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FACE POWDER

Mavis Face Powder, with its fascinating perfume, is chosen by beautiful women all over the world because it gives that soft perfection to the skin which enhances beauty and is so irresistible.



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V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
Paris New York

THE PANGS OF REMORSE — OR — A COMPLICATED TANGLE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Bah!" he said, showing his white teeth. "All thrown away, Mr. Ainsley. You shall have left her for the Orientals. Silence is not my part, I think, and by Heaven! I'll prove it. Now, sir, you Sir Ralph, and my pretty young lady, and he nodded with a demonic grin at Lillian, who stood pale and shivering with her eyes fixed upon Lady Melville. "What is the meaning of this sudden and unprovoked onslaught?" You, Sir Ralph, seem to forget that though your mysterious resurrection may be a pleasant surprise to some it may not be so joyful an event to others. You forget that at this moment, wonderful as it may seem, this lady—whose sudden indisposition your ill-timed advent here caused—is mistress of Riverhall and will remain so until you prove your identity."

"At the audacity of this speech and the open defiance it indicated, a hum of amazement rose from the crowd of servants, and Sir Ralph, crimson with rage, stepped forward.

"You scoundrel!" he exclaimed. "Mercy is thrown away on you—Mr. Ainsley, call in the officers!"

"One moment, I beg," said Claude Ainsley, in a low voice; then turning to the defiant, motionless figure crowned by its malicious, daring face he said sternly: "Having made your idle defiance, now listen. Your impudent assurance is utterly futile. Your plot and the complete evidence of the crimes you have committed in its execution are in Sir Ralph's possession. We have witnesses to prove that you are Chevalier de Morn, forger and thief; Melchior, outlaw and murderer; Bromwell, sham doctor and connoisseur of the vile plot to defraud

Sir Ralph Melville of his estate. More yet—and keep silence or I call in the officers!—We have all the necessary evidence to convict you of another crime, and to hang you as surely as I drop this piece of paper. Now, Chevalier de Morn, Dr. Bromwell, Melchior, the assassin, what have you to say? No more idle boasting or insolent defiance; one word or either will seal your doom. One thing only shall plead for you; and that is a full and complete confession."

Melchior showed his teeth, and, raising one white hand, blazing with the recently purchased diamonds, stroked his mustache.

"Confession!" he repeated, in a low voice, moving his glittering eyes viciously round the group. "Confession! like a paltry thief, a common highway robber—"

"Yes, and in full," said Claude Ainsley, sternly, "leaving no single crime or its mode of perpetration undivulged. Only this can mitigate your punishment. Here are paper and pens and I am ready to take down in the presence of these witnesses all you shall dictate; this and this only stands between you and the gallows."

Melchior looked at him, and his face went a shade whiter.

"You use hard and strong words, Mr. Ainsley. You will deserve the name I bestowed on you if you waste your breath in threats you are unable to carry out. The indictment is a pretty one, but how are you to prove it? Proofs, my friends, proofs! You are a man of the world, Mr. Ainsley, and do not want reminding that a court of law requires something more tangible to convict a gentleman of such crimes than family spite. You bestow on me a variety of ill-favored names—I retort, prove that I ever held them!"

"That is your answer," said Claude Ainsley, walking to the door as he spoke; "this is mine."

He opened the door, and there entered Clarence Clifford.

Unmoved, undaunted by all that had as yet occurred, treating the threatening murmurs of the crowd of servants and Claude Ainsley's stern warning with indifferent scorn, Melchior's composure and bravado melted like ice in a summer's sun before this last arrival.

"What!" he breathed through his teeth, "you here, lad?"

"Ay, I," said Clarence Clifford, sternly.

"You—you should be in France," said Melchior, with a vain and dreadful attempt at a smile. "What have my dogs done? Played me false? And so you are here, are you?" he continued, his voice gaining a savage intensity, and his eyes blazing with sarcasm as they met Clarence's steadfast gaze. "You are here to play chief witness, I suppose, hand in glove with the old idiot and the young Ah!"

—he broke off, transferring his malignant gaze from Clarence to Lillian for a moment—"You are the bait, my pretty one, are you? Wait a while! I've a word for your ears and your father's. As?" he went on, waving his hand in a tempest of passion in an outward sweep that included the whole crowd—"For you all! You are witnesses, they say, for the confession, and by Heaven you shall be! Hear me, then, you wandering Jew, you catapaw. I am Melchior, the bank-note forger, I am the Chevalier de Morn, I am half a hundred other names that have outwitted and defied you all until this last mistake. But where's your triumph? Look there," and he pointed his long finger at the white face of Lady Melville, who was still clinging to the curate, "look there! Give us all our right names and what is she? A would-be poisoner! a murderer in intent and belief! Ah, you start, Mr. Ainsley; this cuts near home, doesn't it? Your old love a murderer! Is it possible? Ay, fool, it is. Ask her yourself. Ask her who gave the deadly water flower to her supposed tool! Ask her of a certain lady beyond the seas now, by name Kate Lucas, and if she has enough sense left in her pitiful brains she'll tell you, and make your confession enough without mine! Ha, ha!" he laughed, discordantly.

"So much for her end my pompous squire. Look nearer home. Who is that young cockcomb your pretty lady clings to so fondly? Clarence Clifford, you call him; I'll call him by another name! Forger, pickpocket, thief! Look at him, all of you! That aristocratic gentleman is the lad, Cl Melchior, the bank forger's tool and assistant. Look at his white hands. Ha, ha! Many a counterfeit sovereign has he stamped! By Heaven, that engraved the false plate itself! Ha, Sir Ralph, your face falls, does it? The prospect is not so nice, eh? A young jailbird, a felon's assistant, a wall from the thieves' gutter, for a son-in-law! Oh, was there ever such a catastrophe?"

With fiendish mockery he threw up his hand and laughed till the room echoed it.

"I have lost one stake, but I have gained the game. Look at me, Sir Ralph Melville, and look at that pitiful sister-in-law of yours. I am the man she tricked and betrayed to marry your brother. I am the man he outbid. You Melvilles, all look at me. I am he who swore to hate you while I had the heart to hate, and to revenge my wasted life on your cursed race while one member of it remained. Have I not done it? Look at the woman who played me false, who took a boy's true heart, sucked it dry and threw it aside with a laugh for an old man's wealth and title. Have I not revenged my lost youth? Which is the more miserable—she shivering on the brink of a maniac's grave, ruined in name and exalted by all, or I who have lived to drag her down? Look at him," he continued, nodding at Clarence Clifford, who stood white and panting, his whole thoughts on the agony of the woman that had put her trust in him and found him a hollow reed and deception.

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GERALD S. DOYLE, Agent.

Another Proposed Pulp and Paper Mill in N. S.

MONTREAL.—There is the possibility that a pulp and paper mill may be established in Guysboro County, Nova Scotia, through which runs the Liscombe River. Investigation of the power sites on this river has been started by J. Ruddick, of Quebec, a consulting engineer on hydro-electric development. Mr. Ruddick was in Halifax recently conferring with the provincial authorities relative to the power potentialities of this river. He is acting for pulp and paper interests in the United States but stated recently that until the Liscombe River sites could be thoroughly examined and investigated, it would be impossible to make any definite announcement regarding the proposed development. He admitted also that American interests were anxious to erect a mill in Guysboro County and, if the investigations indicate that the proposition is feasible, Nova Scotia may shortly have a pulp and paper mill under construction. It is thought that considerable power can be generated on the Liscombe River.

Where Puss is Tailless

As everyone knows, Manx cats are tailless. They have just a tuft of fur, without any bone.

Why some cats should be tailless has never been satisfactorily explained. The species, quite common in the east, is said by some to have been evolved by the priests of one of the old-time pagan religions who regarded that cat as a sacred animal, and who, by depriving all kittens of their tails, at last succeeded in getting a tailless species. The idea was to prevent a sacred animal getting contaminated by its tail picking up impurities.

Manx cats must have come to the island from the East, and they have remained tailless because their island home prevents cross-breeding with the ordinary tailed cat.

Why a cat is said to have "nine lives" is really—save that nine was one of the sacred numbers—nothing but a tribute to its body. Its spine is very tough; its paws are thickly padded; and its body is extraordinarily flexible.

Richard Hudnut
Three Flowers Face Powder

The Face Powder that is Difficult to Have the Particularity of the Quality of Admiration and is compared with the Difficult and Appealing color of Three Flowers in All Popular Shades

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Three Flowers Face Powder

The Face Powder that is Difficult to Have the Particularity of the Quality of Admiration and is compared with the Difficult and Appealing color of Three Flowers in All Popular Shades

Where Puss is Tailless

As everyone knows, Manx cats are tailless. They have just a tuft of fur, without any bone.

Why some cats should be tailless has never been satisfactorily explained. The species, quite common in the east, is said by some to have been evolved by the priests of one of the old-time pagan religions who regarded that cat as a sacred animal, and who, by depriving all kittens of their tails, at last succeeded in getting a tailless species. The idea was to prevent a sacred animal getting contaminated by its tail picking up impurities.

Manx cats must have come to the island from the East, and they have remained tailless because their island home prevents cross-breeding with the ordinary tailed cat.

Why a cat is said to have "nine lives" is really—save that nine was one of the sacred numbers—nothing but a tribute to its body. Its spine is very tough; its paws are thickly padded; and its body is extraordinarily flexible.

Richard Hudnut
Three Flowers Face Powder

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