THE WHITE ROSE.

CHAPTER XL.

During the relation of Lola de Ferras' terrible story, Gertrude had grown white and faint. Leaning forward she caught Lola's hand beseechingly.

"Now show me where my father lies?"

"Yes, you—no one but you, Gertrude; you and I will go together at once and alone."

Harry looked up in alarm. Was it safe to trust a slender girl to the hands of such a woman? But the clear eyes looked at him undauntedly.

"I have no fear, Harry," she said; "Miss de Ferras and I will go and return quickly together. In the meantime will you send a telegram to my mother at the Villa Baira, Florence? Say just this—'The mystery is solved. Come at once.'"

Lord Fielden hastened to Deeping to send the telegram to Florence. Dolores would receive it that day, and in forty hours after she would be at Fielden Manor.

Never did Gertrude forget that walk from the golden sunlight into the cold, cheerless corner of the wood where the Black Pool lay. When Lola saw it again, with the familiar trees and reeds which grew on its margin, she gave a great cry and sank upon her knees. Her face grew deadly pale, and she grasped Gertrude's hand convulsively.

"I am afraid," she cried—"I am afraid! Oh, Gertrude, help me!"

The brave-hearted girl knelt by her side; her heart went out to the stricken woman.

"Miss de Ferras," she whispered gently, "try to rouse yourself for my father's sake. Without you we cannot give him Christian burial. Do not fail us at the last."

And for his sake whom she loved so madly, and so well, she did rouse herself, and with a desperate effort went on toward the fatal spot. Silently and with swift steps Lola went up to the shaft, and then stood shuddering, with an expression of despair on her face. After a pause she turned to Gertrude and laid her hand on hers.

"He lies there," she said, "where he has lain silent and still all these years. Do you see where the wood is broken—where that black gap is? That is where he fell so many years ago. Come with me."

They went together to the very edge; Lola drew aside some of the tangled creepers.

"Look," she cried in a loud voice—"look, Gertrude. This is your father's grave."

Together they knelt at the terrible brink. Then Gertrude's self-control gave way, and she wept as if her heart would break. This, then, was the place where the handsome blue-eyed young baronet lay while his wife believed him faithless and his child grew from infancy to womanhood. Close to his old home he had lain, yet had been as far from those who loved him as though he had been on a tropical island or a frozen sea—dead in the springtide of his happy life with the shadow of sin darkening his fair fame.

With a last backward glance at the weeping girl, Lola glided away, never again to be seen alive. She went to expiate her sin in solitude.

* * *

Forty-eight hours later Dolores, with her eldest daughter Kathleen, reached the Manor House.

"Gertrude," whispered Dolores—"I do not wish any one to hear me—tell me—is he living or dead?"

Oh, what an agony of hope and fear was there in the sweet, sad, violet eyes! In what a wistful way she seemed to hang on the words that came from Gertrude's lips!

"Dead, mamma," was the reply—"dead, my dearest. He died on that very night when people said he had left you."

Dolores sank upon her knees, and covered her face with her hands. He was dead. The lover of her youth, the husband she had adored, had been lying dead while she had hardened her heart against him, had shut herself away from her fellow creatures because of the disgrace that she believed had been reflected on her. She had brought up his loyal daughter in utter ignorance of even his name, while she had made her life a burden to herself.

"Let us retire somewhere, Gertrude," she moaned, "where you can tell me all, and no one can witness my remorse."

It was some hours before Dolores recovered herself, or was able to calm her quivering nerves and fairly realize the truth. She asked about the treacherous pit. She had an eager desire to see it, but Gertrude said she must not. It would haunt her in her dreams for evermore. The whole place was to undergo alteration. Lady Fielden would attend to it, and then she might visit the spot, but not until then.

"Why should you add even one more dismal recollection to the sad memories of your life?" Gertrude asked; and Dolores gave up the wish.

They did not know, either mother or daughter, of the sad work that was being done that night. It was as though half the town of Deeping were awake. Lord Fielden had given orders that every preparation for a funeral should be made at Fielden Manor. He asked Gertrude to promise that Lady Allanmore should not leave her room until the next day, when he would ask to see her. Never did man work with such energy—indeed he worked so hard that he almost lost sight of the reward in view.

When the shadows of evening fell, he went with a picked body of brave men. They had ropes and ladders, and a litter, in case their search was successful. Three of the men had volunteered to descend the disused shaft.

They soon discovered that there was no water in the pit; and then, amidst breathless silence, two men were gently lowered. When those from below reached the surface, the pallor of their faces showed weirdly in the torchlight. The leader, Robert Simmons, went straight to Lord Fielden.

"My lord," he said, "it is there."

"What is there?" asked Harry, hardly able to control his emotions.

"The skeleton, my lord, of what was once Sir Karl Allanmore."

A solemn hush fell on them all. Found at last—he who had been lost and believed guilty all these years!

"I will go down with you," said Lord Fielden; and, in spite of all remonstrance, he carried out his resolution.

With reverent hands he examined what had once been the body of one of the handsomest and kindliest of men. There was nothing repulsive about it. It was but a white and perfect skeleton. The clothes Sir Karl had worn were mildewed, and fell to pieces at a touch, the gold watch and chain were not broken.

They did not carry him to his old home—the home he had left without one thought of the awful fate hanging over him. Lord Fielden had him brought to Fielden Manor.

* * *

It was noon of the following day when Gertrude asked her mother if she would go downstairs. They went down together. Outside the sun shone warm and golden, the birds sang gayly; inside, all was dark and solemn. The great entrance-hall was transformed into a chapelle ardente. It was draped in black, and great tapers shone like stars in the darkness. In the middle of the hall stood the funeral bier, covered with a black velvet pall, and upon the oaken coffin which contained all that remained of the once handsome, genial Baronet, lay a wreath of white roses, and in the midst of the flowers was the ruby ring. Dolores went straight to the coffin and laid her fair head upon it, clasping her hands round it as though she would never leave it.

And she did not. It was a terrible vigil that Lady Allanmore kept by her husband's coffin, for though there were times when she fell half fainting by it, she would not leave it until it was borne away.

Slowly, and with dropping tears, she drew the ruby ring upon her fingers and kissed it. Once more she laid her face upon the velvet pall. She was so silent, so still, that after a time Gertrude went to her. At first they thought that she was dead, her face was so white and calm. Lady Fielden cried aloud, and Harry ran to assist; but death had not been merciful to Lady Allanmore. She was carried to her room; and there for many weeks between life and death, the broken white rose, once so fair and blooming, lay with the ruby ring on her finger, while her heart was with the dead husband she had misjudged so long.

So they laid Sir Karl in his honored grave, whilst the tears of men, women, and children flowed freely. On the face of his only child there was a light which even her grief could not dim, for, though her father was dead, his memory was free from stain.

CHAPTER XLI.

Gertrude had just been singing a pathetic little song, and the words puzzled her. Quite unconsciously something had become a matter of life and death with her. She had grown so accustomed to Lord Fielden's homage and love that she did not appreciate either until he was away from her; then quite suddenly her life grew quite cold and dim. Harry had learned some wisdom from his mother.

"My dear boy," she had said to him, "you have been too lavish of your love; believe me, there is nothing like a little wholesome neglect. For the last two years you have thought only of Gertrude, and devoted yourself to her. She accepts your homage as a matter of course. Now take my advice and leave her for a short time."

But Harry could not make up his mind to go away, though he promised not to speak of love to Gertrude. This resolve he had carried out, until at last a glimmer of doubt had crept into Miss Allanmore's mind. Did he really love her?

Sixteen months had passed since the funeral of Sir Karl Allanmore, and the old wrong had been righted. Lady Allanmore, with her two daughters, had gone back to Scarsdale, and something like a gleam of happiness had come to Dolores.

The family had spent some few weeks at Deerhurst Manor, and Lady Allanmore would have been willing to allow Kathleen Rhysworth to live there, but she preferred to be with her mother and Gertrude. During the last month or two the deep mourning had been laid aside, and something like old times had come again to Scarsdale.

The first thing that startled them from their settled ways was the arrival of the Neapolitan Prince Colonna, who had seemed so devoted to Kathleen when they had been living in Florence. The sudden departure been a great blow to him; but he was determined to find them. They had gone away hurriedly, and had left no address; but after a time, he had heard the story about Sir Karl, and had understood.

He had come to London first, and from there he wrote to ask if he had permission to visit Lady Allanmore at Scarsdale. Of course the answer was "Yes;" and the end was not difficult to forecast. Kathleen loved him and promised to marry him. With something like despair in his heart Harry watched the more fortunate lover; but he comforted himself with the idea that Gertrude was worth a thousand Kathleens, and consequently worth so much more trouble to win.

Kathleen was very happy. It was agreed that the Prince and Princess Colonna should pass six months of the year at the Prince's palace in Naples, and the other six in Kathleen's home, the beautiful Manor of Deerhurst.

The sight of these lovers stirred something in Gertrude's breast. One day Lord Fielden came in. She rose quickly; of late Miss Gertrude had avoided meeting him alone. She rose, and in a half embarrassed manner said—"Mamma is at home, and she wants to see you."

"Nay, Gertrude, but I want to see you," he replied; and there was that in his face which told her that the time had come when she must listen. "I want to see you, and you only," he went on. "Why do you avoid me? You must know that I love you with all the strength of my heart. I do not think that since the world began any man has ever loved a woman so well as I love you."

She, who was so quick of speech and ready of wit, had no answer for him.

"I must remind you of one thing, Gertrude," he said after a few moments—"the reward you promised to give to the person who was the first to bring you information concerning that unfortunate woman, Lola de Ferras. Do you remember?"

"Yes," she said.

"You have never paid it; but I have not forgotten it. Do you know what I think you ought to give me, Gertrude? You ought to give me five hundred kisses."

"Oh, Harry, how wrong of you!" she cried, her beautiful face flushing. "How can you say such a thing?"

"You made another promise, which also you appear to have forgotten, Gertrude. It was this—that if the man who brought you certain and reliable news about your father was in any way eligible, you would marry him, if he asked you, as his reward. Now, be fair, be just to me, Gertrude. I am the medium through which such news was obtained—I am an eligible man. Give me my reward. Marry me!"

"What a way in which to ask me, Harry! What can you expect me to say? You have not mentioned the word 'love.'"

"Yes, I have," said Harry. "I have been thinking of nothing else since I saw you on that day in the Pitti palace—it is you who will not listen. I have been your faithful friend, your devoted slave, your true lover, all these years; now I ask boldly for my reward. Marry me; and marry me on the same day that your sister becomes Princess Colonna. Will you?"

"You do not deserve that I should say 'Yes.' You are so—so masterful about it, Harry."

"You see, my dearest, I am compelled to be so," he rejoined. "You would, I believe, let me live in suspense for twenty years longer, Gertrude. Does it ever occur to you how completely I have given to you the last three years of my life?"

"You have been very good to me," she faltered.

"Good to you! That is a weak expression. I have worshipped you—simply worshipped you. Ah, my darling, do not be coy with me—do be kind to me! I love you, my Gertrude, with all my heart. You will not send me away?"

"No," she said gently, "you know that I will not."

Then his arms were suddenly clasped round her, and her fair face was hidden upon his breast.

The two weddings took place on the same day, amid the rejoicings of the whole county. Kathleen Rhysworth became Princess Colonna. Such perfect content, such complete happiness as these young people enjoyed is rarely known. Gertrude always liked to remember her mother's farewell. She held her tightly clasped in her arms.

"I owe the entire happiness of my life to you," she whispered. "Good-by my golden heart!"

CHAPTER XLII.

Five years had elapsed since the marriage of Dolores' fair daughters; and to her they had been years of perfect peace.

The Prince and Princess Colonna divided their time between Italy and England; they had one son and one daughter. At Fielden Manor the family was more numerous; two sturdy little sons and one fair-haired little daughter made the grand old palace bright with mirth and amusement.

One fine summer evening, Lord Fielden, who was visiting at Scarsdale, lighted a cigar and went out with some newspapers; Gertrude took a book and the two boys. They chose a shady avenue, where they seated themselves not very far from the large white monument which had already grown to be a landmark amongst them. Lord Fielden was soon engrossed in some Eastern news, Lady Fielden in her novels; the boys played at their will. The boys, finding themselves more completely at liberty, began to run races. They were so long absent on one occasion that Gertrude looked up from her book. Presently the elder, Carlos, came up slowly to his mother and looked at her with great wondering eyes.

"What is the matter, Carlos?" she asked.

"Mamma," he said, "there is a woman lying there by the white marble."

"A woman, darling! Are you sure?" cried Gertrude.

"Yes, a woman. She did not speak to me, though I pulled her dress.

"Harry," cried Gertrude, "do you hear what Carlos says?—there is a woman lying by the monument!"

"Nonsense!" cried Harry, engrossed in his paper. "That boy loves to make a sensation. It's only the nurse."

With an air of injured dignity Carlos returned—

"Nurse is there—look, papa—and the woman lying by the marble does not speak."

It was the terror on the boy's face that attracted Gertrude. Lord Fielden did not see it.

"Do go Harry, and see what it is," she said.

Lord Fielden rose somewhat unwillingly.

"If you have been drawing on your imagination, Carlos," he said, "we will have a private interview."

"Mamma," said the little fellow, "indeed she is there, lying quite still, and she did not speak!"

The boy's terror was so evident that Gertrude rose hastily and followed her husband. As they drew near the monument they saw that he was right. There lay something which they could not distinguish at first; afterward, they saw that it was the body of a woman.

"Keep away, Gertrude," cried Lord Fielden.

But it was too late; she had rushed on before him and raised the fallen hoad. One look was enough. It was Lola de Ferras, and she was quite dead. How long she had been there of course no one knew; but in the hour of her extremity and desolation, she had gone to the grave of the man she had loved so dearly to die. It was a pitiful face, with its lips closed forever, and the long, dark hair, streaked with gray. How gently they raised her! And Gertrude loved her own mother none the less because she kissed the poor wanderer's face in loving pity.

They never told any one where they had found her, for Dolores' sake; and they concealed her identity with some difficulty and buried her in the pretty churchyard at Deeping. There her grave is distinct from all others, because it is generally surrounded by rich red roses: and there the passionate, guilty, loving heart is at last at rest.

The End.

"TAK' A FIT O' YER AIN."

Dick and Andy were comrades in a Highland regiment lying in Edinburgh Castle. They were great hands to do a spree, and one morning found them in the horrors, out of cash and out of credit. They dressed and went out in hopes of meeting a Christian, but fortune seemed against them. Strolling along a West-end street, Dick suddenly fainted away right in front of a villa. Seeing the sturdy Highlander lying on the pavement, the good lady kindly sent the servant out with a tumbler and some brandy. They raised his head and got him to take a mouthful, which seemed to revive him, and seizing the glass in his hand he was just in the act of draining it off when Andy shouted:

"Oh, Dick, will ye no leave me a wee drappie?"

"G'wa, Andy; d'ye think I was born yesterday? G'wa, an' tak' a fit o' yer ain."

ALPHABETICAL ABUSE.

The prosecuting attorney in a lawsuit had waxed especially indignant at the defendant, whom he characterized as an "abandoned, baneful, cynical, diabolical, execrable, felonious, greedy, hateful, irresponsible, jaundiced, knavish, lazy, meddlesome, noxious, outrageous, and profligate rowdy.'j

"The learned counsel on the other side," said the attorney for the defendant, when he rose to reply, "should have put his adjectives in a hat and shaken them up a little before using. You must have noticed, gentlemen of the jury, that they were in regular alphabetical order. This shows that he selected them from a dictionary, beginning with 'a.' He stopped at 'p,' but in his manner of reproducing them he has given us the 'cue' as to how he got them."

This turned the laugh against the other lawyer, and he lost the case.

Pale and Dejected

THE TRYING CONDITION OF MANY WOMEN.

Subject to Headaches, Dizziness and Heart Palpitation. They Grow Discouraged and Prematurely Old.

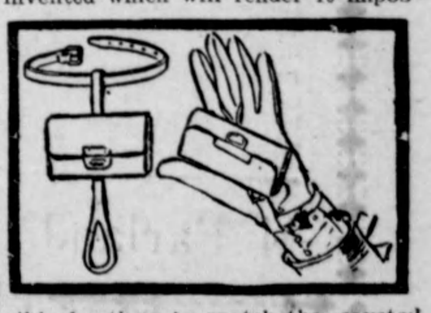
From the Review, Windsor, Ont.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that ever gave me any real benefit," said Mrs. R. K. Harris, a well known resident of Windsor, to a representative of the Review recently. "I do not know exactly what my trouble was; doctors seemed unable to tell me, though I thought myself it was consumption. I had a constant racking cough, and a constant feeling of languidness. My blood seemed to have turned to water, and I was very pale. I had a feeling in my chest as though some foreign substance was lodged there. The slightest noise made me nervous; I was dejected all the time and could not scarcely do any household work. I tried medicines, but they did not help me in the least. Doctors did not seem able to help me or tell me what ailed me, although their bills increased with alarming rapidity. I grew so weak, and so despondent that finally I decided to take a trip to Colorado to see if a change of climate would benefit me. While contemplating this trip I read in a paper one day the testimonial of a person whose symptoms were almost identical with my own, who was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to give them a trial and purchased a box. When that box was done I got another, and found gradually that the pills were helping me. The trip to Colorado was abandoned, and I continued using the pills until I had taken eight or nine boxes when I felt like an altogether different person. From a pale, thin, listless person, I became the picture of health, and felt it too. It is several years since I used the pills, and I have not had any return of the trouble. I am positive Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from an early grave, and I cannot recommend them too highly to those who are afflicted as I was."

It is the mission of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to make rich, red blood, nourish the nerves, tissues and various organs of the body, and thus by reaching the root of the trouble, drive disease from the system. Other medicines act only on the symptoms of the disease, and when such medicines are discontinued, the trouble returns—often in an aggravated form. If you want health and strength, be sure the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around each box. If your dealer cannot supply you the pills will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BOON FOR SHOPPERS.

Pickpockets who have been in the habit of making a living by stealing purses from women on the streets or in crowded stores are likely to find their occupation gone in the near future since a cunning device has been invented which will render it impos-



sible for them to snatch the coveted portemonnaies.

This device, which can be attached to any purse, consists of a small band, at one end of which is a ring and at the other end a clasp. The ring is intended to be worn loosely on the lady's finger, and by means of the clasp she can fasten the purse to her arm so that it cannot be removed without her knowledge.

HOUSE CLEANING DAYS.

The boy knocked at the front door. The bell was out of order.

Presently somebody was heard trying to climb over the furniture in the front hall and a woman's voice asked:

Who's there?

Telegraph messenger, loudly replied the boy. Got a message for the man of the house.

The attic window flew open, a cobwebbed head was thrust forth and a man with a wild, despairing voice yelled out:

Wrap it round a stone and throw it up here!

TWO IN A FIX.

A Yorkshireman, whilst walking across London Bridge, heard a terrific scream, which seemed to come from the waters beneath. Looking over the parapet, he espied a man struggling in the centre of a whirlpool.

Help! help! cried the drowning wretch. I can't swim.

Well, said the Tyke, neither can I; but I'm not making such a fuss about it as you are!

Brass farthings were authorised by English law in the year 1613. They were suppressed as worthless about 40 years later.