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Cold has a vicious way of finding out aching muscles or weak joints. How often pain settles in the back, causing inflammation and excruciating soreness. Stiffness and aching all over follows. An application of Nerviline at the start gives immediate relief and prevents worse trouble. When the pain is very acute, Nerviline has a chance to show its wonderful penetrating and pain-subduing power. It strikes in deeply, and its strike-in-deep quality proves its superiority to feeble remedies. Then this goodness is magnified by its strength, easily five times greater than most liniments.

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The large 50c. family size bottle of Nerviline is more economical than the 25c. trial size. Buy the larger size to-day. Sold by dealers everywhere.

"The Die is Cast For Better or For Worse."

CHAPTER III. Master and Man.

As Lashmore entered the modest little house in Chelsea, a door on the ground floor opened, and a little old man stood aside for Lashmore to pass in. The old man was neatly, but rather shabbily dressed in the garb of a butler. He had been butler to Lashmore's father, and Lashmore could remember Forbes as far back as he could remember anything.

"You've got back, my lord—I mean, Master Harry. I've laid some supper for you, sir," said the old man, in a tone of not only the deepest respect and affection but of sympathy and tenderness; and his eyes dwelt upon the young man with an expression which harmonized with his tone.

"Yes; I've got back, Forbes," said Lashmore, seating himself in the armchair, and beginning to unlace his boots; but with a murmured "Allow me, sir," Forbes went down on his knees and exchanged the boots for slippers.

"Thank you, Forbes," said Lashmore, with something deeper than the usual perfunctory acknowledgment of a service. "I've been to the Exhibition; it's a fine show."

"I hope you enjoyed it, my lord—Master Harry," said Forbes, in his thin voice, as he moved about the table, and set a chair in front of a dish of cutlets. "Will you please take your seat, sir; it's all ready."

"Enjoyed it?" said Harry, as he seated himself at the table. "I'm afraid not, Forbes. I feel as if I should never enjoy anything again."

"Oh, don't say that, sir," murmured the old man. "Time is a wonderful healer, my lord—Master Harry; wonderful."

"So I've heard, Forbes," said the young man; "but one finds it hard to believe in copy-book headings when one has had such a blow as mine." His face darkened; but he cleared it as if with an effort, and went on almost lightly. "I had an adventure to-night, Forbes. Behold in me a hero of romance!"

"You always were a hero, Master Harry," quavered Forbes. "In your eyes, you old goose! No; but, seriously, some idiots took it into their heads that one of the performing lions had escaped, and they got up a panic, and made a stampede of it. A young girl was caught up in the midst of them, stumbled, and

would have gone under and been trampled by their hoofs, but I was lucky enough to grab her in time, and—well, that's the adventure, Forbes. Splendid cutlets, these. What a cook you are! An awfully pretty girl; more than pretty," he went on, rather to himself than Forbes; but the old man was listening intently, as he always listened to the young master, whom he had loved from his infancy.

"Soft, black hair, deep gray eyes; almost violet at times, you know? I believe it's what they call an Irish face. She had a sweet and pleasant voice, too; one of those voices that linger in your memory."

"A lady?" inquired the old man, with a touch of apprehension. "Oh, yes," replied Lashmore. "A lady, though she was all alone when I played Perseus; she had lost her maid, and I took charge of her until the girl was found. She wouldn't tell me her name, but I discovered it for myself. It was—"

He pulled up suddenly and colored. "By George!" he exclaimed, with remorse and annoyance. "I promised her that I would not tell any one. Well, I haven't told you much, Forbes, have I? What I have told you, you'll forget, eh?"

"Certainly, my lord; certainly, sir," said Forbes promptly. "Will you have white or red?"

"Eh? Oh, red," replied Lashmore, absently.

The old butler deftly and carefully drew the cork of a bottle, and poured out a glass. Lashmore took a drink; then glanced at the bottle.

"Chateau Margaux, Forbes!" he said. "Now, look here, this won't do." He laid down his knife and fork, thrust his hands in his pockets, and looked steadily at the old man, who hung his head and fidgeted with his hands as if he had been discovered committing a crime. "Paupers, or next door to paupers, can't afford Chateau Margaux."

"I—I didn't buy it, Master Harry; I happened to have some by me, and, knowing it was your favorite wine—the wine you used to drink—I hope you will forgive the liberty, my lord."

"You old fraud! D'you think I don't know that you've bought the wine for me; d'you think I don't know that you'd give me the roof over your head, your silly old head itself? Look here, Forbes, you don't seem to realize the situation; you don't seem to be able to understand that I'm not"—his voice broke slightly, but he mastered it after a moment—"what I was. What is the situation?"

"Don't go over it again, Master Harry," pleaded the old man.

"Why not?" said Lashmore, his lips drawn straight. "Seems to me the oftener I go over it, the better it will be for me. I've got to face the music, to get accustomed to the tune;

but a pretty ugly tune it is. No, Forbes, I can't be surprised at your not realizing it; for I myself can't realize the nasty knock Fate has dealt me. I suppose if I had done so all at once, I should have gone down under it like many a better man."

"No, no, my lord," quavered Forbes. "You come of a race—"

He stopped awkwardly, and Lashmore laughed grimly. "Yes; I come of a good race, I have got my blood in my veins, though I've no right to bear its name; there's something in that. But all the same, I should have gone down under it, if I had realized it all of a sudden. Think of it, Forbes! To be brought up in what is called the lap of luxury, to pride yourself upon the fact that you are the heir to a fine old title, the son of an earl, to be allowed to swagger over it, if you were inclined to swagger—"

"You never swaggered, my lord—Master Harry," murmured Forbes.

"To be permitted to call yourself a lord, a viscount; to be as happy as the day, in the belief that the world was made for you; and then to be brought back from a spree on the Continent, just in time to see your father die, and to learn from his own lips, that, because he had failed to go through the marriage ceremony with your mother, you were no lord at all, no heir to an earldom; had no right to any name whatever; in short, that you are a kind of thing which men shrug their shoulders at, and enjoy pitying; a man with a stain upon him from his birth; a man no girl would marry; an outcast; a pariah. How does it sound, Forbes? I say it to myself fifty times a day—and curse myself for saying it; for I am resolved to face the music. No; that's not the way to put it; for, come to think of it, I haven't faced the music. I've hidden myself under one of my poor mother's names; I've slunk away like a hound that's been badly whipped; and but for you, you foolish old man, I haven't tears; he wiped them away with a trembling hand, but steadied it to fill the young man's glass.

"Thank you, Forbes. Yes; I'll drink your wine, as I've taken shelter under your roof, and received your friendship and sympathy—gratefully."

"Don't, my lord—sir!" pleaded the old man. "Every penny I've got and saved came from the family; but for the family I shouldn't have been able to retire, shouldn't have a house in which to have the honor of receiving you."

"I don't even understand it, yet," said Lashmore musingly. "How my father—how my mother— It's true I don't remember her very well; but I've heard him speak of her goodness—"

"Her ladyship—your mother was an angel of goodness, Master Harry," said the old man. "It wasn't her fault—if fault there was on either side. His lordship, your father, sir, was a passionate man, and masterful. He met her ladyship, your mother, abroad, and they fell in love, as the Herdalses always did, when they fell in love at all, what you might call madly, sir. There was trouble with her people and with his lordship, so I've heard—you know how things reach the servants' hall, Master Harry—and the young people being set on each other, and his lordship being so wild and masterful, they ran away. They were away some years; and when your father came into the title, and returned to England, everybody thought that her ladyship was married to him. She was so good, my mistress, so sweet, and gentle that no one suspected. Then you were born, my lord, and the mistress never recovered from her illness, and languished away and died."

The old man's voice broke, and he went to the sideboard for a moment to wipe his eyes; then he went on: "We all thought it was her ladyship's death that made his lordship so heart-broken; but it was the wrong he had done you, my lord, that was preying upon him, and shortened his life. He kept the secret until he was on his own death-bed—"

"Yes," said Lashmore, with a long sigh; "my father was a good father to me, and kind; but he wronged me

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doubly in keeping me in ignorance of the truth. He should not have stuck me up before the world as his legitimate son, and let me think myself Lord Herdale. But I won't think hardly of him, Forbes."

"No, no, my lord," said Forbes; "I mean Master Harry. There's the same blood in your veins—why, you're every inch a Herdale."

"A jay in an eagle's plumage; an ass in a lion's skin, eh, Forbes?" said Lashmore, bitterly. Then, seeing that he hurt the old man, he laid a hand on his arm caressingly. "Well, we'll say no more about it, Forbes; though the question still remains—what am I to do? Here I am, strong as a mule, and about as ignorant—I mean, so far as knowing anything that will get my living—with one friend in the world, a chuckle-headed old man, with a silly, soft heart, that won't permit him to turn his back upon a man who's down on his luck—just because he nursed him when he was a baby. I've got five hundred pounds; at least, I had; some of it's gone, of course; and I've got to make my way in the world. For, mind you, Forbes, shaking his finger at the old man, "I'm going to do it. I'm not going to live on your charity. You hold your tongue; I know your little ways! You'd be happy enough to see me spend every penny I'd got, and then live on your savings. Chateau Margaux, you old villain! I know your game, but I'm going to balk you."

"Certainly, my lord—Master Harry, certainly," assented the old man soothingly and deprecatingly. "Here is your pipe, my lord—I mean, sir—and here's the tobacco."

As he arranged them on the mantel shelf he touched a letter lying there, and took it up with a "Tut tut!" of apology and self-reproach.

"I'm very sorry, my lord—Master Harry—but here's a letter. It came this evening, after you'd left. I meant to give it to you directly you'd finished your supper, but your lordship's conversation drove it out of my head."

Lashmore took the letter with surprise, and regarded the envelope curiously. "Why, it's addressed to you, Forbes," he said.

(To be Continued.)

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