For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER XXV.—(Contd.)

Evelyn pretended to demur a little, but ended by accepting. It was well her white lids dropped over her eyes, veiling the strange glitter.

When she found herself shut up in the solitude and seclusion of her own chamber, she gave full vent to the terrible rage and despair that waged such deadly war in her heart. Fate playing against me! she stormed. But I will defy fate and crush this girl. Gaywell in the city and Percy Granville coming here to call upon the girl whom he rescued in the park, never dreaming it is one. Was there ever an unfortunate creature in fate's power? They are able to meet and explain everything. Why, they would kiss and be reconciled, and he would break his old love. Oh, no, no! I cannot stand idly by and see him throw himself away upon her. I love him, I love him, and I will kill them first. I love him! I love him! I am mad with jealousy when I think of his leaving me for another woman. That thought drives me madder than anything else. I feel I could do anything desperate to prevent it. Let me see, let me see! Let me think! Let me think! Let me think