

SILENT LIPS

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

She uttered her fan again as she spoke and Geoffrey had a faintly unpleasant sensation as he met her pale gray eyes. Evelyn Walter was cold and hard as her father's iron, and she had never forgiven and never would forgive Hetty Lancaster for the part she had played in separating her from Lord Fanshawe. There was a bitter and undying hatred in her cold eyes and hard face. Even the smile she gave Geoffrey did not sweep it away. He felt her hand on his arm, and the delicate scent of her dress wafted to him as she moved, and something in it and in her touch seemed to grip his heart like a band of iron. He would bring her to her knees yet—he would make her—make them admit Hetty's innocence! He would work until he had done it, until he had undermined all the tissues of her body, until he had brought her to her knees, and then—what did it matter what happened then? What did it matter what he came of him as long as Hetty was clear?

He looked round and encountered the earl's hard eyes fixed upon him, and at most involuntarily he fell back a step. He had still to reckon with the earl.

CHAPTER XV.
Face to Face.

He tore himself away at last and hurried out, down the great staircase, with his heavily scented flowers, the great banks of orchids and its white and gold decorations, out into the dark night. The brougham waited for him. He got into it hastily, and slipped back in the seat, with a sense of relief. There in the darkness he was safe from the earl's keen eyes. There at least for a few moments there was no one to recognize him.

Once or twice as the brougham swept toward the Strand he passed his hand mechanically over his face. A few days ago he had not thought it possible to be recognized. Now, he felt a sense of uneasiness, almost of danger. Yet, after all, it was only those who had known him well who recognized a likeness, and he

perceived himself as he rolled up Piccadilly that even the earl did not really suspect his identity. The earl, as Lord Renwick had said, was a man with a keen money sense, and, no doubt, that was why he had watched him so narrowly and followed him with Evelyn. Walter down to the supper room and back, when he afterward went to bid Lord Renwick good night. The earl, poor and extravagant, was always in want of money, and he (Geoffrey) was rich. No doubt, that was the only reason why he had been so anxious to make his acquaintance. No doubt, it had been only his own nervousness that had led him to imagine that he had seen recognition in those keen gray eyes above the hawk nose.

All the same, out in the open night he felt relieved, glad to be by himself. His hand was on the latch of the brougham door before it stopped, and a minute later he was hurriedly mounting the staircase with the thought of Hetty blotting out everything else from his mind.

The housemaid met him at the door of his room.

"She's feverish and excited, sir," she said in answer to his nervous question. "There's a nurse with her, and she wants to give her a sleeping draught, but she won't take it, and nurse can't make her. She won't have it until she's seen you, she says."

Geoffrey gave a faint start.

"She wants to see me—tonight?" he asked.

The girl nodded.

The nurse has tried to persuade her not," she replied, "but she—she's afraid of something, sir. Nurse can't make her out."

Afraid! Geoffrey turned away. Afraid of him? And of what? Eight years ago Hetty had not known the meaning of fear. Neither fear nor shame nor pain nor sorrow had touched her then.

"What is she afraid of?" he asked.

The housemaid did not know.

"Only she seems anxious to see you," she said.

Geoffrey turned and walked slowly along the great corridor until he came to the door of the room into which Hetty had been put.

Hetty was lying on a couch, propped up by pillows. Someone had found for her a pink flannel dressing gown, and the color seemed to throw a deadly whiteness over her face and give a queer, feverish light to her eyes.

She raised herself quickly as the door closed behind him, and, leaning on her elbow, looked at him nervously and anxiously as he crossed the room toward her. Her face, thin and white and pinched, looked gray against the pillows. All the old bright light had gone from it. All the

whisper. "What do you mean? Who—" She stopped suddenly. Her eyes took in a new look. She drew in her breath sharply, like a swimmer striking water, and her voice broke in a sudden wild cry.

"Geoffrey! It can't be—it can't be—oh! it is impossible that you can be Geoffrey!"

She craned forward, her hands outstretched for a moment, and then abruptly fell back again.

"Geoffrey! Come back from the dead!" she added in a whisper. "It is impossible."

"Yes, yes, it is possible," he cried. Oh, I thought that you would have known me. I knew you—even though you, too, have altered. Hetty, I knew you when I saw you. I should have known you though you had altered a thousand times as much. Oh, my poor little girl! I never thought to find you like this!"

He broke off, and for a moment she lay shivering as though with cold. Then she sat up again.

"But I don't understand," she said. "They said your name was Waring; what does it mean?"

CHAPTER XVI.

The Barrier Between.

He leaned forward, bringing his face into the light and looked steadily into hers.

"Waring is the name I am known by now," he said. "It was the name I adopted when I left England eight years ago. You knew, of course, why I went." She nodded her head slowly. Her lips were set tight.

"I was told," she said.

"I went in disgrace," he went on, "and I never meant to come back. I went to set foot in England again, yet I am here—brought back by fate. I think. You know how I have succeeded—against my wish, against my will, against my heart, for I have cared for neither success nor riches. I worked because I had to work—to forget. And now at last I am back—back! No one knows me. I have gone unrecognized so far, but I thought that you, I thought that you would know me in spite of everything."

He stopped abruptly, and put out his hand to her again. This time she did not shrink from him. This time there was no fear in her eyes as she looked into his frozen face.

"Oh, why didn't I?" she cried. "Now when I look at you I can see. Oh, Geoffrey, why didn't I recognize you before? But you have altered—look different. There is something strange and new about you, and no one could dream of seeing you here like this, in this big hotel—Geoffrey, what does it all mean? You were poor when you left Oldcastle. I remember what a mean salary the old earl used to give you. Oh, you had not begun life then and yet now, Geoffrey, they say you are rich, and people have been talking about you, and about what you are doing, and you are to be knighted—oh, how strange it all seems."

Almost involuntarily her eyes fell to her own reddened, roughened, workworn hands. Eight years ago how different things had been! Once it had been his hands that had been rough and red with work. Once he had been poor and shabby and dirty. Did either of them remember now the night when her father had brought home the small, muddy, sobbing boy, who had lost his mother? Did either of them remember how she had thrown her bright face against his wet one, her lips against his cheek? "Never mind, poor little boy, Daddy and I will love you ever so."

That was much more than eight years back, but Geoffrey remembered it all now as he sat looking at her, and he saw again, as in a dream, himself in corduroy, with a red handkerchief about his neck, and his bottle of tea in his hand, as he had gone to work in the Liverpool Road.

"Yes, I am rich enough," he said, slowly, "but what good are riches to me? I am alone in the world, Hetty. I have been alone ever since I left Oldcastle eight years ago, and always shall be. I never meant to set foot in England again, or to see any of the old faces or speak to any one I used to know. Yet here I am, Hetty, with you! And you—" He broke off for an instant, bending forward again, his eyes on her white face.

"And you, Hetty," he added, huskily, "have you ever wondered where I was all these years? Have you ever thought of me—disgraced, shamed, humiliated—branded as a forger and a thief?"

"Geoffrey, stop!" she cried, "you thought you that," she cried. "Oh, you could not believe I really thought you guilty of the thing people said you had done? I—well, father and I knew better than that."

Her voice broke as she spoke of her father. He caught her hand sharply in his as it lay on the coverlet.

"You didn't believe it," he said, unsteadily, "but didn't they tell you—the earl, I mean—and Jackson, the lawyer, and—Lord Fanshawe—didn't they tell you what I had done—and that I had confessed to it?"

"Father knew," she replied, simply. "He knew you hadn't gambled—he knew you have never had £5,000 in your life, and he said if you had done it you had done it for some one else—to get the money for somebody or to screen somebody."

Geoffrey sat quite still.

"He said that?" he believed in me? You believed in me? Oh, if I had only known—"

She put out her hands to him.

"You ought to have known," he cried. "We waited, hoping to hear from you. We could not understand your disappearance without a word, even though the earl explained. And then—then—"

"Then what?"

She fell back with her hands before her face.

"I can't tell you any more," she cried wildly. "Don't ask me any more. My father—died and I—" She started up again suddenly. "Oh, you must let me go," she added. "I felt if I had been to think of that time after you had gone. Sometimes I thought if you had only been there things would have been different. Sometimes I felt if I had known where you were I should have gone to you. But I knew nothing, and besides—"

She stopped, her eyes, grown dark and strained, looking wildly about the room as though she feared that there might be something hidden behind the heavy furniture—as though, in spite of the bright electric lights, there were ghosts in the room.

"Don't ask me any more," she added abruptly, "for I can't tell you any more. He hesitated a moment. He got up, and turning, paced across the floor, and then came back to her.

"Hetty," he said, "I know all about it—everything. I know all that happened—all the history of that ugly year when I went away—the story of your father's death, and your disappearance—everything."

"Everything?" she asked, hoarsely.

She lay back for an instant, staring at him, and something in her face held him silent. Then, suddenly, she broke into a wild, harsh laugh.

"Oh, you don't know everything," she cried. "You wouldn't be here now if you did. You wouldn't be looking at me like that—befriending me if you knew everything."

"Why not?"

"Their eyes met and something she saw in his—a look that she had seen there once before, long ago, brought a sudden, strange, broken cry to her lips.

"He fell suddenly on his knees beside the bed.

"Hetty, was I a fool years ago? If I had not made a mistake—if I had not given up my honor—if I had waited, might I have won you from him—from Fanshawe—after all? Oh, Hetty, have I lost everything—everything—through that?"

He caught at her thin arm lying against her side, and held it in a hungry grip. She shook her head, and again the cold sweat broke upon him, and might have said, "No—but it might—or, it might have

me. I am not worth a minute's thought, Geoffrey."

She gave a sudden sharp cry.

"That I can never do," he cried. "Hetty, you know I can never forget you. I have carried the memory of you in my heart all these years, and I shall carry it till I die, and now that I have found you I shan't easily let you go again. If Fanshawe has placed you false he shall be made to suffer for it."

She threw out one hand as if to stop him, and then suddenly put up the other to her neck where the miniature lay.

"No—no, leave him," she cried. "Let me."

"Nurse—nurse," he called; "come quickly; she is fainting."

him go. You can do no good. It—it only hurts me, Geoffrey. Oh, if I were in an open window! Oh, Geoffrey, leave me—let me go."

Her small, thin fingers clutched at her neck, and a faint cold shiver ran through him as he saw the gesture. He could not understand her. Did she still care no more after all those years? Did she still love the man who had failed to keep his promise to her—the man who had promised to marry her? Yet if she did, why was she not anxious to find her father's murderer, and prove her own innocence? In any case, how was it she had allowed him to go unavenged—the father she had loved and who had worshipped her?

God help him! He had not thought of that until now, and now—why did she do that? He tried to shake him self free, and with an effort turned and faced her again.

"Hetty, tell me," he cried, huskily,

"You had nothing to do with it—nothing to do with your father's death? I heard, in Oldcastle, about your being seen in the library, where he was found, but I thought you could explain that. Tell me, now, you were poor when you left Oldcastle. He took a step toward her, and, as in a dream, he saw her shrink back, saw her hand go up as if in self-defense, saw a black shadow sweep across her face.

"I can't tell you, Geoffrey," she cried. "I can't tell you. Oh, if you are kind you will leave me. If you are wise you will forget me, Geoffrey. I am not worth remembering. Oh, why didn't you kill me outright—when you struck me down with your motor car? Why didn't you let me go instead of bringing me here?"

He faced her in silence. Horror and pain held him in its grip. Doubt, for the first time, had crept into his heart. Through the pale pink of her dressing gown he seemed to see Lord Fanshawe's face—that handsome, dissolute, debonaire face, set in diamond, the face he hated as he had never hated anything before—that she was against her heart and as he had felt eight years ago, crept over him as he stood there.

"Can't you explain? Can't you tell me what you mean?" he asked. "I can't believe you guilty, and yet—why did you marry Fanshawe? And why—Hetty, why do you still carry his face against your heart?"

She threw up her hands suddenly, catching at her throat as though that awful face, lying against it, was choking her. Her face whitened sharply. The last drop of blood left her lips.

"I—I—oh, Geoffrey, pity me," she cried, "but go—go for heaven's sake don't ask me anything more. I can't bear it."

Her voice dropped suddenly. Her head fell back heavily upon the pillow, and a wave of white went over her face. He gave her a quick, sharp look, and then rushed across the room to the door, dragging it open with shaking hands.

"Nurse—nurse," he called, "come quickly; she is fainting."

(To be continued.)

The Egyptian minister of instruction has decided that fifteen Egyptian students shall be sent every year to England to complete their education as doctors, lawyers, engineers and professors.

DESPERATE WORK OF JEALOUS MAN

Kills His Wife; Shoots His Brother and Then Fires Bullet in His Own Head, and Will Likely Die.

Farmington, Me., July 14.—Jesse Searles, a farmer, about twenty-five years of age, shot and killed his wife and also shot his brother, Edward Searles, when he found the two strolling together in the woods a short distance from the village of North Cheshire, where they lived. Returning to the village, Searles went to a house of a physician and directed him to the scene of the tragedy, after which he walked up the road for a short distance and then shot himself in the head. He was still alive late tonight, but was not expected to recover. Edward Searles has a bullet wound through the jaw. His condition tonight was serious, but it is thought that the wound will not prove fatal.

Jealousy is ascribed as the probable reason for the shooting. Since last winter Jesse Searles and his wife had lived apart on account of a quarrel, but both remained in the village, being employed on different farms. Edward Searles was also employed in the town. The family came to North Cheshire from Rangely about two years ago. In addition to working as farm hands, both the brothers had served occasionally as guides for sportsmen in the Rangely region, and they are well known through that district.

The shooting occurred about 5 o'clock this afternoon. It is supposed the Searles followed his wife and brother to the woods and that a quarrel took place there. Searles was armed with a thirty-two calibre revolver. He fired apparently only two shots at his victim, but his marksmanship was excellent, one shot piercing his wife's brain and killing her. The body which was found lying on the ground, a distance of about a mile, to the westward of the house, was that of his wife, lodging on the other side.

WELL KNOWN BOSTON MAN SUICIDES

Body of Freeman M. Crosby Found in Water Near His Summer Home—Said to Have Been Despondent.

Hyannis, Mass., July 14.—The body of Freeman M. Crosby, the well known proprietor of a restaurant on School street, Boston, and a summer resident of the village of Centerville, was found today in Lake Wauquois, while his boat, from which he had jumped, was anchored near the shore, a few feet distant from the bottom of the lake. The body, which was found lying on the sandy bottom of the lake, was fully dressed with the exception of the coat, which had been rolled up and placed in the bottom of the boat. Beside the body were a cup and an empty bottle.

Mr. Crosby's wife and daughter are spending the summer at their cottage in Centerville, and he made frequent trips to and from Boston each week during their stay, having come from the city last night to spend Sunday. Early this morning he started for the lake, as had been his custom, and after chatting a while with some other summer residents, he entered his rowboat and pulled across the lake, a distance of about a mile, to his summer home, where he had a poultry farm and devoted considerable attention to raising Angora goats.

Failing to return to breakfast, his family became alarmed, and not finding him at the lake side they notified J. R. Crosby and Andrew P. Gardner of his prolonged absence and expressed their fears that some mishap had befallen him. The two men rowed across the lake, and a short distance from the opposite shore they came across Mr. Crosby's boat at anchor, but its owner was missing.

Further search disclosed the body lying upon the sandy bottom of the lake, in about six feet of water, and fully clothed except for the coat. The bottle found in the boat had been so completely drained that no idea of what its contents had been could be determined.

Mr. Crosby is said by some of his acquaintances to have appeared care worn and worried of late, and his poultry and goat-raising venture, in which he was greatly interested, is said to have been less successful than was anticipated.

Mr. Crosby was about 50 years of age. Through the pale pink of her dressing gown he seemed to see Lord Fanshawe's face—that handsome, dissolute, debonaire face, set in diamond, the face he hated as he had never hated anything before—that she was against her heart and as he had felt eight years ago, crept over him as he stood there.

"Can't you explain? Can't you tell me what you mean?" he asked. "I can't believe you guilty, and yet—why did you marry Fanshawe? And why—Hetty, why do you still carry his face against your heart?"

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"Nurse—nurse," he called, "come quickly; she is fainting."

(To be continued.)

NOVA SCOTIA TO SEND EXHIBIT TO JAMESTOWN

All the Mineral Resources, Except Coal, to Be Shown.

Halifax, N. S., July 14.—The Nova Scotia government has decided to send an exhibit of the mineral resources of this province, other than those of coal, to the Jamestown exhibition. The exhibit has been decided on through the personal representations of Mrs. C. M. Coleman, of Richmond (Va.), and New York, who is largely interested in some Nova Scotia gold mines. The exhibit will occupy a space of 300 square feet and will be forwarded immediately in charge of Harry Pepp, curator of the provincial museum.

It is the intention later on, to have a Nova Scotia day at the Jamestown exhibition.

FRANK A. WHITE, OF BOSTON, SUICIDES

Boston, July 14.—Sitting in front of a mirror in a room he had engaged at a hotel, and twirling his moustache about his neck until he choked to death, Frank A. White, of the firm of R. H. Blodgett & Co., printers, at 39 Bromfield street, committed suicide today.

White was thirty-five years old. No reason for the suicide is known. He leaves a wife.

BOSTON MAN SLAIN BY ITALIANS

Murderer Plunged a Dagger Into Jeremiah Crowley—Crowd Threatened Lynching

Boston, July 14.—Jeremiah Crowley, aged thirty years, married, and living at 33 Wapping street, Charlestown, was murdered today at the stable of Dennis O'Connell, 49 North Margin street, where he was employed, by an enraged Italian, who stabbed him in the groin because he was refused a team.

Joseph Mosconi, aged thirty-two, of 48 Battery street, whom the police have under arrest, charged with murder, ran out of the stable after stabbing Crowley and waving a dagger, fled down North Margin street. He was followed by an angry mob, one of whom, John Doherty, closed with Mosconi. The dagger was dropped and a fist fight followed. Doherty finally overcame the Italian, but was forced to defend himself and the Italian from the mob, who threatened lynching. On the arrival of the officers, Doherty was released.

The trouble arose over an order, but day-punt into effect and which Crowley was carrying out, that no one should be allowed to take a team of horses belonging to boarders without an order from the owner. Mosconi came to the stable about noon and asked for a team belonging to Louis Tammany. He was refused, and was refused the team by Crowley. He left the stable in an angry mood, and immediately returned through another door, and, rushing upon Crowley, plunged a dagger into his groin. Crowley was taken to the relief station, where he died two hours later.

MRS. WOOD IS MALE AND HEARTY AT 120

(Springfield Republican.)

The oldest white woman in Oregon, and no doubt in the United States, Mrs. Mary Ramsey Lemons Wood, with whom readers of the Republican have been for some time acquainted, figured in the Fourth of July celebration at Portland in that state. Mrs. Wood, then aged 120 years, 1 month and 15 days, was crowned queen of Oregon. The coronation was performed by Gen. George H. Williams, 84 years old, who was attorney-general in the cabinet of President Grant. He was assisted by J. D. Lee, president of the state pioneer association. In laying a wreath of flowers upon the head of Mrs. Wood, Gen. Williams said:

"On behalf of the citizens of Portland and as a part of the celebration of the 31st anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, I have the honor to crown you as queen of Oregon, so far as advanced years and the respect and veneration of the people can make you such a queen. As a young man of 84 years of age, I am proud of the opportunity to confer this distinction upon a lady who is old enough to be my grandmother. I do not believe there is a person now living in this country who was living as long as Mrs. Wood. She was a pioneer of Oregon, when George Washington was inaugurated president of the United States. I congratulate you upon the pleasure you must feel in meeting your friends and neighbors who have assembled to do you honor, and I hope you may have that peace which the world cannot give in the closing scenes of your long and useful life. The amazing span of this life will be realized in the statement of Gen. Williams that Mrs. Wood was living when the first president of the United States was inaugurated. Interesting facts regarding the life of this venerable woman, her ancestry, and the things which she remembers, are thus set forth:

Mrs. Wood was born at Knoxville (Tenn.), May 29, 1787. She was twice married, her first husband, Mr. Lemons, dying in 1839. In 1852 she moved from Missouri to Oregon, settling in Washington county, where she still makes her home, riding on horseback the entire way. She married her second husband, John Wood, May 28, 1854. Of her four children, all of whom lived to ripe old age, only one is today living, her youngest child, Mrs. Catherine B. Southworth Reynolds, who was born in 1839. Mrs. Wood is of English ancestry. This remarkable antiquarian now weighs 130 pounds, is a good conversationalist, and speaks about the career of Napoleon Bonaparte, who was a lad of eighteen when she was born, as though the events in which he took part happened yesterday. She was a native woman of 34 when Napoleon died, and her youngest child was only nine years after his death. At the time of the death of George Washington she was 12 years of age. Her husband died, and her youngest child was born, she was a mother before the birth of Abraham Lincoln and W. E. Gladstone, and well before the birth of Horace Greeley, Charles Sumner of Henry Ward Beecher came into the world. As we have instances of grandmothers at the age of 31, Mrs. Wood was old enough to have been the grandmother of Queen Victoria, or Julia Ward Howe, and as she is 37 years older than Gen. Williams, who crowned her queen of Oregon, she could easily have been his grandmother. The same is true as to Edward Everett Hale or Senator Pettus of Alabama."

Scott Act Case Application Refused.

Mr. Justice McLeod refused the application for habeas corpus made by C. Lioe of Hamilton, of Dorchester, in connection with the imprisonment of Hen. J. Cornier, of Moncton, now in jail for a first offence under the Scott act. Mr. Hamilton may carry the matter before another judge and may apply to the supreme court at Ottawa.

One of his contentions is that the act of Hamilton and brought into force by the people of Westmorland is not the act now on the statute books by reason of changes made by acts of parliament. If he was sustained in this contention he would practically be null and void in all countries until new elections are held.

A Double Drowning.

Ottawa, July 14.—(Special)—James Mulholland and his wife, who were with some young men on the staff of the Georgian Bay canal survey, were drowned on Friday evening in the Chats Rapids, on the Ottawa river.

Servant Mulholland—"I left my last place because I couldn't get enough to eat." "Master—You won't find that case here. My wife does the cooking, and there is always a lot left after every meal."