

CHAPTER XI.

"At last—at last," murmured Ines, as she reached the quiet sanctuary of her own room. "I have won him, and I will only live to make him happy. He shall never repent the words he said this night. I will make him happier and greater than my cold, quiet sister could have done."

have done." In that hour of triumph Inez forgot the false, cruel treachery that had led to her present happiness; she never thought of her sister, betrayed and un-happy; she remembered only her love and its success. The fatigue and weari-ness that a short time before had almost overnowered her disanneared, it was

ness that a short time before had almost overpowered her, disappeared; it was a fresh and radiant face that smiled so brightly, as busy thoughts painted the past and present in strong colors. "It is not only that I love him," she cried; "were he penniless and obscure I would endow him with all my wealth; but there is triumph to me in the thought that my father's neglected child will be Lady Lynne, mistress of this wroud home; exiled and neglected no longer; loved and revered as Lady Lynne."

Lynne." She would not remember the 'alsity that had crowned her with success. By a strong effort of her indomitable will she swept away all unpleasant throughts. She remembered only that she loved and was loved, that the one thing ahe coveted was now hers—her hopes grati-fied, her wounded pride soothed, the cup she had craved for filled to the brim.

If all this could have been attained by fair and honorable means, Inez would have been better pieased. She did hot like to remember the false words that had stained her lips, or the pain she had seen in her sister's face. But-and she silenced the outeries of con-science in the thought—he would be the happier for it in the end, and so would Agatha; they were not suited to each other, she said to herself over and over again. Agatha had no ambition; she would be content to dream away her life at Lynnewolde, satisfied in seeing her husband fulfiling the duties of a wealthy landed proprietor, without ear-ing for or thinking of freeh glory. But it would not be so with her. She would ineite him, help him, urge him on, un-If all this could have been attained by "Do not mistake me. I torgot my happi-she would be content to dream away her life at Lynnewolde, satisfied in seeing her husband fulfiling the duties of a wealthy landed proprietor, without car-ring for or thinking of fresh glory. But i would not be so with her. She would incite him, help him, urge him on, un-til the name of Lynne was known and revered throughout the langth and the breadth of the land. He should be a statesman such as the Lynnes of old had been, and all England should ring with his name and his talent. Then he would turn to her, and bless her as the centre and source of all his success. Then to himself he should own that it was well the fair-haired cousin had re-jected him with her love. When the mighty voice of a mighty nation was raised in his praise, when honors had had been thrust upon him, when the first and grandest of positions was open to him, then he would have helped him on his brilliant career. In such thoughts and dreams Inez for-got less pleasant things. She never for one moment faared detection. Agatha weat far too honorable, she knew, to make any reference to their past at tachment now that she was bis betroth-ed wife. There was no fear for the twite. Love, triumph, ambition, all wor-their finest colors; and no shade sad dened the brilliant face that watched the mooright any the first faint flush of dawn. Even when she fell asleep at last it was with a emile of child-like haphiness upon her lips. Perhaps no one ever fiet a greater "But you know the old superstition,"

his brilliant career. In such thoughts and dreams Inez for-got less pleasant things. She never for one moment feared detection. Agatha would not return yet; and even when the did so, both she and Lord Lynne were far too honorable, she knew, to make any reference to their past at-tachment now that she was his betroth-ed wife. There was no fear for the fu-ture. Love, triumph, ambition, all wore their finest colors; and no shade sad-dened the brilliant face that watched the moonlight and the first faint flush of dawn. Even when she fell asleep at last it was with a emile of child-like happiness upon her lips.

last it was with a smile of childlike happiness upon her lips. Perhaps no one ever felt a greater ebook of surprise than did Lord Lyman wing the scene in the boudoid. It rushed upon his mind as soon as his eyes were opened to the light of day. He was only yesterday thinking of going abroad, was the loveliest and wealthiest women in England. and she loved him. Ah, how she loved him. The remembrance of the joy that had flashed in her face, the sil-ent happiness that entranced her as he golrous beauty, with her wealth and glorious beauty, with her wealth and she hot had never felt anything but the remembrane of the sumest brotherly affection for her. The young heir of Bohun loved her; the gay and gallant Captain Marchmont had laid his heart and fortune at her feet; but and her reappines that the feet; but she cared for noms, loved nome save him. A hundred resolutions of love and de votion crowdod into his mind. He would this he loved her above all else, ever as she loved him. He would forget Aga tha, whose sweet face haunted him. Af "But you know the old superstition," "But you know the old superstition," she added, with as mile-"May marriages are proverbially unlucky." "I do not believe it,' he said, warmly. "What is the origin of that supersti-tion." think he loved her above all else, even as she loved him. He would forget Aga-tha, whose sweet face haunted him. Af-ter all, was he not to be envied. Who had her Southern grace, her wondrous genius, her rich voice, and her warm loving heart? He remambered her on the might he had played Romeo, how those dark eyes fell before his gaze and he wondered how he could have been blind so long. He seemed to rear again, "I love him so!" Yet in some way he shrank from tellbeen blind so long. He seemed to rear again, "I love him so!" Yet in some way he shrank from tell-ing his mother the news; nor did he seem in any violent hurry to descend to the breakfast-room. When he did so, his first thought was one of wonder at his delay, for there next to his mother eat a fair and radiant girl whom any man would have been proud to claim. The rich flush that crimsoned her face, the shy, sweet glance that half met his, stirred his heart and he felt that he had won a prize. He could not go near her, for the Countess of Strathdale and Lady Victoria had remained for the might, and were now seated in great state at the breakfast-table. His almost i undivided attention was given to them. Her ladyship's carriage was ordered at last, for she had promised to lunch at Bohun Court, and Philip, despite his im-patience, could not leave until both lad-ies were seated and the conchman had received his orders. Then he turned to look for Inez, but she had vanished. "Mother," he said to Mrs. Lyme, "will you walk up and down the lawr with

just at that moment a footman announce cd Mr. Bohun to see Miss Lynne. "Poor Bertie!" said Mrs. Lynne to her young companion. "I quite forgot to tell you, Inez, his regiment is ordered off to Canada. He has come to say good-bye to you, no doubt. Be kind to him, my dear-he is going to danger, if something like remorse or pity smote the young girl as she noted the pale, worn, face of the young soldier. "I have just heard the new, Mr. Bo-hun," she said, holding out her hand to him. "I am very sorry we are going to lose you." "You are very kind, Miss Lynne," he replied, with the least touch of bitter-ness. "I am glad to go; for many weeks now I have longed to be off to the wars." "You like active service," she said, coldly.

one quastion." "Ask what you will," he replied. "Tell me," she said, "how it is you do not ask Agatha Lynne to be your wile? If I know anything of the young girl" heart, I am sure she is not indifferent

wars." "You like active service," she said, coldly. "Yes," he replied, "and I should like anything better than staying to see you married. You laughed at me, Miss Lynne, the last time I dared to tell you something of the Jove that has made me blind, and deaf, and careless to all but you. You laughed at me, and in your heart you called me a fooliab boy, did you not?" heart, I am sure she is not indifferent to you." Lord Lynne attempted to speak, but the words died away upon his lips. "I would never advise you to marry for money," continued his mother; "and I think your nnele's will both cruel and unjust; still, Agatha is so sweet and gen-tle; out of all the world, she is the girl I should have wished most to see your wife."

Mrs. Lynne waited for a reply, but none came; her son was thinking that, at any price, he would keep his cousin's

heart you called me a foolish boy, did you not?" "I never intended anything unkind to you," she replied, proudly. "I have al-ways liked and esteemed you." "Have you?" he cried, his honest young face brightening at her words; "then I am happier, for I thought you despised me for loving you so much. I could not help it, you know. I have never been presumptuous in my folly. I was never mad enough to dream that you would love me. I do not care for that; but if you were to ask me for my life at this moment I would give it to you; and if ever you want a friend re-member my words, that I will give my life to serve you." at any price, he would keep his cousin's secret. "I cannot understand your indiffer-ence," said Mrs. Lynne. "I used to think you loved Agatha. Now with Inex the case is different—she is very beautiful; but there is something so inscrutable in her, I can never fancy one loving her." "Hush, mother," he cried; "do not speak so. I brought you here this morn-ing to tell you that lnex has promised to be my wife." Mrs. Lynne dropped the arm she was holding, and looked up into her son's face with astonishment almost too great for words.

holding, and looked up into her sons face with astonishment almost too great for words. "Iner!" she cried, at last; "why, Phil-ip, how can that be? I thought you loved Agatha, and she cared for you." "That was a mistake, mother," he replied, lightly; "Agatha has always thought of me as a dear cousin and a true friend, but nothing more." "Of course you know beat, my dear," said Mrs. Lynne, meekly. "I will never pretend to any judgment again." "But you do not say one word, moth-er," he replied, half impatiently. "I thought you would be so delighted to know that I was going to marry and set-tle, as you call it, at jast." "So I am, Philip," said Mrs. Lynne. "Do not mistake me. I forgot my happi-ness in the greatness of my surprise. But I never saw any signs of love for Inez."

The at this lever you want a friend remember my words, that I will give my life to serve you."
"Thank you," she said, simply. "If the time should come when I want you, I shall not forget."
"I should like to hear from your own lips," he continued, "that you are happy. It will comfort me when I am far away to think of you as bright, and radiant, and beloved. If I fall, my last thoughts will be of your face. Tell me, do you love Lord Lynne?"
"I do," she replied. "If it will make you happy to know that I am happy. I' do," she replied. "If it will make you happy to know that I am happy. "I will tell you that my heart has not wish left ungratified."
"T an heartily giad," he said; but the brave young face turned a shade paler. "Will you tell me the day settled for your wedding? I shall be upon the blue sea then, but I shall like to know it."
"Be told him the twentieth of May; then he rose and held out his hand."
"T mas not detain you." He said; but like a word in the love of my heart. The world is all over for me. I can care for no woman living after loving you. Before I go, will you say to me. God blees you, Bettie?"
Taars rose in those dark eyes as she uttered the words. He bent his noble head before her and kissed the little white hand that I ay in his own. With the quick, warm impulse of her Southern nature, she touched his brow with her lips; and she never forgot the expresion of his face as she did so. He spoke no word, but in another minute he was gone.
During the remainder of that day Inez

lips; and she never forgot the expres-sion of his face as she did so. He spoke no word, but in another minute he was gone. During the remainder of that day Inex was haunted by poor Bertle's face and the sound of his sad, wistful voice. The day was drawing nearer, and one thought began to agitate the beautiful bride-elect. How would Lord Lynne and Agatha meet? She wished it were over; and yet she whispered to herself that nothing could go wrong. On her wedding eve he would be engrossed with her. She called herself weak and fanei-ful, but there was the ever-haunting dread, "Suppose anything should hap-pen!" It would kill her now. She could not bear to think of it. With care and caution, by constantly watching her sis-ter, she could avert anything that seemd dangerous; and again, in the hour of her triumph she wished, but wished vainly, that she had done nothing that could cause her fear. She had purposely invited Evelyn Leigh to be one of her bridesmaids, thinking that she would engross Agatha thinking that she would engross Agatha thinking that she would engross Agatha thinking there days before the wed-ding, and on the day appointed she awaited their coming anxieusly. She dreaded the first look at her sister's face. If it should be pale and sad, if those gentle eyes wore that pained, wondering expression that she remem-bered so well, what should she do? Mrs. Lynne wondered why that beautiful Southern face looked so pale and agitat-ed as the carriage stopped at the hall door. For one moment, at the sound of Agatha's voice, a mist awam before her eyes, and she could see nothing, than it cleared away, and she saw before her the same sweet face with its delicate color. There were no trace of sorrow on those caim features, no cloud of grief in those dove-like, tender eyes. Her sister's looked a little thinner and more thoughting: the child-like gayety had gone: but it was not a sad face upon which lnez gazed with curious, wistful eyes.



said. "The sun must cease to shine, and the flowers to bloom, my own heart must cease to beat, and grow cold, before that time comes," he cried, passionately, for the loving fage turned to him touched him inexpressibly. "We will—if you con-sent—show how fortunate and blessed a May marriage can be," continued Lord Lynne. "Say, when the month of flow-ers comes round, Inez, may I claim your promise ?"

ers comes round, Inca, may I claim your promise ?" So it was arranged that the twentieth of May should be the wedding day of Lord Lynne. It was now April. The time was short enough, for Mrs. Lynne was anxious to attend to the trousseau of her daughter-in-law-elect which was to be of unrivalled magnificence. Lord Lynne was constantly engaged; settle-ments and deeds of all kinds-had to be prepared, and he had arranged a charm-ing surprise for Incz. The family jewels, that had never seen light since Agatha's mother, Lady Lynne, had worn them at her last ball, twelve years ago, were sil to be reset and presented to her. "She will be peerless," thought the young lover; "she was born to live in magnificence. Diamonds will add to her beauty, and she will wear them with the grace and dignity of a queen." Many were his consultations with the celebrated jewelers in Bond street before that matchless parure, admired by the whole fashionable world, was finished. And so time ran on until the first of May came round. CHAPTER XII.

The side in perfect silence for some anusement. Thom it it it have you settled and happy. Do

which lnez gazed with currous, many eyes. The relief was great, for the fear had been great. Agatha did not quite under-stand why, when her sister caresach her, she left two burning tears upon her face; even Evelyn thought how tenderly the bride loved her sister. "There is but one danger more," said Inez to herself that evening, "and that is, Philip's first meeting with her," (To be continued.)

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RANSACK THAW CHURCH.

Burglars Break Costly Window to Get at Poor Boxes.

Pittsburg, Dec. 19.—The magnificent hurch which Mrs. Mary Thaw, mother of Harry Kendall Thaw, built, the Third Presbyterian, was ransacked by burglars act wight

Presbyterian, was ransacked by burglars last night. In attempting to secure an entrance the burglars selected the magnificent window given by Mrs. Thaw in memory of her husband, the late William Thaw. The glass was shattered and the window so badly damaged that it will take sev-eral thousand dollars to repair it. The thieves finally secured an entrance and got into the study of the pastor. Secur-ing nothing of real value there, they broke open all the poor boxes. The boxes contained but a small sum.

President Sise, of the Bell Telephone Company, is in Winnipeg, negotiating with the Government for the sale of the eompany's line and plant in Manitoha. It is understood the Bell Company is willing to sell out in Alberta and Ses-katchewan also.

General Boufal, the new Governor of Odessa, has issued orders to his police to stop all disorders and to use their sabres if necessary.

R.

Our lines may be said to be cast in pleasant places when we fish for compli-ments and catch one.

Pretty	Dresden Silks 69c
A	Il Regular \$1.00 Yard
This special offe many desiring pretty in light grounds and	r for to-morrow should be of interest to a great y evening waists and dresses. French Dresden Silks a nice assortment of colorings. All regular \$1.00;
Christmas	Gloves and Leather Goods
is the state	On Sale To-morrow
adies' lined Kid Gloves adies' French Glace K	oves, guaranteed, \$1.25 values in artistic box for \$, \$1.25 values, on artistic box, for
adies' Trefousse Kid (s. guar., regular \$1.50 value, in artistic box, for \$1.25 floves, guar., re \$1.65 pair, in artistic box, for . \$1.50 floves, guar., reg \$1.85 pair, in artistic box, for \$1.69
	Gloves, fur wrist, reg. \$1.75, artistic box, for \$1.49
adies' lined Glace Kid	Gloves, fur tops, reg. \$1.75, in artistic box, for \$1.59 \$1.65, guar. in dainty box, for

odels, double breasted, fined word ood serviceable lining; these coats re marked \$15.50, on sale Saturday orning at 9 o'clock at \$3.98 Children's Ulsters \$1.98

Tweed Coats \$4.19 Prince Chap Suits \$9.75

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Xmas Leather Goods At Greatly Reduced Prices

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Real Seal Leather Hand Bags, leather English Carriage I English Carriage E Afternon Calling F Opera Bags, fitted Novelty Bags in a	Strap Purses, 1 lined and fitte Bags, leather lin Bags, leather lin Bags, fitted, reg mirror and glass assorted colors,	regular \$2.50, for, d, regular \$2.25, for ned, regular \$2.75, for ed, regular \$3, for ular \$3.50, for, ses, regular \$10.50, for regular \$1.98, for	75 98 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$2.2 \$2.4 \$2.4 \$2.9 \$7 \$8.5 \$1.4 \$1.7 \$1.4 \$1.7 \$1.4 \$2.5 \$1.4 \$2.5 \$1.6 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.6 \$1.9 \$1.9 \$1.9 \$1.9 \$1.9 \$1.9 \$1.9 \$1.9	 you. Ther that equal last season Saturday b are in blac lined throug collar and
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