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OR  
**PASSION, LOVE'S TRUE**

CHAPTER XXXIII.

### Heiress or Beggar?

And it seemed as if he meant to wait for a summons from her, for the days passed and he did not approach the Court. He had gilded out of the room on the day the will was read, and she had not seen him since.

After a time she ventured beyond the park gates, and wandered aimlessly along the lanes and over the common, very much as she wandered about Norton after her mother's death; but though she expected—and dreaded—to meet him, he did not cross her path.

A fortnight passed. Lady Ferndale drove over frequently, and once or twice persuaded Nora to go over to Ferndale for lunch or dinner, and she was made much of and petted to her heart's content, but she always returned to sleep at the Court. Mr. Fercherik ran down from London several times, bearing formidable-looking documents, which he required her to sign, and giving her further details of the wealth which she had inherited.

"I think you ought to go to one or two of your places, Lady Nora," he said, gently. "Wealth has its responsibilities, as well as its privileges. The place in Scotland, for instance, the earl has not seen it for years. Now, what do you think of paying it a visit? It is a very fair specimen of—er—architecture, quite princely in extent and character. Ahem—I really think you should go."

And Nora said that she would go—when the earl arrived. Then he would sign and shake his head, and proceed to tell her about the shares in a coal mine which he had discovered belonged to her, and ask her what she would do with a large sum which he found invested in the funds in the earl's name, and which now belonged to her. And then Nora sighed, and begged him to do just what he pleased, closed the interview. Another fortnight passed, and one evening she was sitting in the drawing-room, looking out at the view, which was rapidly disappearing in the gloaming of the short late autumn day, when a footman entered and brought a card to her.

She took it up and held it toward the light. It was Guildford Berton's, and on it was written in pencil, "Will you see me for a few minutes?" Nora held the card in her fingers, her brows drawn together in silence for fully a minute; then she inclined her head to the footman, who stood like a statue beside her, and he opened the door and announced Guildford Berton.

He came in with his noiseless tread, and Nora, who had taken up a book and held it in her right hand, rose and bowed to him without offering to shake hands.

"I must ask your pardon for intruding on you, Lady Nora," he said, slowly, and in the manner of one who was repeating words which he had learned by heart, "but I am leaving England for some time, and I could do you without wishing you farewell."

His tone was so subdued, so humble, and, indeed, reverential, that Nora's frigidity melted somehow. After all, she thought his greatest crime had been his daring to love her, and it is a crime which most women find easy to forgive.

"You are leaving England?" she said. "Will you not sit down?"

He took a chair, and she sank into hers.

"Yes," he said, sadly, "I am going away for a change of air and scene. I may be away for some time—for years."

"Where are you going?" she asked, not because she cared, but with the desire to be at least polite to the man who had been her father's closest friend, and who had only sinned in loving her.

"To Australia, I think," he said. "They tell me that a man can find work there, and it is time I made the quest. I have been idle too long—for a poor man."

Nora's heart smote her—it had grown very tender during these few weeks of solitary musing. Sorrow teaches us sympathy even with those we dislike, and she was conscious of a feeling of pity for this man who had wasted his life dancing attendance on one who had rewarded the sacrifice by—a gold watch and chain!

"I hope you will—succeed," she said.

He glanced up at her gratefully, but with the same air of playing a part he had carefully rehearsed.

"It is very good of you to express so kind a wish," he murmured, "especially as I know—am bitterly conscious—that I have lost your friendship."

Nora's brow darkened, and her lips came together tightly.

"Is there any need to speak of—of what is past, Mr. Berton?" she said.

"Forgive me," he pleaded. "It is hard not to speak of what is in one's thoughts day and night, continually. You will understand why I find this place unendurable. It is a source of torture to me! To feel that I am near you and that I dare not approach you—Lady Nora!—he rose and took a step nearer to her, "I had intended to wish you farewell in the fewest possible words, but alas! my heart is too strong for my will! I am going—forever, but before I go will you give me one more chance, will you let me plead for that which is indeed dearer than life?"

Nora rose, and stood, pale and almost majestic, her brows very low indeed, her lips tightly compressed.

"No, I cannot permit you to say a word—a word of that kind," she said, coldly, haughtily. "I am sorry—no, I am glad that you are going, if, as you say, you cannot forget—"

"Forget that I am only Guildford Berton, the son of your father's steward, and that you are an earl's daughter, and the owner of a half-a-million of money," he said, slowly, raising his eyes to her face with a curious expression, half respectful, half defiant. "Is that what you would say, Lady Nora?"

"No," said Nora, and her words cut sharply and clearly, "that is not what I would say, Mr. Berton. It would make no difference to me if you were a prince and I a beggar at your gates."

"Because you hate me so intensely—is that it?" he said, gnawing his lip, but still with the half-defiant look in his eyes.

"Hate!" she said, her bosom heaving. "It is you and not I who use the word."

"But you mean it," he said, breathing quickly. "If you were a princess and I the beggar, you could not speak with greater hauteur."

"Need we pursue this subject?" she said, coldly. "If you have come to bid me farewell, let us part in peace, for—for the sake of my father, whose friend you were. You were his friend, and I will not forget that; as his daughter, it is my duty to remember it."

She tried to speak quietly, as a woman should, to the man whom she has rejected; but she felt that her tone rang with pride and hauteur, and that she could not soften it.

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friend you were. You were his friend, and I will not forget that; as his daughter, it is my duty to remember it."

"Fair words," he said, "but words only. You speak of your duty to your father; it was his wish that you should be my wife. Why will you not respect that wish, and at least give me a hearing?"

Nora's face burned, and her eyes began to flash.

"Please do not misunderstand me," he said. "I am not going to speak disparagingly of either the earl or the countess. The separation was caused by no graver reason than the impossibility of their living happily together. I do not wish to speak ill of the dead, but I do not think any woman could have lived with the Earl of Arrowdale. That is all I intend to say on that point. As you are aware, the countess was accompanied in her exile by a faithful servant, Catherine Hayes. She was devoted to the countess; it was one of those instances of affectionate fidelity which are as rare as they are touching. You were born after the separation, and saw nothing of the earl until the death of your—shall I say adopted mother, Catherine Hayes? I fear I am taxing your patience rather sorely; you are wondering why I should repeat all this, which you know already. Bear with me a little longer, please, Lady Nora. I am right, am I not, in stating that a very strong affection existed between you and Catherine Hayes; in fact, that, after the countess's death, she took the place of a mother to you?"

Nora assented by a gesture. His words recalled the quiet, peaceful life in the cottage at Norton, and all the dead woman's devoted care of her, and the tears were very near her eyes; but she specially desired to repress any emotion in Guildford Berton's presence, and forced the tears back.

"Can you tell me where you were born, Lady Nora?" he asked.

Nora started slightly.

"No," she said, answering her own thoughts rather than his question. He suppressed a smile.

"Nor when—the day, the month?"

"No," said Nora, a faint surprise rising.

"Did it never occur to you that there was something strange, unusual in your ignorance of these facts?"

She shook her head.

"Why do you ask me these—these questions?" she said, coldly.

"My reason will be obvious directly," he responded. "Did you know that Catherine Hayes was a married woman?"

"I do not know," replied Nora.

He unbuttoned his coat, and, taking the photograph from his pocket, held it out to her.

He unbuttoned his coat, and, taking the photograph from his pocket, held it out to her.

"Will you take that in your hand and look at it carefully?"

Nora took it after a moment's hesitation, and looked at it.

"Where did you get this?" she demanded, with a start.

"I found it," he replied, quietly.

Nora's eyes flashed unbelievably.

(To be Continued.)

A novel way to trim the large hat is to set medium-sized velvet buttons around the upper edge of the brim.

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# List of Letters Remaining in the G.P.O. to Dec. 14th, 1916.

A. Anthony, Miss J. card, Prescott St.  
Abbott, Miss Eva, care Post Office  
Akenwood, Charlie, Casey St.

B. Baldwin, P. V., care Mr. Parsons  
Best, Miss Ellen, Golf Avenue  
Bradbury, Miss Mary,  
c/o Mrs. J. Hills, Cookstown Rd.  
Batstone, A. W.  
Bennett, Miss Mary Jane, Water St.  
Byrne, Thomas, Nagle's Hill  
Bell, Miss Daisy, card  
Best, Mr., Holloway St.  
Bolt, Miss Winnie, Leslie St.  
Burton, A., Battery Road  
Burton, Leo, care Gen'l Delivery  
Butt, George, Flower Hill  
Butler, Queen, Brasill's Square  
Bent, Mrs. Annie, Gower St.  
Button, Miss L., P. O. Box 408.  
Brushett, Alexander.  
Brett, Miss Lizzie, Casey St.  
Boyan, T. J., Temperance St.  
Byrne, T., Nagle's Hill

C. Chafe, Geo. W.  
Campbell, E., c/o Mrs. Hill, Gower St.  
Covey, Francis, Gower St.  
Cocarel, Mrs. Lizzie, Barters' Hill  
Collins, Miss Elsie  
Cowan, M. H., Springdale St.  
Crowley, Mrs. D., card, Charlton St.  
Cuddahy, Miss Bride,  
c/o Miss O'Brien, Water St.

D. Dawe, W. H.  
Davis, Miss J., St. John's West  
Doyle, Capt. John, care Gen'l Delivery  
Davis, Miss Katie, Gower St.  
Dakin, Mrs. F., Gower St.  
Dillon, Miss Mary

E. Earley, James, care G.P.O.  
Ebbs, Mrs. Wm.  
Elliott, Dorman, Water St.  
Evans, Mrs. Nathaniel, New Gower St.

F. Fabbri, Signoria E., Hamilton St.  
Feltham, James  
Fisher, Mrs., Chapel Park  
Fleet, Wm., Pennywell Road  
Flemming, G., Balsam  
Freakie, Ephraim  
Fitpatrick, J., Street  
Flynn, Wm., c/o R. M. Flynn, Cabot St.  
Ford, William H.,  
c/o Noah Ford, Reid Co.  
Foote, Ambrose  
Flight, Mrs. John, 3 Street

G. Guina, Wm., George St.  
Gorman, Mrs. George, Power St.  
Gush, Mrs. John, Signal Hill

H. Harter, Mrs. James, ret'd.  
Haynes, Master Robert,  
c/o General P. Office  
Hallett, John, care General P. Office  
Hart, Wm.  
Hevitt, Stephen, Allandale Road  
Hart, Jonas, care W. J. Davidson  
Hearn, James, care G.P.O.  
Hearder, M. R.  
Hilton, Mr., George St.  
Hodder, Mrs. William,  
c/o Mrs. John Shears, Barnes' Rd.  
House, Gilbert, Freshwater Road  
Holmes, Mrs. A., Hayward Avenue  
Hopkins, Mrs. J., card,  
c/o Gen'l Delivery  
Hobbs, George, care Gen'l Delivery  
Hopkins, Mrs. James,  
c/o Gen'l Delivery

Hunt, Mrs.  
Hussey, Mrs. S., Angel Place  
Hurley, Mrs. M., ret'd.  
Hardward, M.  
Hickey, Mrs. Gerald, card,  
McFarlane Street  
Hayward, Miss Stella, Patrick St.

I. Iverson, Fred,  
c/o James Clancey, Newtown Rd.

J. Jones, Archibald  
Jackson, Mrs. Henry  
Jaynes, Nellie, card  
James, Mr., New Gower St.  
James, Mrs. Alexandra St.  
James, Miss Flossie, card  
Jake, Willie, Casey St.

K. Kehoe, Miss Annie,  
Waterford Bridge Road  
Kavanagh, Charles, Kitchen Place  
King, Mrs. Albert, New Gower St.  
Knight, William, care Post Office  
Knight, George, care Post Office  
Knight, Miss Beatrice,  
Kean, Roland

Kentes, Miss Bertha, LeMerchant Rd.  
Kerivan, Miss Nellie, Gower St.  
Kelsy, Mrs. James, Gower St.

L. Lannon, Mrs. Matthew,  
King George Institute  
Mrs. John, care R. Harris  
H., Bond St.

L. Lannigan, Mrs. P. J., Goodview St.  
Leahy, Miss Jane  
Frank, Long Pond, City

M. McLaughlin, Miss Lizzie,  
LeMerchant Road

Martin, Mrs. John,  
East End Post Office  
Martin, Miss Annie, Freshwater Road  
Martin, James, Newtown Road  
Mackey, John, Plymouth Road  
Martin, Mrs. Henry, Bannerman St.  
Miller, Peter, Flower Hill  
Morris, Mrs. card  
Moore, Miss Bell,  
Royal Stores Factory  
Morgan, Miss P., South Side  
Mullaly, William, Pleasant St.  
Murphy, Mrs. John, Osborne House  
Murphy, Michael, card  
Miller, Mrs. S., Forest Road  
Maher, Mrs. Ellen

McGrath, E., Brino St.  
McLeod, Mrs. Delina St.  
McLean, Miss Mary  
McLean, J. R., care Reid Nfld. Co.  
McLoughlin, Miss Angela,  
Allandale Road

Noonan, Joseph, Flavin St.  
Neal, Mrs. Wm., Stephen St.

O'Mara, Annie, ret'd.

Parsons, Miss Jessie,  
c/o Mr. White, LeMerchant Rd.

P. Pye, L., Prescott  
Perry, Florence, Gilbert St.  
Pearcey, Alfred, Allandale Road  
Perdval, Miss Nagle's Hill  
Piercey, George, late Grand Falls  
Porter, Mrs. Madeline,  
College Square

Power, Miss P., late Branch  
Powers, Edwin, Gower St.  
Power, J. B.  
Power, Miss Annie, Gower St.  
Power, Miss P., Prescott St.  
Power, Mrs. Peter, Duckworth St.  
Purcell, Peter, late St. Grace  
Penney, J., late Bonne Bay

R. Ryan, John, Smithville  
Riggs, Miss Nellie, 34 Street  
Robertson, H., Alexander St.  
Roberts, George  
Ronnayne, Miss C. A.

S. Sparks, Wm., Springdale St.  
Shea, Miss Bride, Crosbie Hotel  
Shoppard, Miss Max, card, Prescott St.  
Shoppard, Miss Violet,  
Imperial Tobacco Co.  
Simmons, Mrs. Wm. H.  
Simmons, K., Pleasant St.  
Smith, Miss M. R.  
Smith, J. B.  
Scott, Miss Georgina  
Snow, Wm., care Imperial Tobacco Co.  
Student, Albert, George's St.  
Sullivan, Miss Jose, Bannerman St.  
Squires, Miss Sarah, Henry St.  
Squires, Mrs. M. E., LeMerchant Rd.  
Steffington, Miss Frances  
Stackland, Miss Minnie, card,  
Pleasant Street

T. Taylor, Mrs. Corbet, Monroe St.  
Tuck, Walter  
Turpin, Miss M., late Hospital  
Thompson, Wm., New Gower St.

Uphall, Miss Madge, 15 Street

V. Vokey, James A., Prince's St.

W. Wiseman, Miss Ella,  
care Mrs. Phillips, Springdale St.  
Whiteley, Mrs. A. K.  
White, Bertram, card  
Wiseman, John J., card  
Wall, J., Water St. West  
Watson, Miss Eliza, card  
Watson, Miss Lucy,  
c/o C. I. Howlett, Water St.

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# LONDON

LONDON, Dec. 14, 1916.

### THE QUEEN'S VIL

Queen Mary's aunt, Dowager Grand Duchess of ckenburg-Strelitz, who is reported to be dying at 95, and the oldest R personality in Europe. After the outbreak of the war the British Government stopped her annuity of £3,000 per year, which had been voted to her by Parliament on her marriage at Bingham Palace in 1843 to the Gt Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. 1914 she had thus received over 60,000 from the British Treasury. The Grand Duchess's father was George the Third's sixth son, Adolph Duke of Cambridge. She is a sister to the late Duke of Cambridge, the late Duchess of Teck, Untenally she had a fine house in Buckingham Street, London, where she lived in the late 'eighties, and before, also had apartments in St. James' Palace. The old lady remembers dig at the same table as Talley and the "Iron Duke" was a gather of her son, who was christe Wellington. Peel, Palmerston & Gladstone called on her at St. Ja's.

### SIR HIRAM MIM.

Although he had lived some years in retirement in a Southampton suburb, Sir Hiram Maxim was still a popular London figure, and his death was a loss. I think, the big news of the day for Londoners. I think his autobiography did a lot to put him in the public mind. The who read that unaffected account of a rough New Englander's life, a note reflecting, rather vain-glorious, the unaffected vanity-glory (an honest countryman—not a vestigiate and quite a pleasing picture of the old inventor. He was a strong old gentleman to look at, and a friendly talker despite his deafness. One would have reckoned him in dozen Londoners who are liable to be recognized in any company. In an episode a friend told me some months ago shows the danger generalising about this. My friend's travelling first-class from Hernehill to Victoria. Two staff officers were back from the front were the carriage. So was a white-haired gentleman who persisted in pressing buttons about matters at the front, especially man-

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