

Ruled Destiny!

CHAPTER IV.
"I ALWAYS HATED YOU."
"Raymond, you were once a gentleman—or I would throw you out of the window. Go!" and he pointed to the door.
Raymond got up slowly, and as if with difficulty, and moistened his lips.
"Bruce, I swear to you that—that this is the first time—"
Lord Norman then smiled, a cold, awful smile.
"Oh, do not think that I am about to deprive you of your booty, sir. You forget that I could not take it back," and he pointed to the heap of money—"you have touched it!"
Raymond stretched out his trembling hands and drew the heap toward him, then with a sudden gesture of renunciation, he raised his dark eyes with the sinister gleam in them.
"No! I will not take it. But some day, perhaps, Lord Norman, you will wish that I had! I always hated you, but, before Heaven, I never hated you as I hate you to-night! Take care, or I shall pay you back for that insult! Take care lest the cheat, whose very touch you deem desecration, prove clever enough to win his revenge!"
Without another word the detected cheat passed out.
Lord Norman stood musing grimly for a few moments. It was quite impossible to sleep in his present mood, and he thought he would take a turn in the now quiet streets. As he passed westward, he came to a large house standing at the corner of a square. The house was the town residence of the Duchess of Clifeden, and a ball was in progress. There was just time to look in, and with a listless step he entered, passed through the crowd of butmen, who recognized him and made way with respectful alacrity, and ascended the stairs. The immense saloon was still crowded, though the ball was drawing to a close, and Lord Norman could only make his way slowly through the throng of dancers and the knots of people chatting and laughing together.
He found the duchess at last. Her grace was looking very sleepy and rather bored, and she almost frowned as Lord Norman came up.
"Aren't you ashamed to come near me?" asked her grace.
"I am, quite!" he said, quietly.
"And I have come to tell you so."
He remained for a few minutes, until he had won her forgiveness for his late appearance, then wandered on again.
"If you are looking for Lady Blanche you will find her in the south anteroom. At least she was there five minutes ago," said her grace; and he went to the anteroom leading to the grand staircase.
Seated on an ottoman was a very beautiful woman, just past girlhood. She was very fair, with thick, silken hair that was almost the color of pure gold, its brightness being relieved by eyes of dark velvety brown, that at

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Mr. A. S. Mace, J.P., endorses the above statement and says: "This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Charles R. Tait, and believe his statement in every way to be true and correct."
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certain times were almost black, and eyebrows of rich auburn. In addition to her grace and beauty, Lady Blanche was possessed of that rarest gift in woman—an exquisite voice, capable of arresting the attention and keeping it as closely fixed while she spoke as if the hearer were under a spell. She was an heiress in her own right, with houses and lands enough to make the penniless sons go wild with longing. They thronged round her, and tried their hardest to win her, but to one and all she had only one answer—the soft, clear monosyllable—
"No!"
Lord Norman stood at the entrance of the anteroom, looking at the group within. They made quite a picture, the little circle of men—young and old—with the beautiful woman in the center, leaning back, with her face moving to and fro listlessly, her dark eyes fixed dreamily on the ground, the colorless cheeks swept by the long, black lashes.
Suddenly she raised her eyes and saw Lord Norman standing in the doorway; it would be too much to say that she blushed, but the faintest of all possible colors flickered in her cheeks, and her eyes grew softer and lighter for a moment before they were lowered to the ground again.
Lord Norman advanced to the group, and the man who had been bending over her and endeavoring to engage her attention, looked up, saw who it was, and with a shrug of resignation at once straightened himself and made room.
Lord Bruce changed greetings with some of the men, then sank down beside Lady Blanche, and in a few minutes the little circle of courtiers, like jackals at the appearance of the lion, quietly vanished.
"Where have you been, Bruce?" she asked.
"I dined at Lady Betty's," he replied.
"Yes, I know," she said, with a smile. "But since? It is nearly three."
"I have been to my rooms."
Slowly the dark eyes were raised to his face, rested there for a second or two, as if they were reading every line in it, then the soft voice murmured listlessly:
"Has Lady Betty found a companion yet?"
He leaned back and looked round the room, carelessly, too carelessly by far, before he answered:
"Yes."
"Ah, yes, I remember! Mr. Parks told me. A remarkably pretty girl, with black eyes."
"No, they are gray," he said, and in that short speech he had told her all she had been quietly angling for. Her eyes drooped, but not before a swift light had shone in them, and the fan closed and fell, feather-like, in her lap. He had noticed this girl so particularly as to remember the color of her eyes.
Unknown, unguessed at by all, there lay hidden behind that calm, placid exterior, a latent passion, which burned within her heart as the fire

beneath an Iceland geyser. The fire glowed fiercely at this moment, fed by the oil of jealousy, but there was no trace of emotion in the soft, equal voice, as, rising, she said:
"Will you find papa, Bruce? I would like to go now!"
He got up and gave her his arm, and hunted for Lord Seymour, whom they found yawning in a corner, evidently just awakened from a nap, and with the old peer grumbling drowsily at their heels, they went down to the hall.
With extreme care and gentleness he arranged the fur cloak round the white shoulders, and put her into the carriage.
"You will come and see me tomorrow, Bruce?" she said.
"Yes, of course. Good-night," he replied, and turned away.
The carriage door closed, and the over-fed, fidgety horses sprang forward so suddenly that they nearly knocked down a man who was crossing the road at the moment. The coachman, with a carefully suppressed oath, pulled up short, and the man got to the pavement. As he did so, Lady Blanche looked out to see what was the matter, and the man caught a glimpse of her face, upon which the light from the windows was now streaming. In an instant Raymond, for it was he, recognized the original of a portrait which he had seen in Lord Norman's room. More than that, he had caught in the dark eyes and colorless face, a look of passionate jealousy which Lady Blanche had suppressed while Lord Norman had been with her.
It was not much for a man to work upon as a leverage for doing a fellow-mortal an injury, but Oscar Raymond was not an ordinary man, and it was enough for him.
With a smile and a nod, he crossed the road, and, setting off at a jog trot, followed the carriage to Lord Seymour's house, in Eton place.

CHAPTER V.
A HARD PUNISHMENT.
FLORIS was just finishing dressing on this first morning "in service," and the breakfast bell was clanging through the house, when she heard a knock at her door, and a strong voice, with a decidedly French accent, requesting permission to enter.
Floris opened the door, and saw a tall, thin French girl, with small dark eyes, that instantly fixed themselves on Floris' face, and just as quickly sought the ground again.
"Pardon, mam'selle, I am her ladyship's maid. Her ladyship's—she paused just a second—"compliments,"—Lady Pendleton had said "love"—"and would mam'selle kindly attend at milord's breakfast table? Miladi is unwell."
"Certainly," said Floris. "Will you tell her ladyship that I am sorry she is unwell, please?"
The girl bowed, and Floris hurried downstairs. She was late; and it was a bad beginning; but she had slept but little, and that restlessly. The French maid made a pretense of following her, then she stole back to the bedroom, and with deliberate carelessness made a complete examination of the wardrobe, and every article of Floris' which she had left unsecured.
"Ah, yes!" she murmured. "A fine lady, but poor. No rings, no bracelets, no rich dresses; but, beautiful, and miladi will think her an angel! Bah! I shall hate her! I know it! I feel it! Something tells me that Mam'selle Carlisle and Josine will be at daggers drawn. We shall see!" and with a shrug she arranged a wisp of her black coarse hair in the glass, and left the room.
Floris hurried downstairs to the breakfast room. A footman was carrying in some hot dishes, and Sir Edward was seated at the table with the Times—containing a full report of his last night's speech—and a heap of letters.
He rose as she entered, and his weary face lightened for a moment at the vision of fresh, young beauty, and his eyes rested upon the simple cotton dress, that fitted so admirably, with an expression of vague admiration and satisfaction.
"Lady Pendleton is unwell this morning, but no doubt they have told you," he said, as if anxious to avoid any unnecessary words.
"Yes," said Floris, with ready tact; "I am very sorry. Coffee, Sir Edward?"
Sir Edward glanced at her approvingly. Had his wife at last got a treasure? At any rate, a girl with

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20 boxes Canadian Cheese.
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"No, you should leave one card for the mother and one for the three daughters. If the ladies were not mother and daughters you would leave a card for each," replied her helpful friend.
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Winona, Minn.—"I suffered for more than a year from nervousness, and was so bad I could not rest at night—would lie awake and get so nervous I would have to get up and walk around and in the morning would be all tired out. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would try it. My nervousness soon left me. I sleep well and feel fine in the morning and able to do my work. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make weak nerves strong."—Mrs. ALBERT SULTZ, 608 Olmstead St., Winona, Minn.
How often do we hear the expression among women, "I am so nervous, I cannot sleep," or "It seems as though I should fly." Such women should profit by Mrs. Sultz's experience and give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.
For forty years it has been overcoming such serious conditions as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, dizziness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.

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WAR SUMMARY.
The armies of the Crown Pr. Rupprecht of Bavaria again are attacking the Allied line in a new offensive. Paris apparently as their ally, between Mont Didier and over a front of about 20 miles, is being held as usual by a heavy bombardment, with shells of all calibres, with noxious gases. The enemy's tactical manoeuvre evidently has in view the bending back of the Allied line toward the town of St. Just. On the north wing and toward the railway junction of Compeigne on the railway driving southwest toward the French capital. The French troops are assisting the impact with their valor, but the Germans on their part and in the center have been able to pierce the line distances from thirty of a mile south of Mont Didier to relatively two and a half miles at Reconnos-Surmatz in the direction of the line in the direction of the junction of the Oise and Marne, northwest of Chateau-Thierry in order to straighten out the salient that would then project toward the Soissons sector apex. The Allied commanders are assessing the situation of the new offensive. On the other hand they had anticipated since the fall of the army of the German Crown Prince to gain its objectives between Soissons and the Marne and on the southern part of the line between Rheims that the German command would decrease another offensive to the north and prepare accordingly were made to withdraw the shock. The fighting is of a tremendously sanguinary character, whether it will be confined to the present affected remains to be seen. At last accounts it had not spread north of Mont Didier to the village of Cantigny which the Americans are holding. Comparative quiet prevails in the region of the Marne and that portion of the line in France held by the British. There has been no occurrence of interest according to Field Marshal Haig's latest report. The only attack reported in the French official statement in the region of Rheims was delivered by the Germans, who suffered serious losses but gained no ground.
From the Astico region to the River in the Italian theatre there has been intense artillery duels, but no infantry engagements of great importance, although the British and the Austro-Hungarian forces of the Breno River have carried off successful surprise attacks, inflicting considerable losses on the enemy, taking prisoners and machine guns. Similar attacks by the enemy in the Valarza and Astico Valley were repulsed.

NEW OFFENSIVE BEGINS

PARIS, June 10.
A new offensive, begun in the morning by the German Army, developed into sustained violence on a front of 20 kilometres (approximately 21.5 miles).

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