

"I can walk down to-morrow, perhaps ?" she said, wistfully. "We shall see, cherie. We shall have the garden chair down to-day, by-thebye, for I wrote yesterday. Ah! good

morning, Mrs. Mortimer.' Aldyth's color rose as she met him, and she did not quite lift her eyes to his, so much of shame she had this

"And how is my dearest one?" she said, kissing the girl. "What does Dr. Lance say?"

"Orders medicine," said Lance, with the wickedest gleam in his downcast eyes; "and that Dorothy shall sleep in her room. She has bad dreams, and gets nervous.'

"Coral, dear, poor child!" said Aldyth, looking pitiful. "Of course your orders are law, Mr. Darrell." She did not like it. he saw.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The garden-chair arrived just after luncheon, packed in a perfect case of canvas, and Darrell himself went out into the great hall to superintend its unpacking, and then wheel it into the dining-room for the inspection of its owner and Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer. 'What a pretty thing!" both these last exclaimed, while Coral, leaning on her elbow, gazed on it with sparkling eyes and a roseate flush of pleasure that made her exquisite beauty look so ethereal that it gave Lance's heart

"Quite a little house and garden carriage, isn't it?" he said, lightly. "A veritable Beau Nash, King of Bath, I

'That is it!" cried Coral, clapping her hands like a gleeful child. "That shall be its name, Doctor Lance. Oh, what a dear good fellow you are to order me such a lovely Beau Nash.

Isn't he, Aldyth ?" "And aren't you a child?" said
"And aren't you a child?" said
sides, I like the perfume of
ed little things you have."
"Oh dulgence that was edifying. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! my pet, don't you ever mean to grow up?"

"Don't know, ma'am ; but I'm 'grown up,' and don't want to be! What I do want and mean to do just now is to go out in that chair into the sunshine Doctor Lance, you will take me, won't

you?"
"My dear," said Mrs. Mortimer, in reproving remonstrance, "and just the hottest time of the day too!" "Hot ?-that early May sun that is hardly warm even?" exclaimed Coral, contemptuously, and Lance laughed cutright as Aldyth turned to him. "Don't look appealingly at me, Mrs. Mortimer, for I am a perfect salamander-worse than that child even!

She may come out, but I must have a shawl for her." "Oh, no; I don't want a lot of hor-rid wraps!" said Coral, with an im-patient frown and defiant manner that elicited an inward, amused:

'Well done, my Coral !" But aloud, he said : "Pardon-I mean you to have it, my He rang the bell to send a message

'Are you coming out, too, Mrs. Mor "I should like to," she said, vexedly, "but this is my receiving afternoon and there are sure to be callers." had, too, so wished to introduce you to

'You are very kind, but that must be a pleasure to come, I fear," answered hypocritical Lance. "My patient must be my first duty." Here a servant entered and received the message for Dorothy to fetch a couple of light shawls for Miss Guise, who meanwhile had stepped from the

sofa into the basket-chair. "I can walk, you see, all by myself," said she, as Lance stooped to arrange cushions under her feet so that the injured one was still level. Yes, Miss Independence : but a very little of that would renew the swelling. Patience for a few more days, and you

can dance a hornpipe or an Irish jig if it so pleases your highness. Here are the shawls; thanks. Dorothy." One shawl he threw over Coral's feet, the other loosely about her. Hats were donned, and they were ready. "I'll see you off the terrace," said Aldyth, giving Darrell a half-gracious, half-coquettish glance. "Is the chair as light as you wished it?"—this as he

wheeled it through the window, Coral steering, he pushing it from behind. "Light as love," said he, glancing down at the woman at his side.
"A horrid, cynical saying, which you don't believe !" retorted Aldyth, coloring and pouting.

es, I do-why shouldn't I?"

"Perhaps you'll change your mind some day," said she, lightly, but with a quick, audacious look that reminded him painfully of last night. Lance shrugged his shoulders and laughed ironically; he knew the woman he had to deal with; he must not seem to yield further just yet to the half-betrayed feelings he had simu-lated last night, or seem to be too easily conquered by the glamor of the passion she had let him see. He was far too clever to be tempted into such a mistake

"I may possibly," dropping the liquid tones quite low; "one may—at times— be almost tempted to forget even the lesson of life's experience itself, and

He bit his lip and stopped the chair

Well, you must leave us here, then, 'Yes-so ta-ta, both of you!" and she turned back to the house.

"Is she really gone?" half whispered Coralie, laying her head right back against the cushions to look into the

andsome face above her.

"Thank Heaven—yes!"

Down the slope of stone, which at this end terminated the low terrace instead of steps, went the elegant chair, and along the winding path skirting the lawn, but neither spoke for some minutes. for some minutes.

Then Coral Guise said:
"Did I behave as you wanted me?
Did I act 'naughty rebel' as you "First rate, dear—exactly the right ing!" answered Darrell, smiling. "Didn't you want to laugh, Doctor Well, yes; the more that I knew

"So I did, awfully, although it is so horrid to have to even seem disagreeable to you of all people, Doctor

"Never bother your bonnie head about that, dear. And, by the way, that reminds me—it's high time that quite among ourselves you should call me only Lance, as all my other friends do; it seems quite odd to be called anything more formal by any one I know much. I was Lance at school, at college, all my life—just Lance—free-and-easy, Madcap Lance! And you're not a conventional, proper grown-up young lady, you know!"
"Oh!" cried Coral, delightedly. "I'm so glad you've told me; I've wanted to call you just Lance—it's so exactly the nice familiar name that suits you In fact," confessed Coral, laughing oguishly, "I've several times very nearly made a slip of the tongue and said Lance. I think I dubbed you Doctor' Lance because

ounded too absurdly stiff for you.' "Rather—from you, you bonnie child, specially," said Lance, tenderly—that cep,pathetic tenderness that was half the fragile child, half to the woman he loved, whose life was in his hands.
"So, then, it shall be to you just

"Yes," said Coral, contentedly; "and the very best of Lances that was ever Thanks for that, lady fair. Which way shall I turn now "Along the bank, please. Do you

'Well, my dear ?" "I was wondering how you were gong to set about building me up,

'Not by any occult means, certainly,' said Lance, smiling. "By medicines, partly; but principally by ceaseless, watchful attention to nature's laws. Nothing must be overdone, no function f mind or body overtaxed. I shall uffer no overtiring.

Coral looked up at him wistfully. "But my music, my practice, and singing?"

'Poor little Coral! I only mean to regulate, limit, not cut off. Half the vils in this world are made up of ood things abused and exaggerated. Your practice must not exceed an hour at a time, and not read too much; fresh air ad lib. You shall boat and ride, but with me, whoever else is of the company; and for the rest, I will not et time hang wearily on your hands.' The girl clasped her hands in ecstasy.
"Oh, how jolly! Only." her face changed, "you shall not be such a slave to me! I forgot for a moment!

'Coral !" But the next instant Lance said quietly: "I can have no greater nappiness than to be of service to you, my child, believe me.' Something vague and inexplicable made those words sink deep into the young, still unconscious heart, and

well there, the sweetest music she had ever heard, none the less sweet because as yet it was utterly unecognized by its real name. She only aid, softly-somehow she could only

'I do believe you.' Presently she said, with witching im-"Stop a little on this sunny bit by the water, and rest. Sit down here on he foot of the carriage, Lance, and light a cigarette. You must!'

"I am no slave to smoking, know," said he, pulling up on sunny knoll and seating himself at her feet. "It can wait." 'Do as I tell you, sir, at once. Besides, I like the perfume of those scent-

"They are Indian. Well, then, since permit it. I'll smoke one leaned back, watching him take one from a curiously inlaid and costly Indian cigar case, and light it; then, smoke wafted laxily away over the water, Coral said, suddenly :

'Lance, if I do get better and strongunder your care, I shall show it, "Why, yes, dear; I hope so, I want o see a tinge of the rose in that col-

orless cheek, for one thing, and not quite such a blown-glass look about ou altogether. 'But you said that Aldyth must be lieve I was getting worse!" said Coralie, puzzled. "And she won't when she sees me look better and not get so tired, and do more."

"She mustn't see more than I thoose," said Lance, coolly. "All you need do is to stil complain of being so tired with everything. I'll instruct you exactly as need arises. As to any outard improvement, I will take care to hoodwink her entirely. She will be-lieve exactly what I choose to tell her; and that will not be the truth, my lear," added Lance, complacently. "No; only I cannot think how you

will manage so completely to deceive her. She is sharp." Lance half laughed, but a quick lark flush passed over his bronzed theek. How could he unveil to this pure-hearted child the shameless unreticence of her kinswoman?

"Perhaps I will tell you some day, you don't find it out. But trust me that I will do it to the full." he added, with a flash in his dark eyes. "I do trust you perfectly in everything, Lance. You have made me a different being already; yesterday, to-day, I had been living for two years in a hideous nightmare of suspense and fear," she said, with almost pas-tionate vehemence; "crushed under a mental peine fort-et-dur, feeling utter-ly alone, abandoned of man and Figure 1: And you have come and changed it all for me—all! I am not afraid of her or anything now. If I am tired, if my heart scarcely beats, or throbs fast, as it does now, it does

not frighten me any more.' Lance stretched out his hand and laid it on her heaving breast. "Steady now-it throbs too fast," he said, in that quietly masterful way of his, that, like his touch, had such singular power to calm and control; "so—that is better, my child."

And yet was his own heart calm or still for minutes after that outburst of hers? Surely not, for was it not only the outcome of a child's or mere girl's simple, unquestioning trust in one so tender and strong to shelter? Or was it, at least in part, the unconscious language of the woman's blind faith in the man she loves without knowing it in her innocent, inexperienced youth? Oh, if he might dare to hope for that!

But Lance Darrell smoked out the cigarette in silence, Coral restfully re-clining back among the satin cushions. Glancing at her, however, as he tossed away the red cigar-end, Darrell the wood to their right, and that she was intently watching something among the trees.

"What are you 'foxing,' dear?"
She answered, as softly: Why, a man-who can it be? the park is private—coming slowly through the wood, looking about; a gentle-man, and handsome too. Look round: he doesn't see us, evidently, yet."

Lance sprang to his feet, and turned to look toward this intruder. The next moment he had swung round the chair, and bounded forward among

the nearer trees.
"It's Frank himself! Dear old Frank! who would have dreamed—"
But that was all, for then both
pairs of hands were locked in a grip
that made the blue verns and firm
muscles of each stand out, and words
a little untrustworthy for a moment. Then Frank began:
"I was looking for you and Miss

Guise."

"And she say you," took up Lance, as they turned back the few paces to the chair. "Coral, my dear, I won't formally introduce my old friend."

"No, indeed," said Coralie, holding out her hand; and the flush of plea-

bure on the transparent cheek made her beauty so marvelous and so strangely like that lay-figure that, though prepared for both, Heathcote was quite startled. "I have heard so much of you that I am doubly pleas-ed to know you personally. And, of ed to know you personally. And, of coure, Lance's friend is mine too."
"You honor us both too much, I am afraid, Miss Guise," answered Frank; "but may I betray Lance, and confess that his letters have made me no

"Oh! there is no betrayal," said Lance, laughingly, as Coral rippled out too, "I told her I had written to you about her and the place, and all the rest of it. Now, tell us how you come to turn up here, of all places, in this jolly, most unexpected man-I was longing so to see you

"And I you; and there were things I wanted to tell you that I didn't want to write, and so I popped into the train this morning for a day or two, and called on you. There is a capital inn by the old Ford of Saxleby, so that's where I put up. "And how did you stray trespassing about this young lady's park ?" ask-

ed Lance, gravely. 'Very simply. I called at the Hall and asked if you were in and disen-gaged. I was informed that you had taken Miss Guise out in the park in her garden-chair, but would probably be in to five-o'clock tea. The footman wanted to show me to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Mortimer was receiving, and said that both she and Miss Guise would be very vexed if any friend of Doctor Darrell (didn't know you had M.D., Lance) were allowed to leave like that. But I declined, nevertheless, and started out into your beautiful park, Miss Guise, to search for needles in the bottle of

"And found them ?" put in Coralie "Yes; thanks to a lad, an under-gardener, I fancy, who said he had seen Doctor Darrell and Miss Co'l somewheres nigh the wood half-ways the lock. I suppose the trees hid you

"I saw you," said Coral, "looking about, and called Lance out of a brown study to see the stranger. Do you know Ford Saxleby at all, Mr. Heathcote ?"

"Only by passing it on the river Miss Guise, and that some few years it seems a very pretty place, and this park is beautiful." 'We shall show you more of it then," said Coral, promptly; "for of course you must stop with us a few days, and we'll send down to the Ford Inn for your portmanteau as soon as

"My dear Miss Guise, you are to kind; but really I think I've already trespassed quite enough on-"Pouf, pouf!" interrupted Coralie saucily, with an imperative little movement of her hand; "it is settled; how could my cousin and I hear of Doctor Lance's friend being any one's guest

"It will indeed be a pleasure," said Frank, with simple truth; and Lance's bright eyes and smile thanked her and he now again took the handle of the chair. "It is past five," he said, wheeling it round, "and time you had your cup of tea, ma'amselle. I can't let you go too long without something, "Isn't he a tyrant, Mr. Heathcote?

laughed Coral, leaning back as they "But not a very stern one, I expect, Miss Guise," returned Frank, archiv "I wouldn't give anything for the physician who wasn't a tyrant,

either." "Part of the stock-in-trade, my dear boy," said Lance, composedly; "patients wouldn't think we knew what we were about if we let 'em off too easy.' "Oh, ho! that's it, is it, you hum-

"Everybody is a humbug in ay," returned the unmoved Lance. "Miss Guise, I am afraid this wicked fellow will corrupt your morals. Bet

ter send him away."
"Couldn't spare him," said she, merrily; but underlying the jesting tone there was a subtle ring of earnest-ness; "don't think he's very bad after

Chaffing and laughing, they present ly reached the terrace, and as they reared the drawing-room windows, stepped Aldyth, looking radiant. "I heard your voices," she exclaimed, going forward with outstretched hand to Frank. "Mr. Heathcote, of course I am so glad to know you. They told me you had called; and why didn't you come in then? Any friend of Mr. Darrel is welcome to us, of course."

"You are most kind, I'm sure, Mrs. Mortimer; but I really had not the assurance to intrude, being a stranger, and so went in search of Lance."
"Well, I suppose I must forgive you. Come in now all of you, and have some tea. Coral, my love, you look tired," as Darrell stopped the chair at the drawing-room window and Coral lifted herself.

"I'm not, thanks. I'll walk in." But as imperturbably as if she had not spoken at all, Lance took her into his arms and bore her to her sofa; and while Aldyth was obliged to introduce Frank to her father-in-law, he bent over her and whispered in her ear "You are tired, cherie, and she must think you worse to-night. You under-

"Yes, Lance." Then, as Mrs. Mortimer poured out the welcome tea, the girl said, taking her cup from Frank: "Aldyth, I have taken your name in vain, for I've told Mr. Heathcote that we shall hear of nothing less than his staying some days with us." "Certainly, dear! Mr. Heathcote, that goes without saying," exclaimed Aldyth, urbanely; "a groom shall be sent at once for your portmanteau. Father, please ring the bell as you are

Lance-wily Lance-who had taken low seat by her, leaned slightly to-ward her, and whispered softly: "Thanks: how sweet of you to make my friend so welcome!'

She looked up to blush, and she looked down to sigh,
With a smile on her cheek," and quickened breath of gratified vanity and passion, to which surely he must be—yes—was yielding. She murmured back: "Ah! don't thank me for-for what is such pleasure; he is your friend." Here Luton entered and she had to turn and give him her orders. But Frank had just chanced to see that by-play—the woman's face, blush, expression—and then for one second his eyes met Lance's; they sparkled like diamonds; they looked as wicked as only Lance's eyes could look, and Frank said to himself: "It is very odd to me if he doesn't see right through you, my lady, and out beyond. I'll fox you this evening,

by Jove!"

He turned to her presently with some remark, and then Mr. Mortimer joined in in his pleasant, chatty way, if with sometimes a little garrulity; and an hour slipped by and then the dressing-bell rang.

dressing-bell rang.

Mrs. Mortimer rose.

"Mr. Darrell, will you take charge of your friend? his room is the one just opposite your apartments."

"Thanks, Mrs. Mortimer; and I'll land Coral, then, en route." He turned to the couch and took her up once more. "Come Frank."

"He makes light work of you, anyhow, Miss Guise," laughed Frank, as he followed the tall, graceful figure, that moved on so easily yet quickly

"Oh! she's no weight to carry," said Lance; "the sprained foot will be all right to-morrow, I think, but I wanted to give it full chance till then. Here we are, lassie, and Dorothy waiting, I see. I'll fetch you when dinner is ready."

Into her room he bore her, and re-joined Frank outside, "Our diggings are close by," he said, opening the door of the guest-chamber Aidyth had indicated, "and there is your portmanteau. By Jove! Frank, lts sies looks as if its size looks as if my invaluable Belmont had a prophetic soul, but if you haven't toggery enough for a week, I'll send a wire to him this evening."

"A week—my dear fellow! They only said a few days."

Lance laughed. "Coral meant a week at least, at any rate, so it doesn't matter what any one else meant or did not mean. Get that concern open now-though I guess Belmont's been up to a wrinkle or two; it was so likely you would be

"Well, yes," said Frank, unpacking with laudable tidiness for a young man; that is to say, he actually only strewed the bed and chairs, instead of pitch-ing everything helter-skelter on the fioor. "I say, Lance, what will you do with the check for your blessed salary? Ha! ha! it's too funny!" "Do? keep it to return when I blow the gaff," returned Lance, promptly, as he turned to the door. "The comedy isn't gone out of it, if it is a tragedy."

"Is it a tragedy?" said Frank, look "I'll tell you to-night, Frank; but if ever your Madcap Lance did s thing to be thankful for, it was when he answered that odd advertisement—

Off he went to dress. The evening passed delightfully between conversation and music; brilliant, versatile Lance was always a host in himself, and Frank won golden opinions, but he did not forget the

resolution he had made to himself to "fox my lady." About half past eleven, however, Lance left the piano, where he had been singing Schubert's lovely, weird 'Doppel-Ganger," and he showed Coral.

"Oh! Lance-don't take me yet-I'm not so very tired.' But Lance was inexorable, and carried her off. 'Wicked, cruel Lance!" said she, playfully, as he went up the stair-

Bid me die and I will dare E'en Death to die for thee," sung Lance, softly; "but don't ask me to do or suffer what will harm the tender plant. Overfatigue and excitement mean a bad night, my child; and that won't do, you know. "No. And it would make you so much more anxious, too. Anxiety is bad fare, but he knew well that it must be his to the full while danger to her walked, alike in the noonday and the midnight hour.

CHAPTER XX. "Now, Frank, first and foremost, light up and tell me all about yourself since you wrote last. You were

to dine at the Kynastons'." Scene: Lance's luxurious sitting room. Time: Midnight. A box of the most choice and expensive cigars on the table, and both young men attired now in loose smoking-coats, reclining in low, well-cushioned fauteuils, in attitudes of graceful but most thorough, unmitigated ease. man for that while he is about it; and these two fine, vigorous young fellows, all verve and life, who in cared nothing for personal and scarcely knew what fatiluxury, gue or laziness meant, understood as well as anybody how to make themselves thoroughly comfortable when

they chose to do so. "Yes," answered Frank, lighting a cigar, "and I went, enjoyed myself hugely, gave your cheeky, wicked love, as per order, to that adorable Mrs. Ky-

"I say, Mr. Frank, don't you try and cut me out in that quarter, or I shall have to do the 'Traitor! 'tis thou who art my rival' business. "Ha! ha! Couldn't rival you if I tried, in any quarter, I guess. Besides

in this instance there was metal more attractive in the person of a lovely niece they had just adopted." "Oh, you faithless, fickle wretch!" cried Lance. "Where's your romance? your forlorn adorate of the palette and

"Ah, thereby hangs a tale; and I was taken aback for a moment, I tell you," said Frank; "for, by Jove! when the door opened, there stood Rose West-

"Nonsense, Frank, you're cramming!" said the other. "I'm not, on my honor; and I came down, instead of writing, because I wanted to tell you all about it my-

"Dear old Frank, you don't know how glad I am. Tell me all about her and hers; for what you care for I care

And Frank knew that he meant it literally silence to the details of that happy Sunday, and especially to what Rose had said in her studio when showing her unknown friend his own costly gift; and then Lance rippled out into that soft, delicious laugh of his.
"Oh, what paper walls!" he said. "How comical you must have looked, obliged to hear all that of yourself! I wish I'd been there."

"I'm awfully glad you weren't, then," responded Frank; "for, by Jove! it was a hard enough job to keep my countenance as it was, without the wicked look of your eyes added." 'Poor me! I'm marked 'dangerous' then, it seems. Well, so you have seen that horrid, beautiful lay-figure again," Lance added, with a slight but irrepressible shiver, "And to-day you noticed at once—I saw it in your face—its strange, weird likeness to

"I did. It absolutely startled me, Lance, though I expected it; so what wonder that you felt it as you did, with the painful expression of the other still vivid on your mind, deepened, perhaps, by the very fact of that mysterious, unaccountable simili-

"Ay, that is it," Lance said, under his breath, suddenly bending forward; "and I will tell you, my other self, the awful feeling—thought, fancy, call it which you will—that for one moment came over me last night when I went to her sofa to carry Coral upstairs. She was tired and half asleep, and lay so still, scarcely seeming to breathe that that likeness stood out and re-called vividly the lifeless prototype. As I lifted my darling, the horrible feeling suddenly went right through me, as it were. What if some time I should be forced to take that thing into my arms, and hold it, with its soulless face and ghastly eyes staring up close to mine ! I would have shrunl from touching it even! The thought me with its haunting horror, and I pressed the living form I carried closer to me—I knew it did, I ried closer to me—I knew it did, I could not help it—just to feel the warm young life and beating heart against mine. It was a dreadful feeling for the second it lasted." Lance sank back again with a shiver. "I don't ever want to have it again, Heaven knows." There was a short silence, and then

There was a short silence, and then Frank said:

"But Coral Guise looks younger, so fragile, and fifty times more perfectly beautiful than the lay-figure, even if it had life. And how she trusts you, clings to you just like a child! The wonder would have been if you had not surrendered at once, my dear fellow; but.you have rather puzzled me this evening once or twice, at tea for one."

Lance pulled his moustache, an odd ile creeping over the handsome

"You were whispering something to Mrs. Mortimer, and she—I was quietly foxing her, and have all the evening, in fact, and I am quite satisfied with

"Why," said Frank, bluntly, "I can tell you one thing, and that's not two, if you don't know it already."
"What is it, then?" said the other.

"That woman is in love with you, The crimson blood swept over Dar-rell's cheek, mantling darkly through its rich bronze hue, but he did not speak. Frank added, in the same indignant, downright way: "And what is more, it's my belief

she meant you to see it." Then Lance said, slowly and reluctantly: 'Since you have seen it, it is useless for me to try and spare her. I do know it; she forced me to see it

two days ago, not in words; I don't understand," said Heathcote, with a strong disgust: "a look is as much as a word with such a woman; it was quite as deliberate, no doubt. as what I noticed this evening.'

"But, Lance, what will you do? what can you do but leave?" added Frank. "She will be horribly jealous of that beautiful innocent child whose affection for you is-at present-so exquisitely, deliciously frank and openly

No: Lance lifted his eyes with an odd, very meaning smile. you and I and she were alone: but after that, if you will recall carefully. I don't think you saw much sign of any especial liking for my humble self, familiarity, of course, and courtesy but it perhaps escaped you this first evening-it won't again-that several times when Mrs. Mortimer was within range, Coral evinced wilfulness, an impatience of my control or wishes, half-spoken word, a movement, a quick frown—that might well give the im-pression that her doctor was put up

with more than liked—rebelled against if she dared."
"By Jove!" ejaculated Frank, star-"yes, I did notice it once or twice, and thought it all a spoiled invalid girl's waywardness." Then he burst into a smothered laugh. "I begin to twig a move, I do. You're a deep one,

Lance; play off the elder to keep near the younger!" "Playing," said Lance Darrell, stern-"for the younger's hie." 'Lance! in Heaven's name, what do you mean?" Frank cried, in a hoarse, startled whisper. "I mean that for three years at least Aldyth Mortimer has been stead-

ily bent on compassing the death of her young ward!" Frank sat absolutely speechless for a minute, his gaze, wide with horror, fixed on Lance's. "It is too awful!" he said at last.

"It is too terrible, Lance!" "It is terrible truth," said the other. There was a dead silence for a min-Frank broke it : "But the motive, Lance? There is that will; she isn't Coralie's heiress; will she benefit by such a crime? "I don't yet know how she reckon to be the gainer of her fortune by it, said Darrell, in the same suppressed way; "but I have a suspicion, and I mean to get at the bottom of it That the woman does reckon on gain-

my mind an absolute fact. She has had three strings to her bow. The first-what I have said. The second if that failed, the child's insanity-" Good Heavens! she is a perfect flend!" interjected Frank.
"And thirdly, if nothing better could be accomplished," continued Darrell, with stern irony, "entangle Coral in

ing by my darling's death is now to

objectionable marriage, and so get at least the fifteen thousand pounds named in that stupid will as a But does that poor young thing know this ?-if so, it's enough to kill " exclaimed Frank. 'She does not suspect-as yet-the

flarkest intentions," answered Lance, but the others-yes-and that has been enough. Great heavens! the awful dread the child has lived in for two years!"

He rose up abruptly, and walked several times through the room till he had mastered his passion, then he came back to his seat. Frank, I have just come here in time to save that precious life and health. You were rather puzzled by my conduct this evening, but I will explain it and everything; I will tell you how and why I am so sure of what I have said, and the measures I am taking to baffle that woman.

may need your aid possibly before it Dear Lance, you know you and urs can absolutely command me,"

derstood-Darrell told him everything —the numerous slight things, "trifles light as air" themselves, which had aroused vague distrust into actual suspicion, then moral conviction, confirmed by Coral's story, and such other facts as there were; and finally, his own plan for seeming to be drawn by degrees into the meshes of Aldyth's siren enchantments, and yield to her infatuation for him, gradually accepting the role of accomplice for her sake and the fortune Coralie's removal

would place in her grasp, and so entrap her into complete betrayal. "At present, you see," Lance said, "there is absolutely nothing to lay hold of upon which to base the least attempt at superseding her guardianship; there isn't one tangible fact or evidence to which law or even disposionate common sense could post listen. The facts indeed of the rela tions, and the whole thing a

stands to any such ordinary

give the very appearances of every-thing I have told you." "Yes, I quite see that."
"Of course," said Lance, coolly and characteristically, "my own buccaneer fashion would naturally be to cut short the danger at once by removing Coral sub rosa to some safe and unknown charge; but that is quite impossible suffer irretrievably, if there were nothing else; and her whole system is so delicate, so overstrained, that I am most anxious to get her a little stronger before I take any overt step. I er before I take any overt step. I must work on quietly—slow and sure, Frank, until I hold all ready in my hand to strike west-country fashion— 'a word and a blow, and the blow first'—that's my way always!"

"Aut fer, aut feri," said Frank.
"Yes, your plan of battle is splendid, and the only one to be followed. You can not, I suppose, quite see your way to the final coup at this early stage of the struggle?"

the struggle "No. That will shape itself, no, doubt, at the time. I may find myself obliged to go further than I now propose, you know."
Frank started.

"How do you mean, Lance? For Heaven's sake, don't go on so far with that diablesse as to actually engage yourself to her!"

Darrell laughed.

"My dear old chum, don't fear for "My dear old chum, don't fear for me. It wouldn't matter if I did find

Tobe Continued, )



INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerful-

ness and Rest. Contains neither

Recipe of Old Dr.SAMUELPITCHER

Aperfect Remedy for Constipa-tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea,

Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-

Chalf Fletcher.

5 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

ness and Loss of SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of

NEW YORK.

At6 months old

NOT NARCOTIC.

Punpkin Seed -Alse Senna + Rockello Selts -

gonale Sels — Anise Sced \* Peppermins — Bi Carbonate Seda \* Varm Seed — Clarihod Sugar

Oprum, Morphine nor Mineral.

SIGNATURE

SEE

IS ON THE

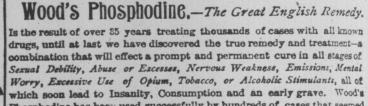
WRAPPER

OF EVERY

BOTTLE OF

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every pur-

ose." See that you get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.



Before Taking. Phosphodine has been used successfully by hundreds of cases that seemed most 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 over 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 manly vigor and health—Reader you need not despair—no mat ter 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 to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada. After Taking. Wood's Phosphodine is sold by responsible wholesale and retail druggists in the Dominion.

4 T's Cough Cure Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills Dr. Agnew's Ointment Indian Sagwa Indian Worm Killer Indian Oil Munyon's Remedies

"I know it."
Then, speaking very low and quietly a resolute quietness that Frank un-LINDSAY.

J. P. RYLEY

Opposite Kennedy, Davis & Son's Lumber Yard. ame, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Turnings, etc., etc.

LINDSAY.

Call and inspect work, and get prices before you buy elsewhere.

Satisfaction guaranteed J. P. BYLEY.

Telephone 122.

FOR Cheap FURNITURE

ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co.

KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

Undertakers and Cabinet Makers

Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it. ANDERSON, NUGERT & CO.