

SILENT LIPS

BY ANNIE O. TIBBETS
Author of "The Love That Won," "The Mystery of Iris Grey," "Robes of Shame,"
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CHAPTER X—(Continued)

Barber looked at him oddly, then shrugged his shoulders, and as he turned to chalk his cue his eyes had narrowed to two ugly slits.
"Who is Waring?" he said to himself.
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CHAPTER XI

The Face in the Street

As Ted Sealey had promised, no one recognized Geoffrey as the man who had left Oldcastle in disgrace eight years ago.
No one saw in the bronzed face, in the set, firm mouth, in the hair that was beginning to be speckled with gray, features of the man, one time mild, who had been flung out of Oldcastle on that dull, chill day eight years ago.
He looked at her steadily, and recognized her face in spite of the difference eight years had made. She had grown up while he had been away, turned from a girl into a girl, and a pretty girl, too, with bright blue eyes that at times seemed to look black under her long black lashes.

had been true to one, true to Fanshawe at least, eight years ago.
All the same the thought of it haunted him through the night. Were they both deceived, he and Ted, both mistaken in the woman they loved? But he shook the thought from him. Whatever happened, he would believe in Hetty, swear by her and live for her until he heard from her own lips that she was guilty of the crime of which Oldcastle accused her.
Mrs. Sharpe's house stood in Oldham street, a house in a shabby terrace where all the houses were poor houses, occupied for the most part by workers at the mills and factories.

CHAPTER XII

Foiled

"Hetty!" he cried hoarsely, "Hetty!"
She lay perfectly still before him. Hetty as he had seen her only a few days ago on the footpath in St. James' Park—she lay perfectly still before him.
The policeman rose.
"Can you keep this from the public, can't you?" he inquired. "I don't want any one to know what I have done tonight. Can you manage it?"

and glitter of diamonds that were so strongly out of place on the neck of a shabby workgirl. He stared for a moment, unable to drag his eyes away.
"Looked at the face and dropped to his knees with a cry."
The policeman's manner had altered. His look of shrewd suspicion had changed to one of surprise and defence.
"Did I hear them calling you Waring, sir?" he asked. "Mr. Waring, of India?"
"Geoffrey nodded."
"You can keep this from the public, can't you?" he inquired. "I don't want any one to know what I have done tonight. Can you manage it?"

CHAPTER XIII

In Society

At last, Waring, I thought you were never coming."
His name had leapt before him, from footman after footman stationed upon the great staircase, and now at last he stood at the top, his hand grasping Lord Renwick's.
He was the last to arrive. The great rooms were full, and Lady Renwick was about to follow her guests. She paused at the sound of Geoffrey's name, and gave him her hand before she passed into her yellow drawing-room.

He stopped, checked by the cry that had broken from Geoffrey's lips.
"Evlyn! Walter!"
"Yes, she is the daughter of a big iron manufacturer up north. Sir Arthur Walter. You have heard of him, of course? He is the maker of the Oldcastle Crown Iron, and his name is famous all over the world, as you know. Well, it was thought that Claude Fanshawe would have married his daughter, but she is now, somehow or other it has never come off. Claude is rakish and uncertain, a debauched, reckless fellow. There he is."
The crowd moved aside to let him pass, and Geoffrey saw between the groups of beautiful women and distinguished men, a face that he had carried with him to the end of the world. It was just the same, a little older, perhaps, a little more dissipated, but handsome, ruddy, careless, bold, the face of the man Hetty Lancaster had loved. The eyes that still lay against her breast!

CHAPTER XIV

Who is this Man?

At the same instant, on the opposite side of the room, the Earl of Oldcastle dropped the single glass from his faded eye and turned to his wife.
The rooms were beginning to thin now, and across the scattered groups of people Geoffrey was easily visible. The earl nodded slowly.
"Who is this man?" he asked. "It is Geoffrey Clavering. It is certainly Geoffrey Clavering. But he is shrugging his shoulders and looking back across the room. The question is how to make him admit it. Make him useful to us, eh, dear boy?"

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CHAPTER XV

At the same instant the earl of Old Castle dropped the single glass from his faded eye and turned to his son.

Walter's bold gray eyes fixed on his own almost disconcerted him. It almost seemed as if he smiled held in it a challenge and a threat as she came up to him. It seemed as if she could not fail to remember him, and for an instant he wondered dully which would be best, to be recognized by her or by the earl. In either case he supposed it would mean exposure and ruin, in either case he would feel afresh the burden of another man's sin. Could he bear it now? Could he stand it again?

ever been the least bit an earnest man, surely now—but he had looked away again, back to the man who had been the centre of attraction all the evening, the man whom the King had honored.
The groups about him were scattering. Only one man lingered to speak to him, and the Earl, standing a short distance away, seemed in no hurry. She would seize the opportunity while it offered. She waited an instant, then gave a sudden sigh and moved across the room toward him.
Geoffrey looked round sharply. Evelyn

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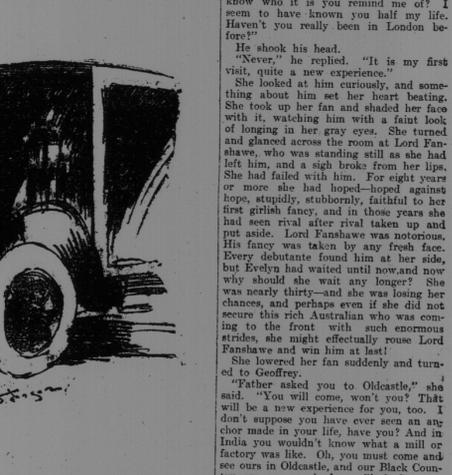
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AN INFLAMMATION TENDON... ABSORPTINE...
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Warranted to be...
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