

The Web;

OR,
TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER VI.
The Artist's Model.

Norah stood almost looking over her shoulder.

"I don't think it was all your fault," she said in as low a voice as his, but her lovely eyes met his frankly and fearlessly.

He looked up with a flash of gratitude.

"Nearly all," he said. "I was the offender in the first instance. I am trespassing, and this gentleman very properly requested me to quit."

Norah could not help questioning whether it had been properly done.

"Surely you were doing no harm," she said with a faint smile, which Cyril caught and acknowledged with a leap of the heart.

"As to that, one does not know. I may have disturbed the game, or," he paused—"intruded on a favorite walk—of yours, for instance."

She smiled distinctly now.

"Not of mine," she said. "I was never here until to-day."

"I am sorry I should have spoiled your first visit to so lovely a spot!" he said, earnestly. "Indeed, its beauty, as I said, must be my only excuse for intruding. I was so keen upon my sketch—"

He stopped with a gesture of apology. "But I will efface myself as quickly as possible, and promise not to repeat my offence."

"You mean that you will go?" said Norah, coloring slightly. "Please do not; at any rate, until you have finished your sketch."

"You are very kind," he murmured. "I shall not take many minutes."

"Oh!" she said, with a long breath of deprecation; "there is no need for you to hurry, and, perhaps, spoil it!" She laughed. "I am sure the glad—my father—would be only too glad for you to sketch any part of the place. May I see it?" she added, not shyly, but with a little hesitation.

"Certainly," he responded, and he placed the sketch upon the easel from which he had taken it.

Norah went up to it, and looked at it, and at once recognized that the trespasser was not a mere amateur.

"It is very pretty," she said dreamily. "It would have been a thousand pities to have left it unfinished. Please go on!"

He seated himself on his camp-stool obediently, and took up his palette and brushes.

"What a lovely little glade!" she said absently; "and how well you have caught that beam of light across the elm trunk."

"Well, that isn't difficult," he said with a smile, "a trick of Chinese white and ochre. You spoke just now of the earl as your father?" he said in the same breath.

"Yes, I am Lord Arrowdale's daughter," assented Norah, still with her eyes fixed on the sketch, and the tanned, shapely hand working at it so deftly.

"Then, indeed, I have full authority for remaining, and am trespassing no longer," he said with a smile. "You have the good fortune to live in very beautiful surroundings. I don't think I ever saw a lovelier place."

"I have not been here very long," said Norah. "I only came here last night, and have seen very little or nothing of it."

His brush halted, and he looked up at her. Every word she spoke had an intense interest for him.

"Only last night?" he said. "How strange it must seem to you!"

"Yes, it is strange, very strange," she assented, almost dreamily.

"And delightful," he suggested, in a low and cautiously serene voice. He was dreading lest she should suddenly awake to the fact that she was holding a tete-a-tete with a stranger and take flight; and every moment was so precious to him that he treated her as one treats a timid bird which a sudden movement or a loud tone might drive beyond one's sight and reach. "It means that a beautiful scene becomes twice as beautiful when it is one's own."

"Or when one can make it one's own," she retorted with a glance at the sketch.

"Oh, yes," he said, catching her meaning instantly. "We poor painters have great compensations for our poverty. We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow, but we can snatch some sort of a reflection of the beauties which belong to other and more fortunate beings. This wants a bit of life in it," he went on without pausing, and, jumping at an idea which occurred to him, an excuse for keeping her beside him a little longer. "It would be a great thing if I could put the dog in—just there, at the foot of the elm," and he pointed to the spot on the canvas with the end of his brush. "He seems quite quiet now."

Casper had thrown himself down almost at his feet, and appeared to be enjoying a snooze after his late excitement.

"Yes," said Norah, innocently. "Could you not sketch him from where he is. If I made him get up, perhaps he would not sit still again; and yet I don't know. Casper!" Calling to him, she led him to the foot of the elm, and without much trouble persuaded him to lie down. "Will that do?" she said, smiling brightly at her success.

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But rosy cheeks, clear skin, and bright eyes, give them to a woman and she is happy!

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Many a woman who has allowed herself to run-down, to destroy that tired, worried look has built up again in this simple way. Why don't you try it!

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Ferreroze puts you on the right road—the one leading to health.

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As a tonic and restorative, as a health-bringer and body-builder, Ferreroze is unrivalled. It cures because it feeds and nourishes, because it contains the elements that build up and strengthen. For better looks and better health try Ferreroze yourself, sold everywhere, 50c per box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, or by mail from The Cattarhazone Co., Kingston, Ont.

"I ought to give some account of myself."

Norah blushed.

"Oh, it is not necessary," she murmured.

"But it is right that you should know who it is—" He stopped abruptly, with a strange look on his face, as if it had been called up by a sudden thought.

Norah, listening with downcast eyes, noticed the sharp pause.

"I haven't a card," he went on; "a poor travelling artist has very little use for such a social luxury; but my name is Cyril Burne. I get my living such as it is, by painting, such as you see," and he nodded at the sketch deprecatingly; "and I am staying at the quaint little inn they call The Chequers. I think that's all," he laughed quietly, "excepting," and his voice grew grave and earnest, "that I am very, very grateful to you for your kind permission to finish my sketch," and he inclined his head with a simple but deeply respectful gesture of acknowledgment.

Norah raised her eyes.

"It is very little to be grateful for," she said, with the smile that made her face perfect. "I am sure my father—"

As she spoke Casper raised his head with a growl, and, thinking that Guildford Berton was returning, Norah ran toward the dog. A moment afterward a slow step was heard, and the earl came from between the trees.

His head was bent and his hands crossed upon his stick, and he did not see them at once. Then he started, and looked with his keen gray eyes, which eventually fixed themselves upon the handsome face of the young artist.

Norah looked neither embarrassed nor shy, but, going up to him, said, quietly:

"This gentleman is making a sketch of the glade, papa."

Cyril Burne had risen, and now raised his hat.

The earl raised his with his accustomed courtliness, and the two men looked at each other; the elder one with veiled scrutiny, the younger with the frank respect due to age, but with another expression which Norah caught but did not understand.

"I am gratified that you should deem our purely sylvan scenery worthy your attention, sir," said the earl in his dulcet tones. "We cannot lay claim to any grandeur, but—"

He waved his white hand almost apologetically toward the beautiful sweep of woods and fields.

"I ought to ask your pardon for trespassing, my lord," said Cyril Burne, "and would do so, but that this lady has absolved me."

(To be Continued.)

Richard's Linctum Cures Diphtheria

programme of music for this big week-opening show.

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Philadelphia Ledger: According to testimony which there is no reason to dispute, American naval officers actually boarded the Stephano before she was sunk, in order to make sure that all were in the boats, while the Bloomersdijk, already halted, lay waiting her turn. If this is not giving aid and comfort to a belligerent, what is it? The Allies might be excused if they regarded it as a strange brand of neutrality, "strict" or other.

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