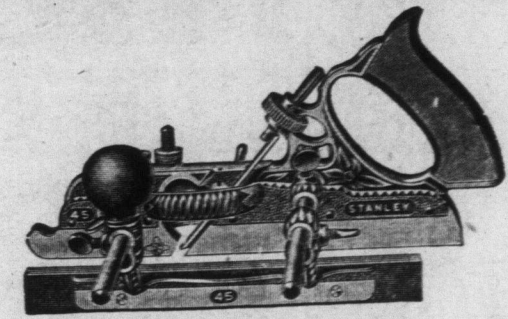
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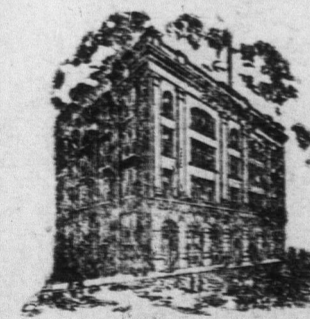
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