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**LADY LAURAS' RELEASE**

**THE STORY OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.**

CHAPTER XXX.

"Is there no other way, Angela? Is there nothing you can think of—no plan you can suggest except that?"

"My darling mother, I can see no other," she replied. "It makes you very unhappy to see the captain's great friendship for Miss Rane; but, as we cannot send her away, the only thing is for us to go."

Lady Laura hesitated for some minutes. True, her husband made her very unhappy, he caused her the greatest of pain and misery—yet she loved him still.

"It is torture to be with him," she sighed; "but would it not be greater torture still to be without him?"

"You know best, mamma darling," replied Angela. "No one can answer that question but yourself. You know what you suffer now. It is daily and hourly torture; you have no respite. That which grieves you so much is continually under your notice; and away from here other things would claim your notice."

"You are right, Angel," said Lady Laura. "It will be best to go away. I would go anywhere rather than remain here to suffer as I have recently. This visit to Brighton, which I had hoped would be a pleasant one, will be remembered with pain."

"We will go to Rood Abbey, mamma; you shall not stay here a day longer."

"Will the captain be angry?" asked her ladyship, timidly.

"I don't think that need concern us, mamma," replied Angela. "We must think of you, not of him. Make up your mind to go back to Rood to-morrow. I will tell the captain you are going, and I will also tell him why."

Lady Laura was tired of her misery, yet uncertain as to whether the course she was going to take would not make her more wretched. She wanted to be away from her husband, yet with miserable tenacity her heart clung to him. At last she decided to adopt Angela's suggestion and go to Rood.

For some time mother and daughter sat discussing their plans and arrangements. Now that she had arrived at a decision, Lady Laura grew calmer, and at last Angela persuaded her to retire to rest.

"Have no fear, mamma," she said encouragingly; "you shall not be troubled. To-morrow we will go back to the dear old home. Oh, would to God!"

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Heaven my father were there to welcome us."

"You will tell the captain, Angela—for I could not go through a scene with him."

"Yes; I will tell him, mamma, that I am going to take you back to Rood."

"He will not be angry with you, Angela, I hope."

"It will not matter if he is," replied Angela. "Even if I dreaded his anger, I would bear that and much more for your sake; but I have the utmost scorn for it."

She sat by her mother's side until the hapless lady fell asleep. Lovingly Angela regarded the beautiful face, which seemed recently to have grown so colorless and troubled. If this marriage could but be undone, if her mother could but be freed from what was now a most galling burden! But not so long as life lasted, so long must she remain the unloved, neglected wife of Captain Wynyard.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Miss Rooden wants to see me," said Captain Wynyard doubtfully, as Angela's maid delivered her message. "Are you quite sure that there is no mistake?"

"Quite sure, sir," replied Jean.

"Miss Rooden told me to see you before you went out, and ask if she could see you."

"Certainly," said the captain, who never failed in courtesy to those about him; "tell Miss Rooden I am quite at her service."

A few minutes later Angela, in all the grace of her girlish beauty, entered the room. The captain was a stranger to fear, but he winced before the reproachful eyes of this young girl.

"You want to see me, Angela?" he said somewhat nervously.

"Yes," she replied gravely. "I will not detain you long."

He did not ask her to sit down, for she walked to the window and stood there, he following and taking a position by her side. He could better have borne twenty hysterical reproaches from his wife than the glance of his step-daughter's pure indignant eyes.

"Captain Wynyard," she began, in a clear low voice, "you are my mother's husband, and I do not wish to say anything that is disrespectful; but I cannot endure to see my mother suffer as she does without doing something to help her. Do you remember the promise you made on the unhappy day when you married my mother?"

"I made so many promises on that day," he replied, trying to speak lightly, "that I may be excused for forgetting one."

"It will remind you of it then," she said. "You promised me on that morning that you would make my mother happy, and you have not kept your word."

There was a straightforward simplicity about her which he found very awkward to evade.

"My dear Angela," he said, with just a trace of annoyance in his manner, "your interest in me is most charming; I am grateful to you. But do you not think it would be better that these little matters should be discussed between your mother and myself?"

"No, I do not," she replied, and her courage in speaking compelled him to listen. "My mother is not strong, and she is so sensitive that what would not affect another woman is keen pain to her."

"I know it," he said; "but I am not to blame for your mother's peculiar temperament."

"No; still, knowing it, one would have expected you to treat her with all the more kindness and consideration. Finding that you do not do so, and that you avail yourself of her great sensitiveness to wound her, I have decided to speak for her. Do you know," she continued indignantly, "that my mother is so changed, so ill, so miserable, that her very life is in danger?"

Could she be mistaken? Was it a flash of light that she saw in his eyes, an expression of relief that she noted in his face, a something that came quickly and went quickly, and was rather gladness than pain? A pang went to her heart as she noticed it.

"If it were not," she went on, "that my mother's death would be your ruin, I do not believe you would deplore it."

"That is another question," he interrupted, carelessly. "We are not discussing that now." And, as the captain spoke, he thought to himself, "What a good thing it is she knows nothing about the will!"

"I told you," continued Angela, "before you married my mother, that you did not love her, that you cared only for her money. All the love that you could spare, from yourself you gave to Miss Rane. I told my mother so, and I tried my best to save her; but she did not believe me. What has happened since your marriage proves that I was right. But it is too late for my mother to help herself; I must help her."

She spoke very gently; but there was a ring of pain in her voice which was more embarrassing to him than would have been a passionate outburst of anger.

"I wish with all my heart that my dear mother had been saved from such a disastrous fate," she went on, her voice gaining strength as she proceeded. "You married my mother for her money, and you know best how she has lavished it on you. You have all you desire; why, therefore, can you not be kind to her? Why not—poor mother!—have let her live on in her delusion as to your being great and good? She worshipped you, and thought you a hero. You are but a very commonplace man."

Her tone amazed and irritated him. He might be admired by others, but this girl's quiet contempt was most apparent.

"You might have let my mother live on in her delusion," pursued Angela, steadily, "seeing how happy it made her. You have roused her from it very rudely and very cruelly."

"That is your opinion," interrupted the captain. "You must remember I was unprepared to find your mother both jealous and suspicious."

"It is not becoming of you to speak to me of my mother's faults," retorted Angela.

"It is absolutely necessary if those faults exist, and cause the greater part of the unpleasantness that lies between us."

"That is not true," said Angela. "My mother is one of the sweetest and gentlest of women. You have broken your word and broken her heart. You promised to make her happy, and you have not done so, or even tried. You must see for yourself that my mother's life is a daily martyrdom; and it is time that her misery was ended. You know why it is unpleasant for my mother to remain in Brighton; and I wish to say that I have persuaded her to return with me to Rood."

"Just as you will," he said, carelessly.

(To be continued.)

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Feb 21, eod.

Cox as Harding's  
Successor in 1924.

WRITER IN FORUM DISCUSSES  
CHANGE IN OPINION OF LAST  
DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE.

As for Cox's Limitations, it has been previously mentioned herein that he is not great. However, the Democrats will have to get along without a great man this time, always supposing that Wilson is not a candidate. Cox is a keen business man, self-educated, risen from farm boy and country school teacher to millionaire and with a Middle Western aura. Like the rest of the Middle Westerners, he thought at first that the war was something like a war between the planet Mars and the sun, so far as the United States is concerned. When we got into it, like the rest of the Middle Westerners, he promptly turned to in support of the Government and made a war record that stood a few inches higher than most of the other Governors in his section. His mind is still Middle Western and not to be called universal or catholic, but he has been studying hard and has discovered that our period of isolation is at an

end. In that he is much ahead of a good many Middle Westerners, and shows an elasticity and capability of growth that was observable before—in fact, in every step of his career from the time when his horizon was confined entirely to the city of Dayton and environs.—From February Forum.

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4295. Novelty woolen, and serge are combined in this model. The style is also good for serge, jersey or wash materials.

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