# Love and Crime

"Are you going—after being warned against that man—to suffer your daughter, an ignorant girl, who knows nothing at all of the world, to set you at open defiance?" Lady Cardonnel persists in louder, fiercer tones, not heeding his peevish entreaty in the teast.

"Pray be silent, Lady Cardonnel! Pray be silent!" Christabel implores, in hurried undertones, as she glances out of the window. "A visitor coming across the lawn will hear you! Do hush!"

But Lady Cardonnel, who has all the instincts of a vulgar termagant, beneath that smooth, siren manner of hers, is only gratified by Christabel's evident dismay, and grows louder and more insolent accordingly.

"Are you going to permit her to insult you, and to insult Mrs. Mallibrane, and to insult me, by contracting a low marriage, a disgraceful mesalliance, as you say yourself, with a man like Roderic Lindsay, a reprobate, a fortune hunter

"Hush, hush, do hush!" Christabel

Hote! des Bains, but, such as it is, in this place Lord Cardonnel is seized with illness soevere as to necessitate a local doctor being called in, who prescribes absolute quiet and rest, for at least a coral doctor being called in, who prescribes absolute quiet and rest, for at least a coral doctor being called in, who prescribes absolute quiet and rest, for at least a coral doctor being called in, who prescribes absolute quiet and rest, for at least a coral doctor being called in, who prescribes absolute quiet and rest, for at least a coral doctor being called in, who prescribes absolute quiet and rest, for at least a coral doctor being called in, who prescribes absolute quiet and rest, for at least a coral doctor being called in, who prescribes absolute quiet and rest, for at least a coral doctor being called in, who prescribes absolute quiet and rest, for at least a coral doctor being called in, who prescribes absolute quiet and rest, for at least a coral doctor being called in, who prescribes absolute quiet and rest, for at least a coral doctor being called in, who prescribes absolute quiet and

"Hush, hush, do hush!" Christabel says, wildly, in an agony of shame, seeing the drawing-room door is open, and that the parlor maid is—unheard in the turmoil—announcing and ushering in a

They have tracked you down now! Save yourself!—save yourself, my lady! There's just one chance left!"

"What do you mean!" she hoarsely gasps; "they can't touch me! I mean—I have done nothing, and—I am a countess! They daren't touch me!"

"Daren't they!" Harrold exclaims, with a bitter laugh. "What mercy do you expect from Mr. Roderic Lindsay and Mr. Nathaniel Feardon, when they meet you face to face—Lady Cardonnel, formerly Miss Lilith Scrope!"

She shivers violently as he utters the name, and turns her eyes on him with a baltful light. draws back a little in dismay He draws back a little in dismay, seeing how inopportune is his presence, and in his embarrassment he awkwardly strikes his head against the door, which the parlor maid—gazing and listening with all her might—is slowly closing.

"Good evening, Mr. Feardon," Lady

"Good evening, Mr. Feardon," Lady Christabel says, speaking rather loudly and distinctly, so that the countes may hear her and restrain her temper ut of decency. She hurries forward to y. "I forgot to tell you, father, that Mr. Feardon, of the firm of Blamire & Mr. Feardon, of the firm of Blamire & Feardon, was kind enough to say he would call again this evening on a material transfer of business," she is saying, rather nastily and nervously, when she is interrupted by a sound—a crashing, splintering, horrible sound—behind her, followed by a cry, a yell, in truth, like the yell of a wild beast in extremity. The next moment there is a horrified, distracted group of people at the open window.

At the sound of the lawyer's name, Lady Cardonnel has turned to dart through the open sash of the French

At the sound of the lawyer's name, Lady Cardonnel has turned to dart through the open sash of the French window out on the lawn; and flinging back the sash in reckless haste and violence, it has struck against a small table, shattering the long pane of glass into splinters; and then, as if she has been eaught or struck down in some way ere she can escape, she is lying face downward in the aperture, her head being outside, lying on the graveled walk of the terrace; that runs beneath the windows. A dreadful convulsion is shaking her entire body; her long, white hands are clutching at the gravel, her fair, evil face is groveling among sand and pebbles.

Lord Cardonnel is the first to rush there aid, distractedly calling her name aloud.

"Lydia! Oh, Lydia! Oh, my wife! Oh, heavens, my wife!" he cries.
And as Mr. Feardon—although he is sixty, and stout, and asthmatic—rushes to assist also, they both vainly try to drag the convulsed, rigid form up off the path and in through the open side of the world! Il confess anything, and say.

And as Mr. Feardon—although he is sixty, and stout, and asthmatic—rushes to assist also, they both vainly try to drag the convulsed, rigid form up off the path and in through the open side of the window. They have forgotten to unboit the other sash, in their alarm and confusion.

"Save me! save me!" she cries, with wild sobs of abject terror, though she sheds no tears. "Harrold, save me! You're the only friend I have in the world! I'll confess anything, and do anything, if you'll only save me from these cruel enemies! Everyone else will turn against me, and do

window. They have forgotten to unbolt the other sash, in their alarm and confusion.

But almost ere that horrible cry beschoed through the room, paralyzing everyone for a moment or two, Harrold—Lord Cardonnel's valet—has darted in from the hall, and rushed around to where his master's wife is lying.

Drawing the prostrate form quite outside the window, he lays it on the green sod; and as Christabel, hurrying after him, reaches him, and kneels down beside him, bending over the livid, disfigured features, the valet turns a blanched face and gleaming eyes on her. "Your handkerchief, my lady! Quick—quick!—for the love of Heaven!" he whispers, hoarsely, snatching it out of her hand and spreading it over the bleeding, distorted face. "Keep her face covered!" he mutters, thickly, into Christabel's ear: "keep her face hidden my lady, as you value your father's life!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Lady Cardonnel is carried to her room and Mr. Feardon, uttering a few words of sympathy, walks slowly back to his hotel, after promising to call on the

and all. Fearcon, uttering a few words of sympathy, walks slowly back to his hotel, after promising to call on the morrow. He does call on the morrow, only to find that Lord and Lady Cardonnel have left hurriedly for the continuation.

only to find that Lord and Lady Cardonnel have left hurriedly for the continent.

Nemesis was awakened, and the echo of her footsteps might be heard from far, coming along the highways and byways of the foreign land whither Lady Cardonnel has fled, dragging her invalid, half-dying husband with her, in spite of his peevisb complaints and feeble resistance to her imperious will.

From Newhaven to Dieppe; to Havre; to Cherbourg; to St. Malo, and far west into Brittany, to Brest, Lord and Lady Cardonnel, attended only by his lording the state of the second cardonnel, attended only by his lording the second cardonnel, attended only by his lording the second cardonnel, attended only by his lording that the second cardonnel, attended only by are travelling under the names of "Mr. and Mrs. Ruthven."

"Ne gor ms my situation with the saving after she had left hers, as Lady Christable's governess! She little thought her daughter Lily would be the second Countess of Cardonnel! There was a fate in it, I suppose."

"Yes, my evil fate! The Lindesays have always been my curse!" the woman who is Lady Lindesay mutters fiercely.

"Well, as to that, I think there are two sides to the question." Harrold restorts. "And now, my lady, do as I advise you, without any more talk, or as sure as the sky is above us, you'll be in lodgings you'll like worse than the Hotel des Bains by the day after to meet the restore."

"Well, as to that, I think there are two sides to the question," Harrold re-torts. "And now, my lady, do as I advise you, without any more talk, or as sure as the sky is above us, you'll be in lodgings you'll like worse than the Hotel des Bains by the day after to-morrow; a cell in Newgate prison." "see don't want to be swindled by the hotel people everywhere we go," her ladyship says, with an unusual desire for economy and seclusion; "and we don't want tourists to stare at us, and try to scrape acquaintance with us, as they certainly will if they hear our titles."

the hotel people everywhere we go," her ladyship says, with an unusual desire for economy and seclusion; "and we don't want tourists to stare at us, and try to scrape acquaintance with us, as they certainly will if they hear our titles."

Lerd Cardonnel assents passively to his wife's decree in this, as in other matters. He has not strength of body or mind to resist her will. He complaints of the hurried travelling, of the heat and dust, of the vile odors of some of the towns his wife chooses to visit.

But at a little seaside place, a few miles north of Brest—St. Marsan—an absolute hindrance checks her ladyship's restless flittings to and fro. There is no hotel in the place but the Hotel des Bains, where they are staying; a rickety

absolute hindrance checks her ladyship's restless flittings to and fro. There is no hotel in the place but the Hotel des Bains, where they are staying; a rickety crection, built apparently of nothing but jalousies, painted a sickly pea-green, in pleasing contrast to occasional glimpses of salmon-pink walls.

However, there are plenty of stiff.

a day or two ago, my lord. This place didn't agree with her at all. Her ladyship said she really could not endure another day here. She got nervous and hysterical, I think, my lord," Harrold adds, thoughtfully. "I presumed to advise her ladyship to leave at once for a more bracing air, and she was good enough to be advised by me. I knew the anxiety of having her ladyship kept here would be bad for your lord-ship. You will recover all the quicker for having nothing to distress you, my lord." for having noming to dar-lord."

The valet speaks soothingly and kind-ly; he really has an attachment for the poor, selfish invalid, his master, but Lord Cardonnel bursts into a fit of an-gry reproaches, and rebukes, and lamen-tations over himself and his "miserable condition." "Deserted by a cruel, faithless wife,

"Deserted by a cruel, faithless wife, far away from my only child, left to die in a wretched French town, with no one near me but you!" he says, in a paroxysm of helpless wrath.

But the valet only asks with unruffled temper and respectfulness:

"My lord, you shall have every comfort and convenience while you remain here, I promise you; and I have taken it on myself, since the countess has left, to telegraph to Lady Christabel. I know you will feel better as soon as Lady Christabel comes to nurse you." CHAPTER XXVI.

"I'm sure I can't see why you won't go and live at the Furnace House!" Lady Flora says, over and over again, persistently, when she and Christabel discuss their plans for the future. It's, a lovely place, and it's given to you by your kind cousin Roderic, and I can't see why you won't let us both go and live there at once!"

"Dear auntie, I cannot go and live in the Furnace House!" Christabel says, flushing hotly up to her temples. "I dare not do such a thing! It is quite impossible!"

"Goodness me!" Lady Flora exclaims "I'm sure I can't see why you won't then from place to place.

"A detective! What can he have to do with us!" she exclaims, with a fine show of disdain, which does not accord with her pallid face.

"The detectives are close on our track!

Don't lose any more time in useless pre-tences, my lady!" Harrold mutters, looking at her with haggard, horrified eyes: "they are on your track these three weeks, as you know, my lady. They have tracked you down now! Save

dare not do such a thing! It is quite impossible!"
"Goodness me!" Lady Flora-exclaims, dolorously; "why is it 'impossible,' I should like to know? If I had a kind cousin to give me a fine, old house, and lovely gardens, and such a beautiful, sunny, greasy yard for poultry, I would soon go and live in it, and be delighted! It is not as if you hadn't a chaperon, either, Christabel," poor Lady Flora says, drawing up her spare figure, and her little head, with grizzled curls, while I am living with you, and I do so long to see my brahmas and eochins in that nice poultry yard!"

This is her latest reason, vainly urged, to her niece, on this cloudy, sultry, July evening, when they are be in wearied and depressed by their pre-trations for removal, and the pitful chi dishness of poor Lady Flora's vain longing makes Christabel's sore heart overflow. "I am sorrier to have to take you away to live in lodgings, which I know you detest ; but I can't help it, dear, If father were with us, as he used to be, it would be different, but you and I alone could not go and live in Roderie Lindsay's house. It is his house, auntic, after all, though he has given me the lease. And even if he stays away for seven years, I shall never go and live in hobis house," "She adds, bitter!". "If he

could not go and live in Roderic Lindsay's house. It is his house, auntie, after all, though he has given me the lease. And even if he stays away for seven years, I shall never go and live in his house!" she adds, bitterly. "If he thought I would accept a splendid gift like that, just as if it were a box of gloves, he is very much mistaken. I have never-had one line in a letter from him, only the gift of a valuable piece of property, made through his lawyer. "To Lady Christabel Lindesay, as a token of Roderic Lindsay's undying gratitude and regard. Quite a colonial millionaire's idea. I must say," she says, scornfully, her tears all dried in the anger that burns from hurt and mortified feeling in her face. "I am very poor," I know—you and I, haven't fifty pounds in the world between us, Aunt Flora, but I am not low enough to accept splendid presents from my generous kinsman!"

"Well, dear, don't fret," poor Lady

nan!"
"Well, dear, don't fret," poor Lady Flora rejoins, soothingly, taking but one view of the case into her feeble brain. "Roderic Lindsay won't stay away seven years—no, nor seven months, either, I'm quite certain. Don't fret yourself, dear. And then, when he does come home, we can all go and live in the Furnace House together, and be as happy as the days are long!"

are long!"
"Aunt Flora, please don't say such
absurd things!" Christabel exclaims, indignantly; and then, in lower, trembling
tones: "You are quite mistaken, auntie.
He has never asked me to live in his

looking out at the fading evening light looking out at the hading evening is and the lurid clouds gathering overhead, Lady Flora comes in hurriedly, with her faded eyes shining with excitement, and the red ribbon bow on her hair very

much on one side.

"There's a person—that is, a man, you know, Christabel," she says, gizgling hysterically, though trying to look preternaturally grave and sedate, "waiting in the drawing room to see you."

"Some one I know?" Christabel exclaims, starting to her feet, her heart leaping in an eestasy of hope and delight. "Oh, who is it, auntie, dear?"

"Oh, it's not a person you have ever seen—oh, no!" Lady Flora says, shaking her head excessively.

"A person I have never seen." renests

her head excessively.

"A person I have never seen?" repeate Christabel, slowly, and that joyous, bounding, trembling young heart seems weighted suddenly with lead, and sinks de xn—down—cold, and heavy, and tired.

"No, I'm sure you've never seen this gentleman," Lady Flora says, nodding her head, and looking as wise as a magpie when it has hidden something, "for—it's Mr. Keith Lindsay—Roderie's father, you know." r. Keith Lindsay!" Christabel re-

peats, with lips the have grown pale, and a heart that throbs heavily. "Aunt Florn, there is nothing the matter, is there? He is not bringing me any bad news, is he?"

(To be continued.)

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Then Harrold knows that his master has been asleep for more than half and nour. He has been asleep for more than half and nour. He has been asleep for more than half and nour. He has been asleep for more than half and nour. He has been asleep for more than half and nour. He has been asleep for more than half and nour. He has been asleep for more than half and nour. He has been asleep for more than half and nour. He has been asleep for more than half and nour. He has been asleep for more than half and nour. He has been asleep for more than half and nour. He has been asleep for more than half and nour. He has been asleep for more than half and nour. He has been asleep for more than half and nour. He has been asleep for more than half and so that time himself, leaving only the landlord's daughter in charge of the has had to go out for medicine. "Her lady-ship value has h



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Peterboro', Dec. 6.—At a meeting of the Board of the Nicholls Hospital this absurd things!" Christabel exclaims, in dignantly; and then, in lower, trembling tones: "You are quite mistaken, auntie. He has never asked me to live in his house—never asked me to marry him. He has not, indeed!" Lady Flora giggles, not at all reprtsed. "That was your fault. I know he wanted to ask you a year ago. I know he'll ask you the minute he meets you again!"

Lady Christabel turns away, hopeless. "I think I hear the lodge gates opening," she remarks, coldly, as she leaves the room. "I dare say it is Saunders, the expressman. What a good thing the boxes are all ready!"

Five minutes afterward, however, as she is sitting dejectedly in her own room, looking out at the fading evening light

a hospital and a public library building besides liberal donations to churches and charities.

A WINDSOR SUICIDE.

Thos. Richardson Swallows Carbolic Acid in His Wife's Presence.

Acid in His Wife's Presence.
Windsor, Dec. 6.—Without explanation
Thomas Richardson, residing on Howard
avenue, swallowed two ounces of carbolic acid at 5 o'clock this afternoon, in
the presence of his young wife, dying a
few minutes later, despite the efforts of
Dr. James Gow to save him.
Richardson was a wealthy retired farmer and is not known to have had any
family or financial troubles, and the
reason for his act is a mystery. Coroner
Labelle, after viewing the remains and

Labelle, after viewing the remains and making an investigation, decided that no inquest was necessary.

TORONTO DIVORCE CASES.

Seven Applications Made to Parliament

This Session.

Ottawa, Dec. 6.—Toronto is supplying considerably over half of the applications for divorce at the present session of Parliament. Of the total of cleven applications, of which notice has been given, seven are from Toronto. The Canada Gazette will contain to-morrow notice of application for divorce from two Toronto people. Annie Bowden is applying for divorce from her husband, Herbert Eowden, printer, and Isaac Moore, laborer, is applying for divorce from his wife, Mary Ellen Moore, now of Hawley, New York State.

German Balloon Ran Away

Berlin, Dec. 6.—While being filled for a match race arranged by the Aeronuatical Society of the Lower Rhine, the balloon Rambler was torn from its anchorage at Muehlerg to-day. Nathing has been heard of the balloon since.

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Union Carpets 35c

Fine Union Carpet, serviceable quality, splendid variety of patterns, worth 45c, price for Monday .... 35c

worth 45c, price for Monday

All Wool 2-Ply Carpets, heavy quality, serviceable and artistic colorings, worth 90c and \$1, price for Monday

69c

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Tapestry Rugs, size 3½ x 3 yards, extra choice patterns, fine quality, worth \$10, price for Monday

\$8

Tapestry Carpets 59c 40 pieces Tapestry Carpet, the quality usually sold at 75c, patterns the best, price for Monday . . . . . 59c

Brussels Carpet 85c 

Brussels Rugs \$17.50 

#### **Xmas Sale of Ribbons**

Baby Ribbons, 5 Yards for 5c

Dainty Satin and Corded Baby Ribbons in pinks, skies, yellows, car-als, greens, helios, regular 3c yard, on sale 5 yards for ...... 5c

Wide Satin Baby Ribbon, 4 Yards for 10c % inch Satin Baby Ribbon in Tohn 'greens, hollyreds, pinks, yellows, Niles, etc., regular 4c yard, on sate 4 yards for . . . . . . . . 10c

Dresden Baby Ribbon, 3 Yards for 10c

Silk Dresden Baby Ribbons in all the dainty colorings, suitable for fancy work, regular 5 and 8e yard, on sale, 3 yards for ..... 10c

Dresden Ribbons, 1 inch Wide, 5c Yard 

Satin Duchess Ribbons, 3 Yds. for 10c, 2 Yds. 19c, 3 Yds. 29c Only a few yards of these Ribbons left in width 5, 9 and 16, in pinks, skies, cardinals, greens, hollyreds, yellows, etc., make dainty combination pillow frills, regular 5, 10, 15c yard, on sale 3 yards for 10c, 3 yards for 29c

# Xmas Handkerchief Sale

Irish Linen and Cross Bar Handkerchiefs 5c 

Dainty Embroidered Handkerchiefs, 10c Each Ladies' fine Swiss Handkerchiefs, in the hemstitched with mbroidered designs, regular 15 and 20c, on sale

Embroidery Handkerchiefs 25c Each, Box Given Free

Linen Initial Handkerchiefs, 2 for 25c Fine Irish Linen Handkershiefs, nicely hemstitched, with dainty dembroidered initial, regular 20c each, 2 in fancy box, for .. 25c

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