



CHAPTER XV. The policeman hailed a hansom and offered her his arm—a London policeman is a person of some discernment, and soon learns to know a lady.

With a low cry of relief Constance sunk to the ground, and rested her head upon her arms outstretched upon the sofa. She was physically and mentally exhausted.

CHAPTER XVI. Alone and unprotected, how could she escape the further persecution of this man whose love proved as relentless as hate?

CHAPTER XVII. The room seemed to spin round and become stifling. Panting and trembling, she hurried on her hat and jacket and went down the stairs and into the street.

CHAPTER XVIII. Constance was in terrible straits. The scene with Rawson Fenton had unnerved her, and the London streets, through which she walked with hurried and purposeless steps, only impressed her more deeply with a sense of her helplessness.

CHAPTER XIX. Constance, feeling as if she were about to fall, caught the railings of the club and put her hand to her brow.

"There is one at twelve to-night," he said; "but—" "I will go by that, please," said Constance, firmly.

"You are ill," he said, gently, and he gave the waiter some order, and poured out a glass of water for her.

"You were looking for me, my lord?" said Constance, wondering. "Yes," he said; "I have been looking for you for days. Where have you been? Tell me everything."

"I can not stay here, my lord," she said, tremulously. "He put his hand upon hers gently, soothingly. 'A few minutes longer,' he said; 'you are not quite recovered yet. Why did you not write to me? My mother, to Lady Ruth?'"

"I have just received a telegram," he went on. "They say that the fever is at its height, and that he is still unconscious. The day he was taken ill he began to fret for you. Your name was on his lips continually, and ever since, in and out of delirium, he has called for you."

"My mother is half distracted by anxiety," he said, "and she begged me to try and find you and implore you to return, if you could possibly leave your sick relative. But I should have started in search of you even if she had not sent me. I got to London four nights ago, and have been looking for you ever since. I found out that you had come to Paddington, but I lost all trace of you there, and to-night I was wondering what I should do next. Did you not see the advertisement in the paper?"

"No," said Constance, almost inaudibly. "No," he said, "I need not have asked. You would have answered, would you not?" "I would have come from the other end of the world to him, my lord," she said, still forgetting everything else but the sick child.

"You shall have your own way," he said in a low voice. "I will not worry you with one more question. I knew you would go to the poor child if you could."

"No, no," he said, "I left him so well and happy." "The marchioness sighed. 'Yes, it began with a cold. He got worse so rapidly that he was very ill almost before we realized it. And he was so conscious of your absence, and missed you even when he was unconscious of anything else.'"

"Dear child!" murmured Constance, her eyes full of tears. "It has been such a comfort to me to have Lord Wolfe at home," said the marchioness. "I cannot tell you how good he has been. Till the day he left in search of you he insisted upon sitting up with me to nurse the dear boy. If Arol had been his own child he could not have been more devoted. Ah, with all his wildness he always had the tenderest heart in the world. And she wiped her eyes. 'But are you sure you will not take some rest, my dear? It is such a terrible journey!'"

"No, I would like to go to him at once," she said, with a gasp. "They went through the familiar rooms, the sight of Arol's toys making Constance's heart ache, and entered the sick-room. The nurse rose from beside the bed, and Constance saw the pretty face all flushed and fevered. Ah, with hair streaming over the white pillow. Constance, too moved to speak, bent down and kissed him, and took one of the hot hands that clutched the coverlid.

"He is not conscious now?" she asked. "No, my lady," replied the nurse. "Not now. I think he was a little while ago, for he looked at me as he asked for you and Miss Grahame." "You see!" whispered the marchioness. "The nurse knelt down beside the bed, still holding the tiny hot hand. 'You will get some rest now Miss Grahame has come, my lady?' said the nurse, respectfully. 'Yes,' urged Constance. 'I will go and lie down for a little while, presently,' said the marchioness.

"The door opened as she spoke, and the marchioness entered. He had a salver in his hand upon which was some wine, and he poured out a glass. 'She has had nothing since we started, mother,' he said, quietly, as he gave the wine to the nurse. 'He took Arol's other hand, and held it. 'Is he better or worse?' he asked, anxiously. 'I think he is the same, my lord,' replied the nurse. 'Doctor Griffin will be here again early in the morning; he has only just left. They stood silently watching the little sufferer for some minutes, and presently he began to toss and fro, and to talk in a low, rambling murmur. Then he stopped suddenly, and opening his eyes, looked round vacantly, but seemed to recognize the marchioness. 'Who is that?' he said, feebly, 'has she come—Miss Grahame?' 'Yes, I am here, Arol, dear,' she whispered. 'He uttered a weak little cry of joy, and, turning, put his parched lips to her hand. 'I am so glad, so glad!' he murmured. 'You—you won't go away again?' 'No, dear,' responded Constance, almost inaudibly. 'No, stay with me and I shall get better,' he said, plaintively. 'I'm all right now, my lady. I wake, Oh, I feel so tired, Miss Grahame, dear! I think I have been very ill.' 'You must call me Constance,' she murmured. 'A loving smile flickered over his face. 'May I? How kind you are to me! I shall call you Constance.' 'Constance!' he said, with a gasp. 'He was silent for a moment, then he turned his heavy eyes on the marchioness. 'Oh, is that you, Uncle Wolfe? I'm so glad she has come. You won't let her go, will you?' 'Yes, Arol,' said the marchioness, gently, and he stroked the hair that clung to his convulsively. 'We've got her now, and we'll keep her, eh? Come away, mother, and leave them alone,' he said to the marchioness in a whisper. 'He will get better now that he has ceased to fret after her.' 'I shall remain with him, nurse,' said Constance when they had gone. 'You may go and rest, but the medicine close at hand, and tell me anything I ought to know.' She spoke so firmly that the nurse could not very well refuse to obey, and Constance was left alone. Arol lay motionless now, his eyes fixed upon her dreamily, his cheek pressed to hers; and presently the tight grasp of his hand relaxed, and he fell into the fitful sleep which is all the rest fever allows.

"Your true woman is never happier, never so certainly at her best, as when she is nursing those she loves, and a feeling of peace and rest fell upon Constance; but it was doomed to a speedy interruption. The door opened slowly, and, looking up, she saw Lady Ruth enter. Constance took no notice, but her heart began to beat, and her face grew pale. Lady Ruth stole up to the bed and looked down at him with a very different expression to that which the marchioness's face had worn. 'So you have come back?' she said in a whisper that was almost a hiss. Constance made no reply, did not even look at her. 'You have come back—in triumph, as you think. It will be only short-lived, Miss Grahame, be sure of that.' She had raised her voice slightly above the whisper, and Constance, looking up, glanced at her murmured. 'Oh, not here!' she murmured. 'Lady Ruth sneered. 'You play your part of the devoted nurse well,' she said. 'Confine yourself to that, if you please, while you remain here. It will not be for long!'"

"Constance kept her lips tightly closed and her eyes averted, and Lady Ruth, with a look of mingled hate and jealousy, stole out again. The hours passed, and the dawn came. Arol still lay in the half sleep. Now and again he moved restlessly, but Constance could always soothe him with a kiss or a touch of her hand and a loving murmur, and he always fell off again. As the sun rose, and caught its way through the curtains of the darkened room, she heard faintly the sound of wheels. It was the doctor's brougham,

and he entered the room presently with the marchioness and the nurse. 'This is Miss Grahame,' said the marchioness. He bowed. 'The young lady he has been asking for?' he said, as he bent over and looked at him. They waited the verdict anxiously. 'He is better,' he said. 'Yes, certainly there is an improvement,' as she felt the child's pulse. 'Shall we share the credit between us, Miss Grahame?' Constance's heart throbbled with gratitude and pleasure. 'A child frets more than a grown-up person,' he said, in his quiet, professional voice. 'I am very glad you have come, my dear young lady,' and he nodded emphatically. Constance's eyes filled with tears. 'You see, my dear!' said the marchioness, laying her hand upon Constance's gratefully. 'If he goes on like this we are all right,' said the doctor. 'Let him have as much of you as you can, Miss Grahame.' 'He shall have all of me!' said Constance, fervently. 'The old doctor smiled, and in the most natural way gave her his instructions. 'He was beside the bed and watched the child's face. Remarkably clever. And you are his daughter? How small the world is. Dear, dear! And you are staying here?' 'While Arol is ill, sir,' said Constance, with a sudden flush. 'I was his governess.' 'Was?' he said. 'And now you are his nurse. But you must not knock yourself up. You have been ill, have you not?' Constance shook her head. 'They must take care of you,' he said, quietly, and he smiled at the marchioness as she came toward them, and within hearing, 'for little Lord Arol's sake.' 'And for her own, doctor,' said the marchioness, gently. 'You will go and rest now, my dear.' But Constance refused firmly. 'Not just yet,' she said; 'I cannot resign my post so soon, and she looked at the doctor anxiously. He nodded approvingly. 'That was worthy of the daughter of my old friend,' said Dr. Griffin as he rose. 'I have every confidence in you, my dear young lady.' 'Oh, my dear doctor, you know how grateful I am to you!' murmured the marchioness. 'But, indeed, you must go and rest. I heard what doctor Griffin said, and Lord Wolfe would never forgive any of us if you were to be ill.' Constance turned her face away. 'I shall be as well as ever, my dear,' she said in a low voice. The marchioness entered at the moment, and came noiselessly to the bed. 'You have done more than the doctor could have accomplished,' he said in a voice that thrilled her. 'I have not seen him so peaceful yet. Give you tried to thank her, mother?' 'Yes, Wolfe,' she replied, meekly, 'and I want her to rest, but she will not.' He took out his watch. 'She shall remain another hour,' he said, as he glanced at Constance's anxious face. 'One hour only, mind. I will go and send her some breakfast. Remember,' he added as he reached the door, 'it is a command, and you know I like to be obeyed.' And Constance, who had withstood the doctor and the marchioness, lowered her head and said nothing.

CHAPTER XVI. The crisis had passed, and Arol had turned the dark corner and was on the road to recovery. Since the hour she had re-entered the castle Constance had nursed him with the devotion of a sister; she had scarcely left the bedside, and it was from her hand that he took his medicine and his food; and it was to her that they all looked with the deepest and most profound gratitude. Since the day she had come back Constance had not left the upper part of the house. There was a balcony running some little distance in front of the windows on the west side, and she had gone out upon this balcony and got a few minutes of fresh air. The marchioness had urged her to come down at meal times, and the marchioness had just stopped short at the point of ordering her to do so, but Constance had resisted all their entreaties. She had come back, she told herself, for one sole object: to nurse Arol, and she would confine herself to that. As soon as he got well she would return to the lonely life at Mrs. Mervyn's, and begin again the struggle for existence. The marchioness spent the greatest part of her time in Arol's room, and seemed never so happy as when sitting beside his bed and talking to him and Constance. Lady Ruth had come in about twice a day for some days, but soon after the crisis had passed Constance noticed the disappearance of her visits, and it was explained by the marchioness. 'Lady Ruth has gone on a visit,' she said. 'Yes?' said Constance, who could not help a thrill of relief and satisfaction at the news. 'Yes. She has gone to join her father. Poor Ruth!' 'Because she has gone to join her father?' said Constance, with a faint smile. 'The marchioness nodded. 'Well, yes. Lord Portaire is a sad martyr to the gout, and—and it is terrible affliction. There are some days when no one excepting his valet can go near him. I am very sorry for poor Ruth, for she is not adapted to a sick-chamber. She is—rather restless and energetic,' she continued, very gently, as if apologizing for finding even such a little fault. 'Now you, my dear, have such a quiet, mousy way with you when you like, that your very presence seems to soothe one. Would you like to go with me to now, Arol?' she asked him. 'No?' he said, turning his pale, wasted face in which, however, already a healthier look was observable. 'Who says she is going? You won't go, Constance, dear, will you? I'll get ill again if you do.' 'I don't think you could if you tried; nobody could get ill who eats so much food.' (To be Continued.)

hope you left your arsenic powder, who very ill?" Constance murmured something unintelligible, her face crimsoning painfully as she turned away. 'Tell me about Arol, Lady Brakespeare,' she said. 'I left him so well and happy.' 'The marchioness sighed. 'Yes, it began with a cold. He got worse so rapidly that he was very ill almost before we realized it. And he was so conscious of your absence, and missed you even when he was unconscious of anything else.'"

"Dear child!" murmured Constance, her eyes full of tears. "It has been such a comfort to me to have Lord Wolfe at home," said the marchioness. "I cannot tell you how good he has been. Till the day he left in search of you he insisted upon sitting up with me to nurse the dear boy. If Arol had been his own child he could not have been more devoted. Ah, with all his wildness he always had the tenderest heart in the world. And she wiped her eyes. 'But are you sure you will not take some rest, my dear? It is such a terrible journey!'"

"No, I would like to go to him at once," she said, with a gasp. "They went through the familiar rooms, the sight of Arol's toys making Constance's heart ache, and entered the sick-room. The nurse rose from beside the bed, and Constance saw the pretty face all flushed and fevered. Ah, with hair streaming over the white pillow. Constance, too moved to speak, bent down and kissed him, and took one of the hot hands that clutched the coverlid.

"He is not conscious now?" she asked. "No, my lady," replied the nurse. "Not now. I think he was a little while ago, for he looked at me as he asked for you and Miss Grahame." "You see!" whispered the marchioness. "The nurse knelt down beside the bed, still holding the tiny hot hand. 'You will get some rest now Miss Grahame has come, my lady?' said the nurse, respectfully. 'Yes,' urged Constance. 'I will go and lie down for a little while, presently,' said the marchioness.

"The door opened as she spoke, and the marchioness entered. He had a salver in his hand upon which was some wine, and he poured out a glass. 'She has had nothing since we started, mother,' he said, quietly, as he gave the wine to the nurse. 'He took Arol's other hand, and held it. 'Is he better or worse?' he asked, anxiously. 'I think he is the same, my lord,' replied the nurse. 'Doctor Griffin will be here again early in the morning; he has only just left. They stood silently watching the little sufferer for some minutes, and presently he began to toss and fro, and to talk in a low, rambling murmur. Then he stopped suddenly, and opening his eyes, looked round vacantly, but seemed to recognize the marchioness. 'Who is that?' he said, feebly, 'has she come—Miss Grahame?' 'Yes, I am here, Arol, dear,' she whispered. 'He uttered a weak little cry of joy, and, turning, put his parched lips to her hand. 'I am so glad, so glad!' he murmured. 'You—you won't go away again?' 'No, dear,' responded Constance, almost inaudibly. 'No, stay with me and I shall get better,' he said, plaintively. 'I'm all right now, my lady. I wake, Oh, I feel so tired, Miss Grahame, dear! I think I have been very ill.' 'You must call me Constance,' she murmured. 'A loving smile flickered over his face. 'May I? How kind you are to me! I shall call you Constance.' 'Constance!' he said, with a gasp. 'He was silent for a moment, then he turned his heavy eyes on the marchioness. 'Oh, is that you, Uncle Wolfe? I'm so glad she has come. You won't let her go, will you?' 'Yes, Arol,' said the marchioness, gently, and he stroked the hair that clung to his convulsively. 'We've got her now, and we'll keep her, eh? Come away, mother, and leave them alone,' he said to the marchioness in a whisper. 'He will get better now that he has ceased to fret after her.' 'I shall remain with him, nurse,' said Constance when they had gone. 'You may go and rest, but the medicine close at hand, and tell me anything I ought to know.' She spoke so firmly that the nurse could not very well refuse to obey, and Constance was left alone. Arol lay motionless now, his eyes fixed upon her dreamily, his cheek pressed to hers; and presently the tight grasp of his hand relaxed, and he fell into the fitful sleep which is all the rest fever allows.

"Your true woman is never happier, never so certainly at her best, as when she is nursing those she loves, and a feeling of peace and rest fell upon Constance; but it was doomed to a speedy interruption. The door opened slowly, and, looking up, she saw Lady Ruth enter. Constance took no notice, but her heart began to beat, and her face grew pale. Lady Ruth stole up to the bed and looked down at him with a very different expression to that which the marchioness's face had worn. 'So you have come back?' she said in a whisper that was almost a hiss. Constance made no reply, did not even look at her. 'You have come back—in triumph, as you think. It will be only short-lived, Miss Grahame, be sure of that.' She had raised her voice slightly above the whisper, and Constance, looking up, glanced at her murmured. 'Oh, not here!' she murmured. 'Lady Ruth sneered. 'You play your part of the devoted nurse well,' she said. 'Confine yourself to that, if you please, while you remain here. It will not be for long!'"

"Constance kept her lips tightly closed and her eyes averted, and Lady Ruth, with a look of mingled hate and jealousy, stole out again. The hours passed, and the dawn came. Arol still lay in the half sleep. Now and again he moved restlessly, but Constance could always soothe him with a kiss or a touch of her hand and a loving murmur, and he always fell off again. As the sun rose, and caught its way through the curtains of the darkened room, she heard faintly the sound of wheels. It was the doctor's brougham,

and he entered the room presently with the marchioness and the nurse. 'This is Miss Grahame,' said the marchioness. He bowed. 'The young lady he has been asking for?' he said, as he bent over and looked at him. They waited the verdict anxiously. 'He is better,' he said. 'Yes, certainly there is an improvement,' as she felt the child's pulse. 'Shall we share the credit between us, Miss Grahame?' Constance's heart throbbled with gratitude and pleasure. 'A child frets more than a grown-up person,' he said, in his quiet, professional voice. 'I am very glad you have come, my dear young lady,' and he nodded emphatically. Constance's eyes filled with tears. 'You see, my dear!' said the marchioness, laying her hand upon Constance's gratefully. 'If he goes on like this we are all right,' said the doctor. 'Let him have as much of you as you can, Miss Grahame.' 'He shall have all of me!' said Constance, fervently. 'The old doctor smiled, and in the most natural way gave her his instructions. 'He was beside the bed and watched the child's face. Remarkably clever. And you are his daughter? How small the world is. Dear, dear! And you are staying here?' 'While Arol is ill, sir,' said Constance, with a sudden flush. 'I was his governess.' 'Was?' he said. 'And now you are his nurse. But you must not knock yourself up. You have been ill, have you not?' Constance shook her head. 'They must take care of you,' he said, quietly, and he smiled at the marchioness as she came toward them, and within hearing, 'for little Lord Arol's sake.' 'And for her own, doctor,' said the marchioness, gently. 'You will go and rest now, my dear.' But Constance refused firmly. 'Not just yet,' she said; 'I cannot resign my post so soon, and she looked at the doctor anxiously. He nodded approvingly. 'That was worthy of the daughter of my old friend,' said Dr. Griffin as he rose. 'I have every confidence in you, my dear young lady.' 'Oh, my dear doctor, you know how grateful I am to you!' murmured the marchioness. 'But, indeed, you must go and rest. I heard what doctor Griffin said, and Lord Wolfe would never forgive any of us if you were to be ill.' Constance turned her face away. 'I shall be as well as ever, my dear,' she said in a low voice. The marchioness entered at the moment, and came noiselessly to the bed. 'You have done more than the doctor could have accomplished,' he said in a voice that thrilled her. 'I have not seen him so peaceful yet. Give you tried to thank her, mother?' 'Yes, Wolfe,' she replied, meekly, 'and I want her to rest, but she will not.' He took out his watch. 'She shall remain another hour,' he said, as he glanced at Constance's anxious face. 'One hour only, mind. I will go and send her some breakfast. Remember,' he added as he reached the door, 'it is a command, and you know I like to be obeyed.' And Constance, who had withstood the doctor and the marchioness, lowered her head and said nothing.

CHAPTER XVII. Alone and unprotected, how could she escape the further persecution of this man whose love proved as relentless as hate? She knew him too well now not to be aware that he would not leave her in peace. He had set detectives on her track; he would continue to watch her every movement. A life led with the ever-present consciousness that she was being perpetually spied upon and dogged would be intolerable. What should she do to escape him?

CHAPTER XVIII. The room seemed to spin round and become stifling. Panting and trembling, she hurried on her hat and jacket and went down the stairs and into the street. For a little while she stood gasping as if for air. Rawson Fenton, with his determined face, rose before her, and his hoarse, persistent voice rang in her ears. Even now he might be coming back to urge some fresh argument, to utter some new threat. "The time will come when you will be glad to listen to me," he had said, and as if he had spoken the words of prophecy, she shuddered.

CHAPTER XIX. Constance was in terrible straits. The scene with Rawson Fenton had unnerved her, and the London streets, through which she walked with hurried and purposeless steps, only impressed her more deeply with a sense of her helplessness. If you are out of heart and miserable, and are desirous of making yourself utterly wretched, go out into the streets of London in which you are a stranger and friendless, and you will drain the cup of misery to the bottom.

CHAPTER XX. Constance walked on, heedless of the direction she was taking, until, suddenly overcome by the weakness of exhaustion, she stopped and looked about her. She had, all unknowingly, reached St. James Street, and had stopped outside one of the large clubs, the lights from which fell across the pavement on which she was standing. She felt faint and giddy, and was wondering where she was and how she should get home—the home that would be home for so short a time.

CHAPTER XXI. A policeman came up with his measured tread, and eyed her at first suspiciously and then with an air of surprise. Constance, feeling as if she were about to fall, caught the railings of the club and put her hand to her brow. "Anything the matter, miss?" asked the policeman not unkindly. "No, no," said Constance, in a low voice. "I am tired and—and rather faint. Will you call a cab for me, if you please?"

CHAPTER XXII. Constance, feeling as if she were about to fall, caught the railings of the club and put her hand to her brow. "Anything the matter, miss?" asked the policeman not unkindly. "No, no," said Constance, in a low voice. "I am tired and—and rather faint. Will you call a cab for me, if you please?"

CHAPTER XXIII. Constance, feeling as if she were about to fall, caught the railings of the club and put her hand to her brow. "Anything the matter, miss?" asked the policeman not unkindly. "No, no," said Constance, in a low voice. "I am tired and—and rather faint. Will you call a cab for me, if you please?"

CHAPTER XXIV. Constance, feeling as if she were about to fall, caught the railings of the club and put her hand to her brow. "Anything the matter, miss?" asked the policeman not unkindly. "No, no," said Constance, in a low voice. "I am tired and—and rather faint. Will you call a cab for me, if you please?"

What is CASTORIA Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Wood's Phosphodine.—The Great English Remedy. Is the result of over 25 years treating thousands of cases with all known drugs, until at last we have discovered the true remedy and treatment—a combination that will effect a prompt and permanent cure in all stages of Cerebral Debility, Ataxia or Excitability, Nervous Weakness, Epilepsy, Mental Worry, Excessive Use of Opium, Tobacco, or Alcoholic Stimulants, all of which soon lead to Insanity, Consumption and an early grave. Wood's Phosphodine has been used successfully by hundreds of cases that seemed almost hopeless—cases that had been treated by the most talented physicians—cases that were on the verge of despair and insanity—cases that were tottering on the grave—but with the continued and persevering use of Wood's Phosphodine, these cases that had been given up to die, were restored to many vigor and health—Reader you need not despair—no matter who has given you up as incurable—the remedy is now within your reach, by its use you can be restored to a life of usefulness and happiness. Price, one package, \$1; six packages, \$5; by mail free of postage. One will please, six guaranteed to cure. Pamphlet free for any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

SEEDS, SEEDS. This is about the season of the year that we generally have the pleasure of informing our friends of the arrival of good, pure, reliable fresh Seeds of all kinds; also some very fine Dutch Setts. A. HIGINBOTHAM, Druggist. J. P. RYLEY. VICTORIA PLANING MILL LINDSAY. Opposite Kennedy, Davis & Son's Lumber Yard. Frame, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Turnings, etc., etc. Call and inspect work, and get prices before you buy elsewhere. Satisfaction guaranteed. J. P. RYLEY. Telephone 122. —2010-tf. FOR Cheap FURNITURE GO TO ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co. KENT STREET, LINDSAY. Undertakers and Cabinet Makers Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it. ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.