



Low spirits, discouragement, the blues usually result from a tired brain and exhausted nervous system. Start the rebuilding process to-day by beginning the use of the greatest of nerve restoratives.

Phyllis Dearborn
OR, THE
Countess of Basingwille

CHAPTER IV.

"I hardly know now," he said, with a smile, "where to begin. My story was to be of the briefest anyhow, and that has been told by my friend, the marquis."

She looked up into his face as he stood looking down at her, and her expression was like a betrayal of her heart, and it sent the blood surging into and away from his heart.

"I am sorry I listened to him," she said, softly. "I should not have done it. Prove that you forgive me by telling me what you came to tell, as if the marquis did not exist. I almost wish he did not."

"I came to say good-by," he said, slowly, watching the effect of his words on her.

She turned her eyes up to his, and they rested in the gaze of each other. For a moment there was no word spoken; then she let her eyes fall with a sort of reluctant embarrassment, and said:

"Yes, I had suspected that much. Will you tell me where you are going?"

"Forgive me, No."

She turned her face up, and then hastily down, but he had seen a tremor of her perfect lower lip, and it had sent a thrill through him, such as he had never experienced before.

Again there was a speaking silence between them for several seconds. It seemed to him that he was reading her thoughts, and a fear was creeping over him that he had misjudged this beautiful, proud woman. She was the first to speak. Her words came impetuously.

"You have no right—no human right—to come and bid me good-by and not tell me where you are going."

"No right," he repeated.

"No right," she answered, in a low, intense tone. "Why need you have come at all? Do you think that because I have an armor of pride I am not yet a woman, with all the weakness of a woman? Why should you come to me and terrify me? Yes, I am terrified."

"I had not intended—I had not anticipated such a thing," he said, earnestly, and with a lower bend, that brought his face nearer to hers.

"You thought I was ice-stone," she said, bitterly.

"I believed you had conquered

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many of the weaknesses of humanity," he answered, honestly, but with a troubled tone.

"Because I did not wear my heart on my sleeve?" she queried.

She had not looked up since that tremor on her lip had been betrayed to him.

"Perhaps I did you an injustice," he said, earnestly. "I am—yes, I am glad that I did. Just as I am glad now to know that I did. Lady Flora," he went on, as if he believed his safety lay in haste, "I will tell you all that I came to tell, and more."

The proud head was slowly raised, and the eyes that could look so steely and hard shone on him with an expression little short of beseeching. For a moment he felt his head whirl, and he might have added a word that would have been immediately regretted had he not mastered himself by a supreme effort.

"I had not intended to say much more than farewell," he said; "but if you will listen to me I will say more."

"Please do," she almost whispered.

"I am loth to do it, even with your permission," he said. "It is only the story of a life of folly—a life which I had not regretted until now, and only now because," she turned her eyes up to his, and listened with bated breath; he clenched his hands painfully and stopped, then went on, his chest heaving with the deep-drawn breath, "because I think it has your sympathy."

"Is it sympathy?" she asked, dreamily.

"I did not know what else to call it," he said, with a sort of eagerness, as if he would lead her to say what he had forbidden himself to utter.

"Comprehension, perhaps," she said, looking at him again.

"It may be comprehension," he answered. "Well, I will make the tale of the briefest. I had a fair fortune, and I had a desire to know life. I was young enough to fancy that it held many a treasure of happiness for the one who could win it with gold. I kept no reckoning with the future, and lived only in the present. Nevertheless, the future has found me, and I am a ruined man. I do not possess a penny in the world. I took my leave of my companions to-night, and I came to do the same with you."

"To whom else are you going to say farewell?" she asked, in a low tone.

"To no one."

"Then you had a reason for coming to me?"

"I came to you because I wished to look at you once more. I have heard that it is common for the condemned to wish to look for the last time on the unclouded sun."

"Why do you say once more—as if there might not be many times more," she asked.

He smiled with a sort of bad pride.

"I suppose it is egotism," he answered; "but it would be impossible for me to merely live where I had resigned. I purposely made my ruin complete in order that there might be left no temptation to remain in the world where the poor are superfluous."

"Do you not know that I am poor?" she asked.

It seemed to him that there was a sort of defiance in her eyes when she asked the question. He bit his lip, then smiled.

"Lady Flora can never be poor," he answered.

"You are not sincere with me," she

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"I had thought that now you would be. You are poor now, and I feel that you perhaps can understand me and my position. Will you not be sincere?"

"I am sincere," he answered. "But what would you have me say? Yes, I know you are poor, and I can guess what it must mean to you."

"Not quite," she said, bitterly. "You are a man, and poor or rich, you at least are the arbiter of your own fate. I am a woman, and there is but one fate for me. I must marry a rich man."

"It is the custom, I believe," he said, simply.

"Yes, it is the custom," she replied; "but do you think custom makes it easier? Do you imagine a woman respects herself the more because the custom has paved the way for her?"

"It is a question I cannot answer," he said. "Ask yourself if you could brook the thought of being the wife of a poor man."

"I cannot answer myself that question. I only know that a woman never fully comprehends what she is capable of until the man she loves asks her to make a sacrifice."

"Do you believe, then, in love?" he asked.

"Do I believe in it? Is there a woman who does not?"

"Do you think a man should ever ask a woman to make a sacrifice for him?"

"If the making of it would give her greater happiness, yes."

"Could such a thing be?" he asked.

"I do not know," she answered; but as she answered she turned her eyes up to his, and they told him that she did know—that she felt, that it would be happiness to make a sacrifice for the man she loved.

His resolution not to betray his love came to him in the same instant that the desire to do it urged him on. He turned and took a stride away, then faced her again, and said, hoarsely:

"I came here with two resolutions in my heart. I came to say good-by, and I came determined not to betray the one secret of my heart. But you have taxed me with insincerity. No! Well, you have asked me to be sincere. I will be. I love you, Lady Flora."

Her head was bent, her hands lay passive in her lap. He looked for some sign from her, but none came.

"Have I been too sincere?" he asked.

"I am sorry, but do not misunderstand me. I have not asked you to be my wife; I have not taken it for granted that I am the man for whom you would sacrifice yourself. I have said that I love you. You do not go away? Then I will repeat it. I love you! I love you! It is something to have said it. I never intended to. And now I do not say by my wife. I would not let you sacrifice yourself. What! not a word? Then, good-by."

He turned abruptly to go, and had gone several paces, when something prompted him to look back. Lady Flora was standing, her arms outstretched to him. He went back, trembling with doubt and eagerness. She dropped her arms and smiled at him.

"Great Heaven!" he murmured, "do you mean it?"

"Are you blind, Lionel?" she asked, in a low, tremulous tone.

There was no one to see, and he caught her hand and pressed a kiss upon it.

"You love me?" he cried, incredulously.

"Why should I not say it?" she answered, with a mixture of shame and pride. "I love you, Lionel. Why, I almost told it to you, I was so afraid you would do the terrible, rash thing

you had hinted at. You do not think me unmadly!"

"Unmadly! As beautiful of character as of face, and that is divine! Unmadly. I did you a gross injustice, but now I honor you for a sweetness and a noble courage that I thought no woman possessed."

"And you will not make way with yourself now?"

"I would not have done that anyhow. I was going to the heart of Africa, and I should never have returned alive. Was going!" he repeated, doubtfully. "Flora, you know I cannot marry you. I am literally penniless."

She smiled serenely, as if her faith in him was absolute.

"I will not answer that a crust with you is better than luxury with any other," she said, "but I may say that I trustingly leave it all with you. When I say that I love you, Lionel, I say all that a woman can say. What you ask I will acquiesce in."

"Suppose I say that I must still go away, as I had intended?"

"I will ask you to consider, and then do what you believe to be best."

"You are the noblest woman that lives."

"I have need to be if I am to be worthy of you."

"You are more than that now, Flora. I have done you a great wrong to-night. I should have left you without a word of love."

"That would have been to wrong yourself as well as me," she answered.

"Your place is in the gay world—the world whose grace I have forfeited. You are fitted for it, and for no other, Flora," and his face was white and set with a deep and abiding earnestness. "I beseech you, ask your heart if you had not better, for your own sake, forget what has passed between us to-night, and link your life with one of these others."

"I ask, and the only answer I receive is the echo of your words, Lionel—I love you!"

"The world is all blank before me, Flora."

"The world is all bright before me, Lionel."

"Perhaps love is but a dream. Those who are older and should be wiser say so. If in the weary hours of waiting your heart should grow faint would you not regret the words you have spoken to-night?"

"I do not know what I might do when my heart grew faint. Now it is full and strong with the greatness of its love. You may talk and argue with the wisdom of the sages, Lionel; but love knows no logic, it is conscious of but itself."

"But the future," he protested.

"You are my future, Lionel."

"And you, you, the reigning beauty of London, with a hundred titles ready to drop at your feet at a nod, with the wealth of a queen to be had for the acceptance, turn from all these to a penniless wretch, who has naught else but his love to offer you."

"The love is enough, Lionel."

"Heaven help me to be worthy of you. Give me a night to consider my duty."

"Consider also my love and happiness, Lionel."

He took her hand and kissed it again and again.

"I did you a great injustice, Flora," he said. "I loved you, but I believed you cold, ambitious, selfish, and mercenary. Can you forgive me?"

She smiled inscrutably.

"When one loves there is no question of forgiveness," she answered.

"Until to-morrow," he said, with a burning glance that said more than words.

"Must you go?"

"I feel that I ought."

"You will promise to do nothing without first seeing me?"

"It is your right, and my privilege," he answered.

"There will be no afterthought as to that?"

"Whatever betides, and no one can see into the future, I will come to you."

"I am exacting," she said, with such a loving infection of her voice as he would not have deemed it capable of, "but you will come to-morrow?"

"I will come to-morrow. Eager you may be to see me again, my Flora; but believe me my eagerness will outstrip yours."

(To be Continued.)

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Jan. 10th, 1916.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| A
Adams, Mrs. James, Gower St.
Adams, James, care Smith & Co. Allen, Mrs., Queen St. | H
Hayward, F., Bell St.
Halley, James, Gower St.
Hall, Stanley
Hannans, Fred
Hackett, Mrs. John, Casey St.
Halford, Hannah, Nagle's Hill
Hewitt, S., Allandale Road
Henson, Miss Ethie, Victoria Hotel
Hillier, Mrs., care Post Office
Hines, Mrs. Richard
Hillyard Bros.
Holliman, John, Pilot's Hill
House, Mr., care Mary House
Hodder, John
Hodges, Mrs. A. P., care Post Office
Howley, Mrs., retd.
Hogan, John
Hurley, Miss Wavy, Gower St. | P
Patterson, E. H.
Parsons, Miss M., card, Maxse St.
Parsons, H.
Patterson, Joe
Priddy, Miss-Jemima
Percy, Miss Bertha, Barnes' Road
Pike, Mrs. Eliza
Philpot, Miss Sophie
Power, Alice
Powell, Mrs., Tremont Hotel
Power, Tom, Monkstown Road
Power, Miss T., late Patrick's Cove
Power, Mr. C., Cooper, Water St.
Parsons, Heber, care Gen. Post Office |
| B
Baker, Mrs. Joseph, care J. J. Mullaly
Barrons, James, care Post Office
Brennan, Mrs. Edward, Water St. West
Beilman, Miss Ella, care General Delivery
Biddilcome, S., Allandale Road
Brinton, D., late s.s. Bruce
Byrne, Miss A., card, Duckworth St.
Brien, Mrs. Maud, Flower Hill
Bright, Mrs. J.
Brine, Miss M. C.
Brown, G.
Brown, James G.
Butler, R. T.
Brushett, Miss M., care General Delivery
Bungay, Capt. Arthur
Burke, Miss Elizabeth, R.N.
Budge, Annie
Burke, Miss Mary E., care General Delivery
Butler, Mrs. R. J., Bond St.
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Quisick, Miss Sarah, Barnes' Road |
| C
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Carberry, Miss Mary
Coleman, Mrs. James, care Bartlett's or Carter's Hill
Crocker, George, Monroe St.
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Miller, John
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| D
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Dwyer, Mrs. John, Holdsworth St.
Driscoll, Elias, Coronation St.
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Doyle, Miss C. | L
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Legge, Miss Mary M., card, Lime St.
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Sparks, Miss Sarah F., 24 ——— St.
Sparks, George, care G. P. O.
Steads, Benjamin, care Bowring
Spencer, Mr. J., Moore St.
Sweeney, Miss J., Barnes' Road
Smith, Wm. S.
Simmons, R.
Simpson, W. R.
Snaper, Wm.
Snow, Arthur N., Notre Dame St.
Sullivan, T. J., card, Cookstown Rd.
Squires, Wm., card |
| E
Evans, Herbert, care Gen'l Delivery
Emberley, Mrs. James, Gower St.
Eddie, Herbert, card, New Gower St.
Eddie, Miss Mary, New Gower St. | M
McDonald, Elizabeth, Hamilton Ave. | T
Taylor, Robert H., care Chafe, New Gower St.
Taylor, Emily, Water St. East
Tressant, Miss
Thomas, Mrs. A., Fergus Place
Tongas, Lervy
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Tuck, Peter |
| F
Field, Frederick, Water St.
Finlay, Mrs. J., care General Delivery
Francis, Miss May, Wood's Factory | N
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Neil, Bart, care General Delivery
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Noseworthy, Cabman, Pennywell Rd.
Noseworthy, Mrs. Albert, Franklin Avenue
Norman, Miss Annie, Queen's Road | W
Watson, Henry, New Gower St.
Walsh, T. J., Nagle's Hill
Walsh, Miss Mary, card, Nagle's Hill
Whalen, Gert., Pleasant St.
Warren, John, South Side
Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road
Walsh, Thomas, Long Pond Road
Wheeler, Miss Elsie, care G. P. O.
Whelan, Richard, Colonial St.
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White, C., Sebastian St.
Winsor, May |
| G
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Garland, Miss Ellen, Duckworth St.
Garland, Minnie, Carter's Hill
Godley, W. F., York St.
Goss, Francis, care Gen'l Delivery | O
O'Brien, Miss A. G., Water St.
O'Shaur, Aubrey, care G. P. O. | Y
Youden, Mrs. A., Casey St.
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GIFTS HIGHLY APPRECIATED

Letter From Captain Ledwith

Mrs. G. H. Emerson, Honorary Treasurer of the Women's Patriotic Association, has received the following letter from Captain Ledwith, Quarter-Master at Ayr, relative to Christmas Gifts sent to our Soldiers as a result of the Fund - which are collected here in November last -

December 25th, 1915

Dear Mrs. Emerson—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of November 25th, with reference to Christmas Gifts, cakes and Candles, which the "Christmas Gift Fund" so kindly sent for distribution among the men at this Depot and in hospital. These packages were received in December 22nd, and were immediately repacked and dispatched the following day. From the list received from our Record Office, London, have sent:

- 57 Cakes and Chocolate, 3rd London General Hospital, Wandsworth
- 22 Cakes and Chocolate, Northants
- 5 Cakes and Chocolate various Hospitals
- 149 Cakes and Chocolate Gales Company
- 367 Cakes and Chocolate Depot, New ton on Ayr.

The packages for men in hospital were addressed to each man in a packed in cases, and the whole addressed to the matrons of the Hospital. I also wrote the Matrons asking that the gifts be distributed among the men.

We gave the men here the gifts yesterday afternoon. They were all pleased with them and cheers were given for the Women's Patriotic Association and the donors for their kindness.

I think that we have all spent a very enjoyable day here to-day, although perhaps some may have had a little bit "homesick." A wagon full of Holly and Evergreen was sent yesterday and the men have had quarters nicely decorated. The weather, I am glad to say, was also a great success and everybody seemed well pleased. I regret to hear the rumor that is being circulated regarding socks and comfort, and am glad to be able to deny same as far as this depot is concerned. At the time the ladies of Ayr kindly offered to do the mending it was not possible to accept same owing to the fact that many of the men had arranged their washing and mending privately. Since then, however, we send everything to the same laundry, where after wash-

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