Belmont was overcome for a mo ment as the little white hand clasped his big brown hand, but he turned quickly and opened the carriage-door. "Mr. Frank is at Rayton, sir," Belmont said, as his master sprang in after Coralle, and then, mounting the box, drove off as fast as the darkness

Within the carriage, Lance put his arm around the girl, and drew her close to him, laying his lips to hers in silence for a minute, still with the very intensity of feeling and relief from the terrible strain of weeks, to what remained was as noth-

ing.
"Mine!" he whispered at last, with
a deep-drawn breath, "all mine, and
in safety. Oh. the deadly suspense and agony of all those past weeks !" "Ah, my darling-my own loved Lance! if I could but have spared you one pang of suffering!" broke from

In that moment all the depth and passion of love in the woman's heart went out to him; it was she who wound her clinging arms about his neck; she who covered his cheeks and lips with kisses, tasting for the first time the ecstasy of being soother, consoler, where her heart was given, realizing fully the exquisite joy of being all in all to the one being who was her all. She was his strength, as he was hers.

"My heart's treasure!" Lance said, softly, and she nestled to him, neither of them speaking or moving, till at length, all too soon, it seemed, the gleam of lights ahead told Lance that they were near to the place and time

There is Rayton Junction," he said, "to part us for a few days; but while we are still alone"—he drew from his fourth finger a magnificent diamond and ruby ring that he had never inger-" wear this betrothal-ring from Lance, my darling, for now you can. And now one sweet farewell before we He folded her to his heart-one close

embrace-one last clinging kiss-and the carriage stopped just beyond the gleam of the station lights.
"Here you are, thank Heaven!" said a familiar voice, and Frank threw open the door. "I was awfully anxious, though I knew you wouldn't be

Dear old Frank! it's all right. Is the train in yet? 'Standing at No. 1 platform, so we

can take our places."
"I'll be quick, off and back, sir, then," said Belmont; "the inn is close

the thick veil round her pretty toque as a precaution, and the three quietly went through the big door on to the platform, where stood several coaches awaiting the long west-country train that was to take them on to the great werld's capital-London.

"By Jove! it looks very like an elopement, doesn't it?" whispered Frank, as Darrell opened the door of a first-class carriage. 'Oh, Frank!" reproachfully from

Ceral; but wicked Lance added 'It must be with you then, my dear fellow, for you are carrying her off now. Ah, there is Bel speaking to the guard, and indicating this carriage! Invaluable being! You won't be bothered with any one. Jump in, sweetheart; you mustn't stand longer. And there is the first bell."

The guard came along, locked the door with a little nod and "all right, to Lance, who stood by the door, face in shadow, and passed on. Belmont came up as the second bell rang, and a few passengers hurried

"I shall be in the next carriage, Frank," he said. "Good-night, Mr. Lance; good-bye, sir. The best of this is that we shall soon have you back with us, and a dear young mistress to boot-bless her " Thank you, old Bel. Yes, I shall

be back home in a week at furthest." 'All in, please!" cried the guard, coming along, and Belmont vanished. Lance clasped close the two hands at the window with a deep, slightly un-

"Heaven keep you, my darling. Take care of her, Frank." Then he stepped back; there was the usual shrill whistle puff, puff, clang of coupling saddenly stretched taut, and the train moved out of the sta-

So did Lancelot Darrell by a different exit, and started off at a swinging pace for his five-mile walk back to Saxleby.

Before him now lay the culminating task from which he shrunk with an unspeakable dread, but a task that he must go through himself. . . . . . . . .

It was just after midnight when he once more found himself beneath those windows; he saw that the gas was lowered in the boudoir and the blind down; he picked up the ladder, raised it, and in a minute stood on the balcony, and drew up the ladder, lay-ing it across the railings at present while he stole quietly into the roo On the sofa lay pretty Dorothy fast

"It seems cruel to wake the poor hings," muttered tender-hearted Lance: "but I must send her to her own room now for her own sake in case of any possible contretemps." He bent over the sleeper with a

gentle "Dorothy."
The girl did not stir—she was tired.
"Dorothy, my dear." This time the musical tones pene-trated the ear, and she started up, rubbing her eyes in bewilderment. "It is only Doctor Lance, my dear girl," said he, smiling.

"Oh! sir, I beg your pardon. I—
Have you been in long?"
Dorothy jumped up.
"No, only this minute. Coralie is safe off with Mr. Heathcote and Belmont, and now you must go to bed in your own room." in your own room."
"I! No indeed, sir: I'll stop and help you in that horrid work that's

Lance laid his hand on her shoulder with grateful kindness, but was im-

"No. my dear; forgive me, but a woman's name is too precious, and too easily tarnished, to be lightly risked, and I must guard yours as I would my own Coral's. All this night's work may have to be mentioned in a law court, and I can not be obliged to say that you were with me after my re-

"Mr. Lance, you are a right-down noble gentleman!" Dorothy ener-getically whispered, with heightened color, but sparkling eyes.
"Chut! You little goosle! it's simple right. Get you to bed. Good-night

once more.""
"You deserve such a wife as Miss Coral, sir! Good-night, and Heaven bless you both!" said Dorothy, as she went away quickly and silently.

And Lance Darrell stood alone in that midnight hour, with that one thought before him-that lay-figure.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

With brain and heart and every sensitive nerve strung to the highest tension, Lance Darrell stood now, as Ulysses of old stood, face to face with the spirits of his dead that trooped around him.
"In Fancy's misty light,

Gigantic shapes and shadows loom,
Portentous through the night."
All the vividly weird dread and ine shrinking from that inanimate thing that had haunted him from the moment he had started back at the sight of it, standing in its awesome, lifeless life before him-all the strange feeling, so strangely verified, that it would have a grim part in his life-all the added horror of the weird, grim work before him now swept up over his very soul in an almost overmastering tide in this hour of his utter lone-liness, bereft even of the beloved being who for months had been his constant

He pulled himself together, as it were, by a strong mental effort, and looked around the room. How blank it looked! and yet how terribly like— He shivered, and grew deathly pale as he turned quickly to the door.

'I am weak !" he muttered, in fierce self-scorn. "It must be done, and at He passed out into the corridor, lis-

tened, and stole into his own apartment, turning all the gas up into full blaze; then Lance crossed straight to dress closet, unlocked, and drew the deal box out into the room. Without a moment's pause he unlocked the lid, and threw it back with uickened pulse

A soft old shawl was all his gaze ested on, covering the entire form and face, being pinned under the head. Sweet, thoughtful Rose! She had foreseen and spared the shock of his first seeing the death-like waxen image of his love lying in the narrow case that imagination might well transform to a coffin. The womanly forethought went to Lance's heart in that trying hour.

He would not pause, but instantly put one arm under the head and oulders, the other under the middle of the body, lifted it up, and laid it on the bed at full length. Then he loosed the shawl, threw it off, and suddenly shrunk back a step, the blood surging back on his heart, the cold drops of strained gaze rested for the third time on that lay-figure, stretched before him that familiar white robe, the white ands folded on the breast, the gray pallor of mortality on the fair young face—so like, so terribly like, the dear form and face of his darling, and yet only a grim mockery of the death it was to simulate.

And he must touch it, take that lifess similitude into his arms, and bear it into those now desolate rooms into hich he had so often carried Coral. could feel, hear the mad beating of his heart as he stood.

But it must be done, and Lance, resolutely mastering his feelings, bent over the lay-figure and lifted it in his

arms with what mental effort he best In the deadly stillness of that weird midnight time he bore his awesome through the corridor Coral's deserted chamber and laid it carefully on the bed, which Dorothy had prepared ready as for a

Frank would scarcely have known his bright Madcap Lance in the stern, self-suppressed man stooping over that eautiful form, as he drew close and straight the creamy folds of the robe, and tied lightly under the molded chin and over the golden locks a fine lace

kerchief of Coralie's. Then he went and shut the windows, drew down the blinds, and partially drew the silken curtains, so that with the new day only a very subdued light should enter the seeming chamber of death. Finally he threw a white sheet over the bed, and scattered nearly a bottleful of eau-de-cologne over it and about.

He forgot nothing, but was acutely live to every detail of realism. Then he turned out the gas, and went out, locking the door and taking the key, re-entered the boudoir, and closed its windows, put out the lights there and in the anteroom, and locking that door too as he went out, returned to his own rooms, every fibre quivering with the strong tension of nervous excitement as he flung himself into a chair and covered his face, as if that could shut out from his overstrained, fevered imagination the form and face of that ghastly lay-

figure with its horrible likeness to the living. It was before him whether he veiled his eyes or not; he saw it as he had first seen it, with glassy, sightless eyes -saw it again, lying on Alice Kynashad left it, stretched out in that silent chamber, for the lifeless form of a

murdered girl-his Coral. Perhaps the severe strain of long veeks had been greater and taken deeper grip than he had thought; and the partial relief from its worst phase, through so trying a culmination, had now in its recoil unstrung him in pro-

But he rose up presently, impatient, angry with himself.

"I am worse than foolish, to be so unnerved," he muttered; "but, great Heaven! what an awful thing is murder! and in this terrible form!" der! and in this terrible form!"
He walked twice through the room,

then paused, as he caught sight in the mirror of his own haggard face.

"This won't do. There is so much still to be done. I must try to rest a little; but first I must remove all tell-

well as mental exhaustion, each reacting on the other. He had slept but little for three nights, and it was now many hours since he touched anything. it was half past one, and dinner had been rather earlier than usual. Dorothy, ever careful, had put a tray a side-table, with refreshments, and Lance forced himself to take some with a glass of wine. That down, he went to the balcony, lowered the ladder, descended, and carried it back to its own place, leaving his rope hanging ready for his return.

The solemn quiet of the first hour insensibly calmed his spirit, the chill of the coming dawn cooled the fevered blood, and instead of climbing back to the balcony at once he need slow. to the balcony at once, he paced slow-ly to and fro for quite twenty minutes, thinking of his darling, picturing their

Then he got back to his room, locked up the deal box again, and lay down to sleep for a few hours.

It was just a little past seven, and Dorothy was dressed, all save brooching her collar, when she heard a soft tap at the door. She went at once and opened it. Of course it was Lance; but his face startled her.

"It is all ready," he said, in a deep, stern whisper; "and I am going now to tell the murderess that her crime is done, and she must see her vicis done, and she must see her vic-

"She won't go, sir. She'll be afraid, and refuse. "She shall ro!" he said, setting his teeth. "Go vou and tell the servants; you know the story. Or if it will try you too much, my poor girl, leave it to me, when I have told Mrs. and Mr.

"No indeed, sir: you've quite enough to bear. I'll go at once. I'll do any-thing for yea and Miss Coral." Darrell hall smiled, said gently, "Thank you for both," and went away to rouse the woman who, to all intents and purposes, was Coral Guise's

Her rooms lay on the north side of the mansion; but Lance quickly traversed gallery and corridor, his handsome face set and stern now as chiseled marble, no relenting in the imperative hand that knocked at her door twice before there was any sound within.

"Come in, Elizabeth," called a drowsy voice.
"It is not your maid, but I-Lance He heard a stifled little cry, that was strange mingling of expectancy, fear,

and triumph: then a hurried movement of feet across the carpet, and a husky voice at the door.
"I'll be quick and join you in the next room. Wait there."

The next room was her boudoir, and for once in her life Aldyth was not ten minutes in getting on clothes and an elegant robe-de-chambre. The inner door opened, and she came in hur-

riedly, excitedly, toward the man awaiting her. "Have you come to tell me," she gasped, "that—that—"
"She is dead!" said Lance in a hearse whisper; but in his dark eyes flashed a fierce light that she read her own way. "She died at midnight. It was useless to arouse any one, for Dorothy has done everything. Come with me, Aldyth; you must see her."
But Aldyth started back with a cry

See her! no, no! how can I, who so hate and dread death, look upon But Lance must test the security of the subterfuge, and beyond that necessity there was a fierce, burning satis faction in the power to deal the to the cowardly murderess, and force her to look on her victim. He strode

of fear.

forward and gripped her wrist. "By Heaven, you shall come!" he id, between his teeth. "Do you think I will bear all the burden and you only stand by—you whose guilt is one at least with mine, for you have plotted this deed for years; and if I did it, you tempted me. If we are partners in crime, it shall be shared throughout. Come with me!" She was terrified-cowed as the savage animal is cowed by its master-

"You frighten me when you are so cruel!" she gasped. "I'll come, then, if I must, Lance." He made no answer, but only loosed his grasp to put her hand on his arm and lead her from the room to that other chamber. No need, he knew, to fear her touching, much less kissing. the white cold brow of the (seeming)

corpse of her victim. "I shall keep the room door locked," he whispered, as he put the key in, and opening the door, drew the quavering; guilty woman into the half-darkened apartment.

She paused beside the bed near the feet, almost as white as the sheet

Darrell's hand threw half back, re vealing the pallid, exquisite face and folded hands of the lay-figure; but as he stood with folded arms as if in hard endurance, his own keen eyes covertly watched his trembling but remorseless companion; it was the superstitious, vaguely terror-struck shrinking of the murderer from its victim, which is perhaps the toll to itself the coarsest, most callous criminal; beyond that, it was that heathenish kind of dislike to the mere presence of death and mortality, which must needs belong naturally to such a woman as this, for whom practically the present is all and the future a black, unrealized mythos-a kind of dislike that prevailed considerably, and no or belonging to the gloomier sects.

wender, some eighty years or more ago, but is in this day only individual But in Aldyth's face and strained gaze the man whose matchless audacity had achieved this grim mockery saw not one shadow of doubt or susicion of the reality of the still form He had the daring to whisper after a moment: "It is near eight hours since she

died; do you see any difference in her already—any change from what she was in life?" "I-l don't think so, unless-"
"Unless what?" he said, under his breath.

Unless, perhaps," Aldyth added. remulously, "it is a little older she ooks. I fancy so." Lance, intensely relieved, answered "Ay, it is not fancy, but simply the

result of natural effects after death; that which makes the old presently wear the aspect of much less years will often add on some to early youth." As he said this he replaced the sheet with a smile of bitter irony, as Aldyth instantly hurried out into the ante-Lance followed, locking the door again; both breathed freely again, but for what totally different reasons! Then Lance said slowly, with evident

"Her last wish was that after death no one should touch or move her save Dorothy and myself, and that I mean to strictly carry out for every reason, Aldyth. Dorothy laid her out as you see, and only I shall to-night lay her in her coffin "-he paused. "I shall call myself at the undertaker's, and give him the measurement on my way to the registrar, and—and to-morrow morning the coffin must be closed

down for safety's sake." That was true enough. 'Mon Dieu! are you afraid?" she whispered, startled.

They looked at each other for a moment. She flushed.
"And the funeral?" she said. ' Next Tuesday. He moved to the door; Aldyth fol-

'I must dress now-and you ?" "To tell your father. Dress quickly, for after breakfast I have so much to

"Give your orders as you think best," she said. "You know best; it is in your hands." Darrell only bowed gravely, and went away to tell Mr. Mortimer the news which in less than an hour would spread regret and some consternation however looked for, all about—that beautiful Coralle Guise was dead. And in that silent chamber was stretched only a thing that never slept, nor lived, nor died, lifeless, soulless—that lay-figure.

CHAPTER XL.

Truly indeed "the pomp of death is more terrible than death itself;" but in help you in that horrid work that's thinking of his darling, picturing their got to be done!"

"Not for werids! Good-night, Doro- were dreaming of him.

"Not for werids! Good-night, Doro- were dreaming of him.

"Why, yes. Well, I must be dressing, daring perpetrator a bitter pain, the full force of which, though theoretically "Ways latters to write in my own

foreseen, he had scarcely perhaps realized until it actually came upon him. To Lance parrell's noble heart it was cruel pain to inflict grief; to his deep and reverent nature the enforced mockery of so sacred and solemn a mystery as death, and its hallowed rite, was the worst part of all his desperate action—the only part that made his bold, reckless spirit shrink, though never for one moment falter—that was not in Lance Darrell.

"It must be gone through!" he muttered, setting his teeth as he mounted Black Prince and rode off at full speed. "The eng sanctifies the means; but if there is wrong, it surely lies on "Good-bye, dearest. You shall know all my claim before you leave," said

but if there is wrong, it surely lies on the murderess' head, not mine." As the registrar's office did not open till ten, he rode first to old Mr. Bla-grove, the undertaker, who had buried both Coralie's parents. He came out

to the rider.

"Ah, sir!" he said, sadly, shaking his grey head, "you don't need to tell me your errand, for both your face and black suit tells it. We've all feared it, doctor, this two weeks past. So young, too, poor child! Tom, come and hold Doctor Darrell's horse still, man, for he's skeery. Come in, sir. Dear, dear! the tolling of the passing-bell will go through a-many all round." Lance shivered at the bare thought

of what that sound would have been to him had it been for a reality. He gave the old man his orders as briefly as possible, and, remounting, rode on to the clergy-house, hard by the beautiful old church, to tell the rector—the most trying ordeal of all for Lance, for he knew how distressed Mr. Fairfax would be; and, besides, it went dead against all the young man's feelings in every way to deceive a priest, and in truth trick him into making a solemn farce of our beautiful service for the dead. But it had to be done, and he did it, and went to the registry office and gave the due notice of Miss Guise's death as being one present, and his certificate of the cause of death as her medical attendant. Thank Heaven, that was all right as he had expected, and with the necessary paper from the registrar in his pocket, once more threw himself into the

saddle. As he did so he was startled by a sound that boomed out deep and heavy over the country-three strokes of the great bell in the lofty tower of the church—he could hear the clang of the tongue and deep undertone, as it rang that call of attention to the message of death-three quick strokes, then a pause before its voice gave forth those eighteen—ah, only eighteen strokes; another pause, and then came, "The toll of that sad, solemn bell;"

that awesome sound, never to be forgotten, never more to be heard with indifference by the heart that has once heard it for some loved one, and breathed for the passing soul the prayer of faith, "Requiescat in pace." Lance listened with strangely conflicting feelings in his heart as he rode on now, heading Black Prince for the Hall; but before he had got far on the road a very different sound caught his ear and made him draw rein sharply and turn in the saddle.

"Mr. Dar'll—stop—please stop, sir!"

And running with all his might, quite

breathless was the telegraph boy from the station with the familiar colored envelope in his hand. The blood swept to Lance's cheek. "For me?" he said, quickly stretching out his hand. "Yes, sir; jist come, and I was a-

taking it on, when Tom Blagrove sez you was along here, and-" All right, boy. Catch this." He hastily took the telegram, tossed back a shilling (this poor doctor), and rode on; but the minute he got into

pace, and broke the envelope. "All is well. A. E

That was all-from Frank he knewhis dear alter ego. The message had been given in at 8.30, at High Street, St. John's Wood. So Frank had evidently stayed the night at Clematis Villa, and this was the morning news of Coral. Thank Heaven! all was well and safe with her. He can send a letter by Dorothy later in the day, for he knew that the girl would in his absence have carried out her part of his programme, by which she was to rejoin her mis-

tress at once. Mrs. Mortimer had asked him to come to the library on his return, and as it suited him to see her, Lance went

"Well -" he said, eagerly, as he entered, "is all safe-all settled?" "Yes," he answered shortly, "and the funeral, as I said-twelve on Tuesday: and I shall leave by the 3.15." "My Lance, my dearest love! what shall I do without you even for a short

time? free, blandishing, sickened the man always, and just now it was unbearable. he said, almost roughly; "keep to the matter-of-fact business of the hour." "You don't love me as I do you!" she burst out, half angry, half afraid

'Don't I, Aldyth? If all this business does not try you much, it does me; you forget," with covert irony, "that you have had years to harden in-I only weeks; you have lived so long with murder—I but a short span, and you must bear with my weakness. Aldyth looked at him, her cheek red-dening hotly, her hands half out-stretched; but she dared not throw herself on his breast, and cry out, "Forgive me!" for somehow she had an uncomfortable instinct that just now he would repel any such demon-stration of passion. She dropped her

hands, cowed, and said, quickly "Yes, yes, dear, I forgot that; and I am putting everything on you, toomaking you"—this with an odd little nervous laugh—"act already as mas-ter here. Well, I have told Mr. Mortimer what you suggested about his going directly after the funeral to stay for the present with his married daughter at Redruth, and he has written to her; he is upset, and the change will be good for him, and what he will must live with them henceforth ; everything will be changed here, dear

"Yes," said Coral's lover, slowly, stroking his moustache, and dropping those very expressive dark eyes; "yes; very changed, I suppose. Have the servants asked to see-?"

He stopped. Markham asked for them all," took up Aldyth, "but I told them that when you returned I would tell you, as I had put every arrangement into your hands And Dorothy came to me and said that, if she was not wanted, could she leave at once (except coming down on Tuesday) to go to an aunt in London, as she could not bear this house now. What do you say to it?"

"Why, certainly, let her go; her work here is done. What train does she want to take?"

"As soon as she can pack her things." things.

"And some of Coral's," thought Lance, aloud. "Well, she can pack and get off by the 3.15."

"And I and my maid," said Aldyth, "must catch the 12 train, and go to town to order mourning. Besides, I must see my lawyer at once!" she added, with a significant look, "so that I may have to stop in town till to-I may have to stop in town till to-

Blessed relief of her presence even for a few hours!

"Very well," Lance said. "I will answer, if need be, any of the condoling letters, and see to everything. Your lawyer had better write to the two trustees, for their work is ended, I presume."

in a low undertone:

"You are packing, I see; go into her room, and take away what you need for her, while I write. Are the flowers in the anteroom?" "Yes, sir; but I'll place them, for the mere likeness to her must try you, and it'll be a hard trial enough for you to be present when the servants come

study. Good-bye, Aldyth, then, till to-

But on his way to his own rooms he paused at Dorothy's door, and tapped. The girl came at once, and Darrell put a key into her hand, as he said,

thy," said Lance, a little unsteadily. "But that ordeal I must bear. They can come as soon as Mrs. Mortimer It was an ordeal both anxious and bitterly painful, to stand by the bed's head and witness the grief of the weep-

ing servants, as they looked their last the fair, lifeless face they believed to be their beloved young mistress' and Lance almost held his breath as Mrs. Garland, the housekeeper, and one or two of the other women touched the cold waxen brow of the seeming dead; nor did he breathe freely till he had replaced the sheet and once more locked the door on the lay-figure. Then in the afternoon came the departure of Dorothy and the luggage;

and after that came a lull, that miserable, blank sense of utter loneliness for Lance-his darling, his companion of months, was gone from his side, though Heaven knows not from his charge and every thought. That evening, about half past nine, he and old Mr. Mortimer were sitting out on the terrace smoking, and

the latter talking about his own daughter, Mrs. Penfold, when Markham came to the window from within. "Please, Mr. Darrell, Mr. Blagrove himself has brought-has come, with his son.' Lance rose quietly.

"Excuse me for a time, Mr. Mortimer," he said, and went in with the "Shall they carry it up the back stairs, sir?" asked Markham, huskily. 'Yes, to the antercom.'

How Lance longed to be able to add "Don't grieve, Coral lives!" But he dare not hint it, for the old servant's joy would have been too great to be quite concealed. He only turned away to the grand staircase and reached Coral's room, and opened the chamber-door, lighted one burner of the chandelier. before the two men entered with their

burden, placed the trestle, and the coffin-a handsome oak one-upon it, and then turned toward Darrell. "You said, I think," said the elder man, in a hushed tone, "that you were to lay the—the corpse in the coffin?" "I'm afraid, sir, you'll find it heavy. Can't I help you?" Thank you, no. I must fulfil the

dear child's last wishes," Lance said, "Send your son early to-morrow, as I told you, please. That is He could not feel his secret safe until It circulates in the best homes. that lid was screwed down tight on the lay-figure.

Father and scn bid him good-evening, and withdrew under Markham's guidance.

Then Lance nerved himself to the last task, and flung back the sheet once more, his own cheek almost as pallid as the face on which he looked, as he lifted the figure and bore it to the coffin. Nor could he repress the shudder that shook him as he laid it back in its grim resting-place—a ghastly

mockery, indeed, of death.

It was a kind of horrible fascination that made him stand for minutes and gaze down on the chiselled features so strangely like his Coral's: and then with a start he threw a handkerchief over the face, and laid the lid in its place and the white sheet over all. Then he put out the gas and hurried from the room, locking the door, and went down-stairs again to Mr.

he had only in the morning to stand by and see that coffin-lid screwed down down on the horrible lay-figure with-

CHAPTER XLI.

The train swept off, soon leaving Rayton and Lance far away, and Frank, glancing down at the beautiful face and quick-heaving bosom of the girl at his side, saw that her heart was very full at this first parting and under such painful circumstances. Like a fond, petting elder brother, he gently put his arm round her, and drew the pretty head down on his

"I must take care of Lance's property, you know, dear," he said, smiling, as she nestled like a tired, confiding child; "and Tuesday will soon come round."

"It's not that only," came with a half sob. "Oh, Frank, the trouble and grief to him, and all of them, just for me! And it seems like deserting him." Ah, there was the sting to the woman's heart! she could not bear to leave her lover to suffer pain alone. "I know how you feel, dear; but it is not so really, in any way; and in a very short time every one who has grieved for your loss will be rejoicing over the truth—the whole truth," added Frank, archly, touching the diamond ring which he had at once noticed on the bare white hand.

Coral colored, but smiled too, and with pretty, half-shy, girlish pride held up her hand for him to see the ring "He put it on in the carriage, tonight," she said. "Signed and sealed properly now." said Frank, brightly; "all ready the marriage-ring. My dear, don't y forget that now Miss Guise is dear, and you bear Lance's name—before-hand," added Frank, mischievously.

Coralie startled, flushing up, as she said, quickly "He didn't tell me I was to be called Mrs. Darrell—only his cousin." Frank laughed.

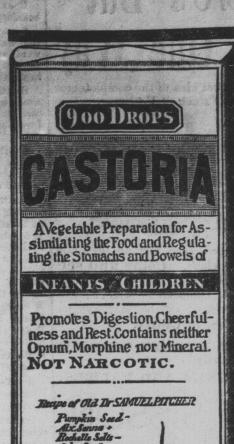
though I do wish it really 'Mrs. Dar-rell' at once, instead of 'Miss Darrell," added Frank, heartly. "But Lance is right, of course. Still, it won't be many months, ma'amselle.' "I don't know, dear; Lance must decide," said she, soberly, and laid her head quietly down again.

It was nearly half past twelve when the three anxiously expectant watchers in the drawing-room at Clematis Villa heard the sound of rapid hoof-strokes and roll of wheels breaking the dead-and-alive stillness of the hour and

"That must be them this time," ex-claimed Mr. Kynaston. "I'll go and see, anyhow. For the third time in the last half hour he stepped out through the open French window, and hurried to the gate just as a hansom pulled up and Frank sprang out.
"Uncle Dick!"

"My dear boy, at last! And this dear child must be dead tired. Come in with me, my dear." And as Frank lifted her out, Uncle Dick took her in charge, and marched in, Frank only pausing to pay Jehu, and then bolt the gate. "Here they are Alice, safe and

Tobs Construed )



A perfect Remedy for Constipa-tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea,

Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-

Chaff Fleteter.

5 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

NEW YORK.

At6 months old

ness and Loss of SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of

IS ON THE WRAPPER

SEE

THAT THE

SIGNATURE

FAC-SIMILE

OF EVERY BOTTLE OF

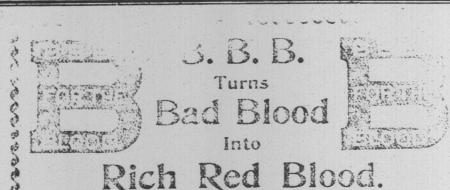
Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell on anything else on the plea or promise that it "just as good" and "will answer every pur-ne." \*\* See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

#### in the WARDER

"A drop of ink nakes millions think."

Is read by the most intelligent readers. Its Readers are BUYERS.

### ADVERTISE in THE WARDER



In Spring Time get Pure Bleed by using 8.8.8.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties as Burdock Blood Bitters. It not only cleanses internally, but it heals, when applied externally, all sores, ulcers, abscesses, scrofulous sores, blotches, cruetions, etc., leaving the skin clean and pure as a babe's. Taken internally it removes all morbid effete or waste matter from the system, and thoroughly regulates all the organs of the body, restoring the stomach, liver, bowels and blood to healthy action. In this way the sick become well, the weak strong, and those & who have that tired, worn out feeling receive new vigor, and buoyant health and spirits, so that they feel like work. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy victorous I'm

# J. P. RYLEY

Annananananananananan----

LINDSAY. Opposite Kennedy, Davis & Son's Lumber Yard.

ame, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Turnings, etc., etc. Call and inspect work, and get prices before you buy elsewhere.

Satisfaction guaranteed

J. P. RYLLY.

Telephone 122.

FOR

## Cheap FURNITURE

ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co.

Undertakers and Cabinet Makers

KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.