

The Web;

OR,
TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER II.

In an English Palace.
"They parted. It was very sad, and very disappointing. But—what would you have? Life is too short to permit of two persons spending it in quarrelling." He shuddered palpably.

"But—but your daughter?" said Lord Ferndale.
"Ah, yes, pardon me, I had forgotten! Yes, I have a daughter, born after the separation; consequently I have not seen her"—he said it as if it were quite a matter of course. "But her mother and her nurse and, I believe, most attached and devoted servant being dead, her care devolves upon me."

There was a pause. Everybody tried to find something to say, and failed, though Lord Ferndale did murmur, inaudibly, "Poor girl."
"I may say," said the earl, quite pleasantly, "that I have not seen her yet, and that I am sharing your curiosity. She arrived this afternoon."

The men exchanged glances, all but Guldford Berton, who kept his dark eyes fixed on the floor.
"I cannot even tell you what she is like, but I trust you will find her charming," and he spoke the words as if he had added, "and I am quite sure you won't."

There was a painful silence, broken by the entrance of Mr. Petherick. The earl looked at the clock.
"We will not wait," he said, suavely. Mr. Petherick coughed.
"I expect Lady Norah is too tired," he stammered.

The earl smiled upon him, and motioned Lord Ferndale to lead the way. They entered the dining-room, and the earl walked straight to the bottom of the table, waved his guests to their seats, and the rector said grace.
He had scarcely resumed his seat, when the two footmen ranged themselves on either side of the door, and Norah entered.

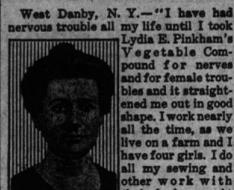
She wore the soft, white dress with the black sash and shoulder ribbon, in which Mr. Petherick had first seen her; her face was pale, but that and the faintest quiver of the beautiful lips were the only signs that she felt the ordeal which her exquisite father had compelled her to undergo.

The men started and rose, looking at her in breathless silence. The earl was the first to gain his feet, and he, too, stared for a moment, as silent as the rest.
He had expected to see a shy, timid, underbred girl, half dairy maid, half—she scarcely knew what. At any rate, something that would try all his self-possession and immovable serenity.

Instead—!
For a moment a faint color rose to his face, and all his boasted impassiveness broke down before this graceful young creature with the lovely face and wealth of red-gold hair, who stood waiting like a princess for homage. Then he left the table, and taking her hand with a bow, turned to his dumfounded guests.
"Gentlemen," he said, slowly, and in his sweetest voice, "permit me to introduce you to my daughter!"
And still holding her hand, he conducted her with stately, but ice-like courtesy, to the head of the table.

WOMAN HAD NERVOUS TROUBLE

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CHAPTER III.
Lady Norah.
FOR a moment or two Norah felt giddy and almost faint. Surely no girl had ever before been placed in so extraordinary and trying a situation. Opposite her sat the father she had never seen before; the guests were all strangers to her. The magnificent room, with its air of mingled grandeur and refinement would have been alone sufficient to overawe a young girl accustomed hitherto to the small and simple rooms of a country cottage.

But Norah possessed a spirit not easily cowed. Somehow or other she divined that the stately, patrician old man facing her at the bottom of the table, expected her to display some confusion and shyness, and she resolved that he should be—well, disappointed.

So, though the room seemed to spin round, and she saw the faces of the guests and the footmen through a kind of haze, she made no sign of the emotions that swept across her young heart.
The gentlemen, with true delicacy, carefully avoided looking at her for

some minutes, and talked together with the kind of vivacity which is so palpably forced; and it was evident that though they talked of the coming hay harvest and of current politics, they were one and all thinking of the girl who had been introduced thus suddenly and strangely to her father and her home.

The footman brought her some soup, the butler filled her glass with wine, with countenances as expressionless as if they had been in the habit of waiting on her for the last twenty years; and Norah got through her soup and sipped the costly wine in silence.

She knew that they were all thinking of her, and she felt the keen, gray eyes at the end of the table glance toward her now and again; but though her heart beat tumultuously, and her face was pale, her hands did not tremble nor her lips quiver. An Indian at the stake could not have behaved better.

Presently Lord Ferndale, who sat next to her, turned to her.
"I hope you had a pleasant journey, Lady Norah?" he said, in as ordinary a tone as he could command, but which was gentle, and, as she felt, almost pitying.

She raised her dark eyes, and the peer, who had seen many beautiful women in his time, experienced the thrill which Mr. Petherick had felt when she had first looked at him.
"Yes, thank you," she said. "It seemed rather long, but it was pleasant."

"Let me see," he said, as he thought, "A lovely young creature, with a sweet voice!"—"You came from—"
"Norton, in Devonshire," said Norah.
"Ah, yes; a very pretty place. I hope you will like Santeigh. I suppose I ought not to say that it is as pretty; but of course I think so. My wife will be so pleased to show you all our lions."

"Thank you," said Norah, simply.
"I am one of your father's oldest friends," he went on, "and I am sure you and Lady Ferndale will get on together."
"Are you fond of riding, Lady Norah?" asked Squire Parfett, in his bluff, good-natured voice, wishing to say something to the lovely young creature in her trying position.

"I have never ridden," she replied; "but I think I should like it."
"Of course, of course!" he assented, genially. "I must find a nice horse for you; eh, Arrowdale?"
The old earl bowed and smiled.
"You are very good, squire," he answered, in his courtly fashion. "One can always rely on your judgment in horse-flesh."

The rector gave a little cough; it was his turn now.
"I'm afraid you'll miss the Devonshire ferns, Lady Norah," he said. "We have few, or none, in Santeigh, but we must hope that our roses will make it up to you. I think you will say that there are some fine ones here at the Court—and a few at the rectory," he added, with due humility.

"There are roses in Devonshire," murmured Mr. Petherick; "are there not, Lady Norah?"
Norah smiled at him as at one whom she knew better than the rest, and also liked.
One person only had not spoken to her—Guldford Berton, and she chanced to glance at him. The dark, penetrating eyes happened to be fixed on her, and their gaze met. In that moment a strange feeling took possession of Norah, a feeling difficult to describe. It was not exactly repulsion but a singular sensation, as if she felt that he was trying to read all that was passing in her mind, and she must at all costs thwart him.

She ought, by all ordinary rules, to have been attracted by the young man's handsome face, but there was something in it which jarred upon her, though she could not have told what it was.
For a space in which one could have counted twenty they looked into each other's eyes; then Guldford Berton withdrew his gaze and returned to his plate, without uttering a word.

The dinner proceeded. To Norah the courses seemed endless. She had gone to one or two small dinners at the clergyman's at Norton, but the magnificence of this, her first meal in her father's house, as far surpassed them as a corporation feast surpasses



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It has stopped the corn pain instantly, 70 million times. It has ended the corns completely within 48 hours, in 91 per cent of the cases. The others take a little longer.
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a two-and-sixpenny ordinary. But through it all she made no mistake. If the earl had expected to see her eat with her knife, or commit some similar vulgarity, he was disappointed—or relieved.
If she had presided at the lordly table for years, instead of for the first time, her manner could not have been more perfect.

Every now and then Lord Ferndale or the rector spoke to her, and her sweet, low voice made instant reply.
The costly dessert appeared, and Lord Ferndale helped her to some hothouse strawberries, and, after she had eaten them, she knew that she could make her escape.

The butler entered, carrying a cobwebby bottle in a wicker cradle, and Norah rose. Instantly all the gentlemen rose also, and Guldford Berton went and opened the door for her. He raised his eyes for a second and fixed them on her as she passed, then dropped them to the ground again, still without a word.
A footman stepped noiselessly before her, and threw open the door of the drawing-room, and Norah went and stood by the window and looked out at the far-stretching lawns and flower gardens, and for the first time—now that she was alone—her eyes grew dim with tears.

(To be Continued.)

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SQUARES. | CAMPBELL'S
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This design will be nice for taffeta, serge, poplin, broadcloth, faille and gabardine. The waist is cut with low neck outline, and finished with a rolled collar, a chemisette with standing collar may be added. The waist is lengthened over the back to join the skirt, with plaited extensions at the seams. A smart yoke belt trims the hips. The sleeve is new and novel, with a wide tab to which the fullness of the sleeve is gathered at the elbow. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at the foot.
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War News

Messages Received (Previous to 9 A.M.)
BERLIN AND THE ZEPPELIN TACK.

BERLIN, Oct. 19.—The Zepplin attack on England on Sept. 23rd according to the Overseas Agency, that bombs hit Grimby, racks, killing more than 400 souls and that about 60 men were killed on board a cruiser, which was hit by a bomb. It is said that Regent of London, was for the most part in ruins.

London, Oct. 19.—The Press has appended a note to the despatch Berlin relative to the alleged damage done in England by Zepplin on Sept. 23rd and Oct. 1st, which declares that such statements are indubitable, and adds that the Secretary to the Admiralty has stated that there is not a word of truth in the statement that any cruiser or merchant ship, nor any man belonging to the navy or mercantile marine, was touched by Zepplin bombs. The whole story is a fabrication.

ROBERTSON ON THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—Lieut.-General Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial Staff, Army Headquarters, discussed the progress of the war last night at the Canada Club in a farewell dinner to the Duke of Devonshire, said, "In two years to begin; we have through the beginning stage, and now in the middle stage. Do not when the end will be reached. Let us our thoughts and efforts on the die, and the end will look after itself. The enemy can be beaten only by way, by hard fighting."

HOW LONG WILL IT LAST?

British Front in France, Oct. 19.—The war will last another year, according to the consensus of opinion among British soldiers and officers. It is also the opinion of the men, if the views of prisoners for anything. Before the grand offensive started a high authority in the correspondent of the Associated Press that the German lines would not be broken by summer, and the operations of wearing down Germans would be inaugurated, would probably last through the summer. With the approach of winter, conditions which make military movements difficult, the officer predicted, and speaking of the situation to-day he said, "We must what the German resources were, what ours were, and the time required to force a decisive victory for us. It is a matter of calculation. The man prisoners taken during the summer invariably spoke of peace in certain in the autumn. The British the Somme thrust as the impetus of the Allies for a decision, and after it, peace would be made. There has been entirely different. They recognize that it is a finish between the two. It is a matter of calculation. The man in the front, which now will be a lull in the fighting until the end of the year. The British are determined to make a village on the western front which will not yield, when the powder by shell fire, and the machine gun position and crater a machine gun position. Their defeat against a decisive defeat at a period when weather is adverse to offensive operations, where the Germans are concentrating every possible force against the British. The British hope to crush Rumania, so that they have to face a common enemy in the spring, they must have to defend a narrow frontier, in addition to what they have had to defend this summer."

REASSURING NEWS.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—To-day's news from Rumania, guarded by British commentators, is reassuring. With the help of the midable reinforcements to the frontiers, the offensive has been renewed by the Rumanians.

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It Was the Gun, Not John That Was at Fault.

