the umor advocate, mexiesday, january i, 1915

| A CRUEL DECEPTION <br> OR why did she shan him? by effie adelaide rowlands |  |  |  | but in his extraondinary mental eapacity, a eapacity full of ewn nigg. It would be bighly impro bable that Alvynne could do imMoney he would want, perhaps |  | - |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  |  |  |  | Money he would want, perhaps fsond, too, but money most certain1y. In his rage of being | she would hare fallen <br> When the dullness had left her | Your Liver <br> is Clogsed up |
|  |  |  |  |  | ears, and the cloud had gone from | norby |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | words there ceme the sound of foostepo |  | heart that was throbining wilhly. passionately. |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| ind and the waves had sung a ullaby to ber weary brain, and |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| dur |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | kind, thronged Lond Texation's brain, that the felt diazed sud stupid as they hurried through the | \% |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | oversibisued bs the mant horrible terrible fear. This one ratization was enotigh for the uno |  |
|  |  |  |  | usk. <br> wre diwnhill, ans: Ithough they all had agreved to m |  |  |
| of |  | Wert ead life tad wed of hre ber |  |  | muint bhe rosterd in his armis. 1 and a beavectiy che of pase till |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | od ber weary, wrermmought brain:but the peace a:nd ros were short-lived. In the next insiant rencoi- |  |
| monsitive |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | Marie runhed to meret them, th folding the slender, tromolin;form in ber arms, they partial without a word. <br> Lord Taunton paused oniy |
| iusteat bs Ler is |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | am. and then a man': |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | moment to try and coothe Basit. whose distress was terrible, atisi |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | those delicate plysigque sument ti. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | this peremptorily, ordering th |
| Tit |  |  |  |  | and trembled in every limb. | returned to the old well, when: th |
| luess of ther |  |  |  |  | sound of low roics speaking linrriedls. whispering together |  |
| 1 rnuegh |  |  |  |  |  | All lad happened $\approx$ quiekly. The death shot hal worked it |
| io, the swoun knouskete: that |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | fixty to her dog prowetor in a | in a confused way, yet it sememed | had known what had very nearly come to pass. With a word, Lord Taunton |
|  |  |  |  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { and mental suffering. He answer } \\ & \text { ed her eyes gently and tendery. } \end{aligned}$ |  |
| mitued, the iommort and |  |  |  | wretels whom he had $\mathrm{H}_{\text {tiaty }}$ w the <br>  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | serve the truth from beoming. |
|  |  |  |  |  | Tour Marie will be in a dmadful |  |
|  |  |  | traket to various | He |  | ed her. Though a man of doep |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | emotions, and one who had a res erence for all the mysteries of lif. |
|  |  |  |  | cor | worrwe-lalen enex Her lips mox | and death. it need not be reckonerd to Taunton if as he stood nuw |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | aund ly dint of |  | looking down ou the still, silint |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | him such mentar and physieal tor |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| sill, |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | Li.iee Mwsyaue the acurity that |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { for, in lif majesty of his wrath. } \\ & \text { wit a terrifying sight, and it re } \end{aligned}$ | He tried to. draw her away ener |  |
|  |  |  |  | nerve and courage on Lord Taun ton's part to approach him at such |  | tion of the small village were stit cagerly diseussing the events |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | - fear for her safety. Hisyearucd over ber. if he miz |  | There was a shoo! He hatd a pithol! 1 saw it :Oh:"-sthe shind. |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | hat evening, when the beautifu oung lady had been attacked b |
|  | Pasil: til |  | hear her viree, and know that the |  | peresl, then the looked aft him sud- | a tramp and her big dog had de- |
|  |  |  |  | IIIz pur | go? | the tramp. This was the eversion |
|  |  |  | must lurk in Hunter's breast against him had not been vented |  | eingerwend hurristly, cont |  |
| , |  | a |  | The darkn | Niniengly: | known and aceeptedi. Soerer haid there been so much excitement |
|  |  |  | ou her instead of on himself. The memory |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | cealed from their eyes the condition of the man whom he had attacked so furiously. He lay be | "I ama not hurt. Lavk at me, | tant, and great was the sympathy and regret expreseed for thr |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | and regree expresed for the |
| ing |  |  | call as a bird fies to the sun. |  | - and her sur her eveseceloes for |  |
| , |  |  |  |  | "Then-" She could get no fur ther. She twisted herself around |  |
| ties | her in the maver thuoght. What sim |  |  | rrsing, and struggling. | and looked behind her. <br> In holding her. Taunton had | , her lowe for soonhort while we |
| thard at hee tull, nender |  |  | (emabe, unspakable, and yet-"' |  |  | It was as though the sunshin. |
| :loug like some fairy prinuses. | Basil auid mathinu. IIn stailed |  | cloked hoarse with emnotion, | ment | purpoely turned her hack to tho |  |
|  |  |  | we may not be too late! He is | self. Humanity demanded he should do something. He turned against the wall sick to death with |  | that they were not |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | a man as easily as look at him:he inqueit held ou the body at |
|  |  |  | on, Basil, and quickly, quickly, my lad!" CHAPTER XXXIN | the horror of the monent, undteaif for once to Basil's tender |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | h had been inflici |
| Marie as lier nures sad guardian, |  | son |  |  |  |  |
| Paul, he |  |  |  | them on the dog's collar. "id |  |  |
| dog |  |  | along the | quiet now. Take Lim | ht | the inhabitants of |
|  |  |  | lold |  |  |  |
| 㖪 | elo | be forthcoming for his belorod | iin, cold | His hands clasped themselves |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | Money and influe |
| dim | w | what his cousin might not do, and |  |  |  |  |
| d paint a little color on his | walked, the hound trotting softly m |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | was something she would ne |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| the pretty lito house. Sbo was |  | Taun |  | Sbe moved mechanically, led |  | immedi |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | hersolf oven in her thouughte of | Lor |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | ceafu, but beause of Basil |
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