

LADY NORA WIDOW

BY BERTHA M. OLAY.

(Continued from last week.)

Wilmot's answer, usually one of the kindest and friendliest of fellows to meet with in a day's walk, meets Capt. Glynn's mood by one equally calm and cold. He does not notice the apology for the "intrusion."

"How do you do, Captain Glynn?" "How do you do, Mrs. Sargent?" "I thought they had gone abroad," Wilmot remarks, a little staggered. "I suppose Miss Dormer and her brother are at home?" "Yes, they're at home," Wilmot replies more curtly, looking at Dallas with eyes burning with displeasure. "You haven't seen them for a long time, I suppose?"

Dallas Glynn's gray-blue eyes begin to glitter dangerously. "He is going to bring me to book," he thinks, with pride and temper rising in flood tide. "Oh, no—not for quite a long time," Dallas replies, with studied indifference. "Ah!" Wilmot Sargent says, with all the vehemence of the cauculation. "Well, they're there—if you've any business with them."

"Yes, a little business. I think I shall run down and see them if I can spare the time," Dallas says, in his coolest and most languid tones. "At this moment his eyes fall on a freshly-written letter lying on the writing-table just beside Wilmot's chair. The ink on the heavy business-like writing is glistening yet. The fourth page lies uppermost, and Dallas can read, nearly as plain as print, from where he sits, the termination of the letter—

"And with love to aunt and uncle and to yourself, dear Yolande, I am yours most affectionately."

"WILMOT SARGENT."

Dallas Glynn's brain seems to be suddenly set on fire as he reads it. Yolande's faithful and most affectionate cousin is doing his best to console her for her faithless husband! This is the secret reason of a great many things—he cannot quite tell what—her cold avoidance of him since the date of that hurried visit, her neglect to write a line to ask him how he was—ill, alone, desolate, almost destitute as he has been, while she was living in luxury!

"He grinds his teeth as he thinks of it. And to think that he has never once suspected this, that, like all other women—false, selfish, treacherous creatures—she, gentle and meek and modest as she looks, has been as selfish and false as any one of them! His sight grows dim, his pulses are beating violently, heart and brain are raging like a volcano in the fury of wrath and grief and jealousy that sweeps over him. Forgetting everything, but impelled by a fierce longing to be gone out of Wilmot Sargent's presence, with his dusky well-fed countenance, his young aspect of respectability and prosperity, his intolerable assumption of superiority, Dallas rises hastily, and is blindly groping for his hat—not seeing it though it is on the table before him—when Mrs. Sargent sweeps into the room, with the usual rattle of her voluminous skirts.

CHAPTER XLIII.



BRITISH TROOP OIL LINIMENT

FOR Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Bites and Stings of Insects, Coughs, Colds, Contracted Croup, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Whooping Cough and all Painful Swellings.

A LARGE BOTTLE, 25c.

of her. I don't think she'll shake hands with you. She thinks you've spoiled her heart—and so you have! Poor child!"

"I have been a fool and misled and mistaken, Mrs. Sargent," he says in a low, choking voice, "but not a knave. I never wronged my wife willfully; I never knowingly caused her pain—only once, through folly and thoughtlessness. I love her and I honor her."

"Well said!" exclaims Mrs. Sargent, giving him a sounding slap. "Well, what are you going to do?" "Where is she?" he asks sorrowfully, thinking of the long miles, the long days that may lie between him and the sight of her face, a touch of her hands.

"Where is she? That's a pretty question for a man to ask me about his own wife!" Mrs. Sargent says shrewdly. "She is at home with her own people of course! Where should she be?"

"At Fair View?" he questions, starting. "Fair View, of course," Mrs. Sargent replies, beginning to stare. "Bless my soul, don't you know they've no place else now, and nothing else to live on, until uncle Silas's affairs are settled, but Yolande's money? And aunt Kern won't spend a shilling of that without moaning about it, poor old soul! She does get tiresome—that's a fact. As soon as your uncle was able to travel, they took him down there, you know."

"Was he ill?" Dallas asks, putting his hand to his head in bewilderment. "Was he well?" Mrs. Sargent repeats. "Don't you know? I'm sure I thought her ladyship would have thought it worth her while to tell you that! He had a fit the day the crash came in the city, and he was nearly twenty-four hours unconscious. It was enough to kill him, poor man! More than forty thousand went in a sweep in that blessed Pacific Salvage rubbish—I wouldn't have given them waste paper for their shares any day—and in other things."

Nora!" Mrs. Sargent answers, and then bursts into a loud laugh. "Law bless my soul, don't you know you've got a step-father?"

Dallas's face is crimson, and he is trembling from head to foot, but he recovers himself with a desperate effort. "No," he replies composedly, with a slight smile, "I was not aware of it. I have not seen my mother for some time. She was at perfect liberty to please herself, of course; but I am naturally a little surprised."

"I should think you were," Mrs. Sargent says, chuckling; but Captain Glynn's face and manner check her from saying what she longs to say. "He's a Mr. Carter—a very wealthy man and a most respectable man," she begins cautiously, but Dallas checks her again. "I am glad to hear it," he says jolly, "but I can't be expected to take much interest in hearing of a person whom I do not know in the least. If you will excuse me now, Mrs. Sargent, I will say good-bye to you," he adds, smiling pleasantly and taking her hand, "and I hope to see you soon again—in happier circumstances."

"Indeed you'll not go without a glass of wine!" Mrs. Sargent says positively. "Wilmot!" "Thank you, I would rather not," he assures her; but she insists; and when Wilmot brings in the wine himself, he drinks about a half-glass of sherry, and bids them both good-bye. "About that bill you mentioned just now," he says hurriedly, flushing before them—"will you please let me have it?"

"Indeed I won't," Mrs. Sargent replies coolly. "Neither you nor Yolande—suppose what's hers is yours and yours is hers now, if you're going to be as you ought to be. Well, neither of you shall pay one penny of Lady Nora Carter's debts for fine clothes—not a ha'penny—so you needn't ask for it, for you shan't get it!"

"I'll talk to you again when you're in a better temper with me, Mrs. Sargent," Dallas says faintly smiling and is going out, when she runs after him to the very doorsteps. "Captain Glynn, I needn't ask you where you are going now?" And there is such desperate anxiety to ask evident in her face that Dallas laughs a little maliciously. "No, you needn't," he says coolly, raising his hat and marching off at a swinging pace.

When he is quite out of sight Mrs. Sargent turns round from the window, and sits down suddenly with a dismayed face. "There," she says—"I've never asked him a question about his position or prospects, or what he's doing, or what he's going to do, or whether he's going to drag that poor child down into poverty with him, or whether he's going to take her away from those poor old folk who want some one to look after them, or one single question I meant to have asked him."

"Never mind, mother," Wilmot says consolingly; "maybe Yolande will ask him all those questions herself."

"Not she!" Mrs. Sargent rejoins, with bitter compassionateness. "She will ask nothing but to put her arms around his neck and cry for joy over him. Poor little fool! She's too soft for this world, anyhow!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

herself this afternoon, as she sits alone sewing in the work-room with the window open. It is a relief—a great relief—to be alone, the greatest that the sorrowful monotony of her days ever brings to her now. Her aunt Kern has gone to a neighbor's house to tea, and old Uncle Silas, after his early dinner, has listened feebly to the reading of the newspaper by Yolande until he falls asleep. So there is an end to the small woes and the petty fidgets and cross-grained speeches and martyr-like moods for a while.

"I do not know how I am to endure it," Yolande repeats, with dreary calmness—"week after week, month after month—perhaps year after year—trying to be patient with aunt, trying to be cheerful with uncle, putting up with unnecessary discomfort, pinching, contriving with needless economy for nothing! If there were a special or worthy object in it—if it were to benefit any one, dear to me—I could do it easily, cheerfully, willingly. I can't now! What shall I do? What can I do?"

Dependancy like a thick cloud envelops the lonely girl, sitting there in the gloomy silent room, thinking of her life, marred before she is two-and-twenty. Impatience at her fate tempts her to cry out against Heaven and against man—dull despair, which tries to call itself resignation, prevents her.

"I am tired of hoping, tired of praying," Yolande moans, with her head laid down on a pile of household linen. "It is not the will of Heaven that I should be happy. I have lost all that made life precious to me, and yet I must try to live on somehow."

She is very tired with bodily fatigue from a long hard morning's work in helping the two inefficient young servants; she feels solitary and helpless and forlorn, spending this calm pleasant afternoon sewing in a dull room facing a dead wall. Her tears are flowing as she rests her aching head, with all the brown hair roughened and disheveled, on the pile of coarse kitchen towelling which is being mended. And in the stillness of the silent house and the quiet grounds she hears footsteps walking up the gravelled drive to the house, and then pausing-loitering in a curious purposeless fashion.

She does not trouble to ascertain whose are the steps, though she knows that they are neither her maid-servant's nor those of the solitary gardener—it does not matter whose the footsteps are. "Some visitor, I am afraid," she thinks at last, with an unsettled look at her gown and tumbled cuffs. "Why don't they ring or knock? I hope Anna won't open the door with a soiled apron, as she did yesterday. Well, I can't help it if she does! Oh, dear—I hope it isn't a visitor whom I must go in and talk to!"

There is silence now for a moment, and Yolande is laying her head down with a weary sigh of relief, when she faintly hears the footsteps at the corner of the house, and then coming down the narrow gravelled space right in front of the work-room. "It is only Tom Blackford, after all! How stupid I am!" she says with a quick tremulous sigh.

Her heart beats wildly even yet at the barest chance of tidings of her darling. Tom Blackford has a very quick firm step for a heavily-shod gaiter-dener, and Tom Blackford is guilty of extraordinary presumption in pausing at the open window to stare in at the desolate little figure by the work-table. Tom Blackford too has a very goodly presence, if this pale handsome young fellow with the silky fair moustache and brilliant gray-blue eyes is he!

The next moment he has leaped over the low window-sill, and with incoherent words of gladness and tenderness and pleading has caught Yolande in his arms and is kissing her forehead and her cheeks. "My poor little girl! My poor little wife! My own dear little wife!" she hears him saying over and over again, while he covers her face with kisses. "Yolande, won't you speak to me? Won't you try to forgive me, darling?" he pleads, straining her to his heart, lifting her upon his knee, pressing the little head with its disheveled brown hair tightly against his breast. "Sweetheart, won't you speak to me? I never got you wrote to me, but I never got any letter—never knew anything of your terrible troubles, my darling! I would have come from the ends of the earth to you if I had thought you wanted me! Yolande, speak to me, dear!"

CHAPTER XLV.

There is No Better



Place in Lindsay to purchase anything in the Jewelry line than at C. Hughan. We are showing an elegant line of Brooches and Gem Rings which you should see. Prices away down. We will also sell a limited number of Ladies' Gold Filled Watches at the exceedingly low price of \$11.00.

Ladies' Solid Silver Watches \$3 up. Bring along your Watch and Jewellery repairing. Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

C. Hughan,

to begin with. "We'll work you up to something better by-and-by," Mr. Daville said. "At present you're not worth more than what we are paying you, but if you'll let me see what's in you, in the course of a couple of years or so, I'll not forget you."

It is an under secretaryship of a railway company; and Dallas Glynn most thankfully accepted it as an enormous improvement on the Dallas Hotel and Mr. Davison. That shining light resigns his situation soon after Mr. Daville's return from the States, and the head-waiter steps into his place. But Yolande's letters never come to light, though hall-porter and head-waiter agree in telling Mr. Daville that letters such as he describes were certainly handed in by the postman at the hall office.

The Pacific Salvage Company is being wound up, and of their money the luckless shareholders will receive so much as a pinch of golden sand from depths that have sucked down tens of thousands of sovereigns.

Some other of old Silas Dormer's speculations have turned out not quite so badly as was expected, there are three or four thousand pounds more than any one hoped for rescued from the ruin. The year will be perhaps about five hundred a year secured when the winding-up process is over, and to this sum both Dallas Glynn and his wife insist on adding three hundred a year more.

After a great deal of persuasion Miss Dormer is induced to consent to this arrangement. Her brother does not appear to care much one way or the other. The blow has seemed to stun him, and he potters about his garden, and talks about his fruit-trees and celery-pots, but very seldom of his lost fortune.

CHAPTER XLVI.

with as much smiling audacity as she has been their tender benefactress, the little lady, looking perfectly radiant, comes one cold day in November to see them, wrapped in splendid sealskin and sables for which Mr. Carter has just paid a hundred guineas. She makes herself quite at home, and ignores all unpleasant things in the past—she does not quite approve of such a modest menage, but still she is very affectionate and pleasant and cheerful and gracefully maternal. But before she goes her son takes her aside, and sternly and determinedly demands the diamond and sapphire ring.

"If I must pay for it, I will, mother, no matter what it costs," he says, "but the ring I must and will have!"

"You shall have it, Dallas—I told you so before," Lady Nora responds, with a pout. "I have only just returned home, you see; and now I want you and Yolande to come up and see me and Mr. Carter, and dine with us, and be friendly altogether. He is really the best of good kind creatures!"

"I am glad to hear it," Dallas says in very cool curt tones. "I hope you will be happy, mother, but I don't want my happiness endangered any more. Mother, I must have Joyce Murray's ring back without delay—I will pay you whatever you please to charge me for it."

"You shall have it next week, Dallas," Lady Nora says briskly. But she reckons without Mademoiselle Bella Glover. She offers forty—fifty—eighty guineas in vain for the ring. Miss Glover informs her that if she were to offer a thousand it would be all the same.

"I am well off now, Lady Nora, and money is not so much an object to me as the possession of the thing I fancy," she writes in reply. "Besides," she adds in a postscript, "the ring is not really yours in any sense of the word. I have never been asked for it by either its former owner or its later owner, Captain Dallas Glynn."

In her despair at this answer, Lady Nora confesses to her son what she has done with the ring, and he himself writes to Isabelle Glover for it. This letter is all that that astute young woman has been waiting for. On that very day she picks up her trunks to leave Pentreath, where she has remained since the Countess's funeral, with her friend and staunch ally, Mrs. Vavator. The Earl, who has been staying with a friend in Derbyshire to seek consolation for his broken heart, returns home the next day, and in the evening, when he has retired to his study, he has a visit from his "little friend."

He is in a particularly amiable temper this evening—some speculations have turned out splendidly within the last few days, and for a newly bereaved widower, he is in very good spirits. His late Countess's weak-minded will was a blow to him certainly, but then the money he inherited at her death is a source in itself.

"Not that I grudged you her ladyship's bequest, Belle," he says gloomily, when the will was read. "Not you—of course not!" Belle thought. "You would not have cut down my legacy to five hundred pounds if you had known the terms of her will! Of course not!"

But on this evening he feels reconciled to everything and every one, and in a sweetly-pious frame of mind. He has enjoyed an excellent dinner, and his digestion, for a wonder, is not troubling him. He is sipping Scotch whiskey and soda-water and turning over the pages of a review when Isabelle enters, and the sight of his "little friend" in her exquisite mourning-gown of thick dull brocade, jet-em-broidered, and with ruffles of crepe setting off her white throat and arms, is an additional pleasure to him. Suddenly his "little friend" overwhelms him with the announcement that she is leaving Pentreath. "Place in the morning?" "Leaving?" "For good?" he asks, too startled to be angry. "Belle, you're not serious! You can't be! You can't mean you're going to leave me?"

"Indeed, I do mean that I am going to leave you, my dear Lord Pentreath," Miss Glover replies, with dignity and pathos. "I can do nothing else."

"Why can't you stay on here for— for a while, at all events?" his lordship asks, fidgeting in his chair and mumbling over his words. "I am going away again almost immediately, and shall be here only for flying visits; and you can be mistress here, Belle, and do just as you please."

"Until the new Countess comes," Miss Glover supplements deliberately. "No, thank you, my lord: why?" (concluded on page 8)

Co. STEED. In the horse that is... E, Mgr. Old Stand. rup. & Co. GLASS, at. Paints and... CO. UGHT. Happy... POWER.