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**The Web;**  
OR,  
**TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.**

CHAPTER III  
**Lady Norah.**

Norah thanked her and entered, and the woman followed her.

"I am your ladyship's servant," she explained, and she stood respectfully attentive.

Norah coloured slightly.

"You are my lady's maid?" she said; then she smiled. "I have never had one before, and scarcely know what you can do for me that I cannot do myself."

"Your ladyship will let me help you undress and brush your hair," she replied.

Norah shrugged her shoulders and smiled again.

"Thank you," she said. "It will seem strange at first."

"Yes, my lady," she assented, respectfully, as she removed Norah's dress and began to unfasten her hair.

Norah sat before the glass, lost in thought for a few minutes, then suddenly raising her eyes, she found her new maid's fixed upon her with strange intensity.

"Why do you look at me so intently?" she asked, in her frank way.

The maid colored.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," she said, in a low voice. "I was thinking—but I may offend your ladyship."

"No," said Norah. "Please go on."

"I was thinking—" She stopped again. "I was thinking of the countess, your mother, Lady Norah."

"You—knew her?" said Norah, almost inaudibly.

"Yes, my lady. I was here in service when her ladyship was here, and sometimes I was her maid."

Norah sighed.

"And what were you thinking—that I reminded you of her?"

The woman looked confused.

"No, my lady," she said at last. "You are not like her ladyship in any way," and she glanced at the lovely face reflected in the mirror.

Norah sighed again.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Harman, my lady."

Norah said no more, and Harman brushed the wealth of golden-brown hair in careful silence. Then she helped Norah into her dressing gown.

"I sleep in the next room but two to your suite, my lady," she said, "and this bell communicates with it."

Norah dismissed her and leaned back in the chair. Tired as she was—or perhaps because she was tired—she felt that she could not sleep, and she sat with half-closed eyes and recalled all the incidents of the evening. It all still seemed like a dream to her, and as if the vast house and all belonging to it would fade away and leave her in her own little room at Cliff Cottage.

Presently she got up and went round the room and into an adjoining one, which was furnished as a boudoir in pale blue satin with amber hangings. She had read of such rooms, but had never imagined that she should ever live in them, and for a time she was lost in a kind of wonder at the beauty and luxury of her surroundings. Then suddenly a sound broke the silence. It was the first timid "jug, jug" of a nightingale.

Norah stood and listened, and the note grew more confident and thrilling. It seemed to fill the whole air with delicious music. She went to the window and drew aside the curtains of Indian muslin, and instantly the light of a full moon flooded the room.

Norah looked out upon a view which would have stirred a painter to enthusiasm, and a long sigh of admiration and delight broke from her lips. Moved by an irresistible impulse, she unfastened the window. It was a French one extending to the ground, and she found that it opened on to a balcony, or terrace. Stepping out, she leaned over and looked down.

Immediately below her was the terrace which ran along the whole length of the front and one side of the house. The balcony, as she had thought it, was also a higher terrace, connected with the lower one by a flight of stone steps, so that she could have walked from the upper to the lower terrace. She did walk to the head of the steps and looked down. All was silent, and there were no lights in the windows; and, enraptured by the beauty of the scene, she stood lost in thought which is less than thought, looking before her absent, and listening to the nightingale.

Yes, it was surely all a dream, and this the most beautiful part was the beginning of the transformation scene and the awakening! Indeed, a transformation of a sort was beginning, for a bank of clouds which had been steadily moving up toward the moon, reached the edge of it and slowly veiled over and shrouded it.

Instantly, where light had reigned

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triumphant a moment before, all was dark with a darkness made more intense by the preceding intense light.

Norah stood with her arms resting upon the stone balustrade, her eyes fixed upon the spot where the moon was hidden, and there floated across her mind Juliet's well-known lines.

All unconsciously she murmured then:

Oh, swear not by the moon, the inconstant, that monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Instantly there came back upon the night air Romeo's response, uttered in a grave and musical voice close beside her:

What shall I swear by?  
For a moment Norah thought that it was a trick of memory and imagination, then with a start, she shrank back and stared in the darkness in the direction from which the voice had proceeded.

She could see, hear nothing, and yet she was sure now that she had heard the familiar line in response to hers, and that the person who had spoken it was close beside her.

Norah did not lack courage, and even in the first moment of surprise she was not alarmed. Who could it be that had taken up the verse? It was not the ear's voice, but a younger and more musical one. Could there be some one staying in the house whom she had not seen, some one who had been tempted out, as she had been, by the beauty of the night?

Her heart beat fast, and she was about to do the wisest thing she could under the circumstances—steal back to her room—when the voice spoke again.

"Are you going right through the play, Jack?" it said, in a tone of indolent amusement. "You imitate Juliet's voice very nicely; but don't talk too loudly, or we shall be overheard, and some faithful retainer of the noble house will discharge the too common revolver at us. Eh?" he seemed to wait for a response, then went on: "Yes, that's right, hold your tongue; it's the safest course if you can't refrain from spouting Shakespeare. What a lovely night!"

Then there was silence, as if the speaker were rapt in contemplation.

Norah, filled with wonder as to who the speaker and the man he thought he was addressing could be, moved on tiptoe toward the room, but she had not taken two steps when she heard something move at the head of the steps and within a few feet of her.

Conscious that however quietly she walked, the unknown must hear her and become aware of her presence, she stopped still and shrank back against the wall.

"Well, we'd better go, Jack, and wind up this 'mad escapade,' as you very rightly called it," said the same voice. "It was very good of you to humor my insane whim, and now I have seen the old place, we'll go. I wish," he sighed, "I wish I had seen her, though! For you were right, and it was on the chance of getting a glimpse of that perfect face that I ventured on this exploit. Come along. Where on earth are you?"

The silence that ensued upon his question seemed to puzzle him, for in a lower and more cautious voice he

said: "Jack, don't be too reckless; we don't want to be caught prowling here. I saw a light in one of the windows just now. Come along."

He paused, standing quite close to Norah, so close that she could hear him breathing and hear the next words spoken in a fervent whisper.

"Good-night, angel with the golden hair, wherever you are and wherever you hide in this old house. Good-night."

Norah held her breath.

"Angel with the golden hair." Whom could he mean? Then the hot blood rushed to her face. Could he mean herself? Surely, surely not! And yet at the mere suspicion a strange thrill ran through her, and her breath came in tremulous little pants, filling her with terror lest he should hear her.

"Yes, good-night and good-by," he murmured. "We may never meet, beautiful unknown, and yet through all my life I shall remember your sweet face! Good-night!"

Then she heard his step moving away from her, another "Jack!" sounded softly on the midnight air, and then all was silent again.

She waited no longer, but, freeing herself from the spell that had fallen upon her, fled to her room and stood behind the window, panting and trembling, the musical voice ringing in her ears and drowning even that of the nightingale.

(To be continued.)

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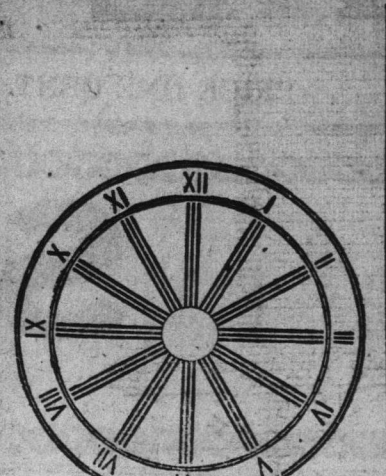
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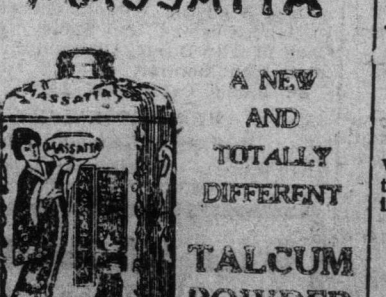
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**Hun W**

By the M

"Why doesn't Holland war on our side?"

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Holland has the best world for not "coming" not until events force reasons spring from the maxim that self-preservation is the first law of Nature—and discussed the matter with military authorities in the helmintha's kingdom.

Since words in talking by. I gathered that glad if someone like me might be able to put the trouble to secure the 'Hun' hand, made them for the benefit of the I am going to try to article.

I have already explained our provinces and could therefore march only from the existing possession of Belgium, and could therefore march from Belgium on the The Allies would, of our assistance.

How Long 000 troops. How long to place them on Dutch many transports would on emergency notice? submarines? And what the Dutch, against the veteran in many, while waiting for across the North Sea? Germans' cannonball high Belgium and Serbia their recent invasion which was far readier ion than we are."

"This is not only the man in the street talks talk in the same strain civilian and the professor in Holland have a who for Germany military part far revealed in the w before them the object-shader, frankly, at wipen to them. The No man military invincibil

**HOW A STRO**

My father had been a doctor for a long time. He was advised to try

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