# For Weal or for Woc:

Or. A Dark Temptation

### CHAPTER VII.-(Cont'd)

Th hesitating, Avice was lost.

"I will help you," she said shortly. She silenced the joyful sob on Gay's lips, by exclaiming: "You must wear my eloak and veit, for you will be obliged to pass the parlor door in going out: the velvet hangings are drawn aside, and Miss St. Claire sits facing the hall. You must trust to your own travery to aid you in your escape. If she calls you as you pass by, make some kind of an excuse—your voice is not unlike mine."

She threw her own waterproof cloak

pass by. make some kind of an excuse your voice is not unlike mine."

She threw her own waterproof doak shout the slender, girlish form, noticing that Little Gay trembled like a leaf. She wrapped her dark brown veil over the white face, tucking the pretty soft curls carefully out of sight. Then she unlocked the door, throwing it open wide, bidding her God-speed.

The pressure of the little ice-cold hands thanked her more eloquently than any words could have done. Then, like a storm-driven swallow, panting with fear at every step, Gay flew down the richly carpeted stairway to the marble entrance-hall below.

How plainly she could hear the voice of Evelyn St. Clair as she drew near the magnificent parlor.

Then the sharp exclamation of a masouline voice broke on her startled ear—a voice she recognized at once as Harold Tremaine's.

One instant she paused, and although

One instant she paused, and although

One instant she paused, and although the heiress was speaking in a low, excited whisper, every word she uttered reached Gay's strained ears.

"I will help you to your vengeance, Earold," she heard her say pantingly. "She is in our power—at this very moment she is beneath this roof!"

Gay fairly fied toward the marble vestibule. The hurried patter of her feet attracted the heiress' attention. She raised her eyes and saw the dark figure, so closely veiled, speeding so hurriedly past.

so closely veiled, speeding so hurriedly past.

"Avice," she called sharply, recognizing the wrappings, "come here, I want you—how dared you take it upon yourself to leave the house except by my permission? Come here, I want you."

It was by the greatest effort Gay crushed back the deadly faintness that was stealing over her; she seemed fairly rooted to the spot; her limbs seemed paralyzed. Ah, what if she should be detected now—when escape seemed so near?

mear?
Miss St. Claire arose from her seat and swept toward her.
Then another thought seemed to strike

Then another thought seemed to strike her.

"You may as well attend to the matter that takes you out," she said haughtilly. "Come back at the earliest moment. I am going to Redstone Hall this evening to see how Percy is getting along. The carriage will be at the door directly, and the house must not be left alone in the care of the servants long."

Gay made a stiff courtesy, as she remembered seeing Miss St. Claire's maid do that day when the haughty heiress addressed her.

Miss St. Claire swept back to the parlor, where her guest awaited her, and Gay crept on to the door.

A moment more, and the free, pure air of heaven was blowing across her white, upturned face

"Penniless—houseless—alone!" she murging firmly the folds of her dress.

"Language a stiff courtesy, as she remainded in the shadow of the great granite portals.

But she was too late, the man had observed her.

As he leaned forward under the flicker of the gas-lamp to scrutinize her more closely, a shrill, piercing cry broke from Gay's lips, and that cry betrayed her identity, which in any other case would never have been suspected.

"Harold Tremaine!" she gasped, recoiling from him. She would have flown past him like a startled doe, but he put up his hand, grasping firmly the folds of her dress.

upturned face

"Penniless-houseless-alone!" she murmured, standing motionless, gazing with tear-dimmed eyes toward the cotton mills that loomed up tall, dark and grim in the distance under the moon's pale rays.

"Was ever a young girl's fate so pitful as mine?"

"Oh, Percy, Percy!" she moaned with a passionate cry. "I almost wish you had let me die in the dark waters that night. They will never let us be happy with each other—they mean to part us if they can."

A sudden longing came over her to make her way to Redistone Hall, steal unobserved up to the winding avenue, and peer in at the window. Perhaps she might see Percy, her husband—the fair-haired, handsome young husband whose kisses even now burred her lips.

She forgot that she was faint and cold as she toiled wearily along, trying to see one gleam of hope in the dark future. The sound of carriage wheels soon smote upon her ear.

She knew it was Evelyn St. Clair; she was going to Redstone Hall to see her husband, and poor Little Gay's heart throbbed with jealous pain as she drew back into the shelter of the dark pine shadows.

The berouche whirled swiftly on, covering the crouching, shrinking, little figure by the wayside with a cloud of dust as it passed.

A half hour later poor Little Gay,

A half hour later poor Little Gay,

hadows.

The barouche whirled swiftly on, covering the crouching, shrinking, little figure by the wayside with a cloud of dust as it passed.

A half hour later poor Little Gay, whom the cruel hand of fate had torn from her young lover at the very altar, crept up the marble steps of his palatial home, which she, poor, hapless bride, must not enter.

home, which she, poor, hapless bride, must not enter.

The curtains of the drawing-room win-dow were looped back.

Gay pushed aside the vines and scarlet breepers, peering cautiously in, and the sight that she saw was engraven upon her heart until the day she died. In a cushioned arm-chair in the center of the room sat Percy, her your husband, whom she had believed to be lying in the ravages of delirious fever on a hed of pain; by his side, kneeling on a velvet hassock, was Evelyn St. Clair, her blonde lace raised to his and fairly beaming with love.

with love.

No one had told Little Gay that the
wound Percy had suffered had proved
less serious than was at first supposed
No one had told her how he inquired

ess serious than was at first supposed No one had told her how he inquired about her with his first conscious breath. They had carefully concealed from him the fact that the pretty little creature who had been the cause of the duel had been discharged from the mill, lest it abould annoy him.

"My Little Gay must never know another hour's hardshin," he had told himself, and touching the bell he called for pen and paper, hastily inditing a hurried hote to her. It was quite unfortunate that he slipped a banknote for a large amount into the letter while the man stood by noticing him, with a strange, aurning look in his eyes.

That note to Gay was never delivered. "Who is there to prove that I did hot give it into the girl's own hands?" shuckled the man, transferring the bark-

hot give it into the girl's own hands? chuckled the man, transferring the barknote to his nocket and committing the rest to the fismes.

Although Percy longed with all his beart to clean his driing Little Gay in his arms again, he was forced to obey the doctor's mandate that he must not renture out of the house for a fortnight at least. He contented himself by sending daily loving enistles to Little Gay, assuring her over and over again of his passionate, devoted love for her, and inareasing the amount of the bank-bills he always inclosed.

These were sent by the same messenger, who slaws continued to give his mester some pleusible excuse as to why there was no reply from Gev.

contentedly in the cushioned arm-chair beside which Evelyn St. Claire knelt.

The smile on his lips was not brought there by the words Evelyn was whispering to him. He was thinking of little Gay, picturing to himself how joyous their meeting would be; how she would spring to meet him with a cry of delight upon her pretty, crimson lips, the lovelight shining is those wondrous dusk eyes as she twined her white arms round his neck. How he loved her—his own darling Little Gay. He must content himself with writing, knowing she was well provided for, until he was able to go to her. In the midst of his reverie, by chance he raised his eyes to the window; he could scarcely repress the cry that rose to his lips.

Was it only his fancy, or did he really behold a white, wistful lovely face—with dark curling rings of soft brown hair wet with the night dew clustering around it—and meet the reproachful gaze of two unshed tears?

He turned away with an impatient sigh. The face of his pretty little bride whom he had married so suddenly and in secret was constantly before him.

It rose between him and the pages of the book he had been trying to read that day—it blotted out the fair, blonds beauty of the haughty heirees at his side—it even seemed to look in upon him from the window from which the rinh selken hangings had been looped back.

He turned to look again—the apparition seemed so realistic—but it had vanished; and it was long years ere the young husband who loved her so fondly was destined to look again upon the beautiful face of Little Gay.

Like a shadow Gay orept away from the grand palatial home.

He was sitting there, happy and content, smiling upon the beautiful heires, gasing down into the fair beauty of her face, without one thought of the bride he had so lately wedded. Surely they must have told him of Hazel's death, and that she had been discharged from his nucle's mill. He must know that she was pennilese, heart-broken, and alone.

"Yet, not one line did he write to comfort me," she told herself sobbingly.

Oh

## CHAPTER VIII.

On through the dense starless darkness rolled the coach with the speed of the wind—stopping, at length, before a dincy red brick structure on the bank of the river; and, too thoroughly frightened to make any resistance, Gay was lifted hurriedly from the vehicle.

Great overarching trees and a high wall of briars completely concealed the brick house from the main road, and a way-farer struggling through that unused place that skirted the river would never dream of a human habitation in such close proximity, as no path marked the way to it.

way to it.

Harold Tremaine seemed no stranger in that locality: he made his way through the dense foliage in the intense darkness with little difficulty—Gay had fallen back in his arms in a dead faint.

There seemed no sign of life about this

mysterious habitation, so near and vet so far removed from the busy factory village. A terrible death-like oppression rejered undisturbed around the isolated

He gave a quick, reculiar whistle, like he notes of a wood-bird, repeating the

place.

He gave a quick, reculiar whistle, like the notes of a wood-bird, repeating the simulation thrice.

The door of the brick house was onesed by a cautious hand, and a black woolly head and face thrust through the similation of the bright to make sure there had been no decention practiced upon the suspicious inmete of this strange abode. "Open the door, quick Chloel" cried Tremaine, impatiently. "Don't keep me standing out here all night. I've somebody in my arms who has fainted!"

"Lor! Marse Tree!" cried the old woman, flinging the door onen wide. "I'ed jest abu! 'twas you, shu' nuff 'fore I'd onin dat door." and she showed her ivories in a broad arm, as she held the flickering condle high above her had.

He pushed impatiently nast her into the love low welliamed anathment bevondlawing the slight girlish "sure in his arms hapfily down upon the couch. Black Chloe habbled after him with all the curledty of her rose."

"I'll 'tand at the chila Marse Tree."

Ton man don't missian' sach 'frien'.

Herold Tremains turned on his heel and street, while Chloe at short with allowed.

These were sent by the same messaneer, who always continued to give his
prester some plausible excuse as to why
here was no reply from Gay.

The letters and contents always met the
same fat., "I have stumbled upon a
strict to direct the standard form of the
treat house letters and out its assumption.

Thus it happened that Porcy sat quite

I have candle glimmered. "Why, Marse

Tree, this young girl am as lovely as a born angel. There'll be a fierce old time of it a tween her an' Miss Liddy. She won't let her stay here, 'pen on it, Marse Tree."

"Never mind making comments; attend to your own affairs," exclaimed Tremaine, sharply; "set about restoring her if you can. The deuce and all would be to pay if I were obliged to call in a doctor."

At that moment the door of an adjoining room opened and Lydia Moore, whom our readers will remember was poor Little Gay's bitter foe in the cotton mill at the time our story opened, hastily entered the room, stopping short on the threshold as her eyes foll upon the slim, girlish figure on the couch, over whom black Chioe was bending.

"Who in the world is this, Harold?" she oried, taking a step or two forward; then she recoiled with an exclamation of the most intense hats as her eyes fell upon the white, upturned face of Little Gay.

Gay.

turned on Harold Tremaine like

not the white, upturned face of Little Gay.

ne turned on Harold Tremaine like a flash.

"What have you brought her here for?" she hissed in a voice of such concentrated rage that it appaled even him. "Have you fallen in love with her baby face at last?"

He knew the tigerish jealousy of the girl before him too well to allow that accusation to pass uncontracticed.

"It is false!" he cried impatiently. "I have every reason to detest the girl—she's a prude, why should I care for her?" She looked at him steadily with her hard, brilliant eyes.

"How did you happen to bring her here, where I am?—how dared you do it? There's something back of all this, and I will know what it is!" she cried. "I will know what this means!"

"There is little to tell," he replied, twirling nervously at the ends of his thick, black mustache; "I brought her here in accordance with Miss St. Claire's well-laid plans. Hark! hear me out," he exclaimed, as she interrupted him with a scornful, incredulous laugh.

"You knew yesterday that he governor had thrown me over; well, I went to bid the heiress good-bye—"

"Were you going on a journey?" asked the girl breathlessly.

He crushed back something like an oath from between his white teeth, at his thoughtless slip of the tongue.

"I was coming here," he answered.

"You would not have played me as false as that I know too much about you. If your uncle had but mistrusted the life you were leading when you received his summons to come to him—a year ago—you would never have stood the chance for a single day of owing the Passaic Cotton Mills, which your fortunate cousin has wrested from you at last. He believed you a respectable clerk in the government engraving bureau at Washington, and—"

"Hush!" cried Tremaine, pale to the very lips, his eyes gleaming luridly into her own. "By Heaven! you know too much about my affairs to suit me. You

government engraving bureau at Washington, and—"
"Hush!" cried Tremaine, pale to the very lips, his eyes gleaming luridly into her own. "By Heaven! you know too much about my affairs to suit me. You are determined to ruin me yet with your accuresed woman's tongve, I can see that."
"I will be true as steel to you as long as you—you still love me." she said, breaking down into passionate tears. "But." she cried suddenly, bridling up with something very like a demon in her ungovernable fury, "dare so much as think of loving any one else, and I—I will kill you and my rival both!"
"Come, come. Lydia, we have had enough of this high-tragedy scene." he said, with an effort to affect a gayety he was far from feeling, "you and I cannot afford to quarrel over such nonsense: be reasonable."
"You say you're not in love with that

not afford to quarief over such nonsense; be reasonable."

"You say you're not in love with that girl," she said huskily, jerking her head in Gay's direction—"swear it."

"By all the oaths that ever were uttered, if you like," he returned moodily. "If you can bridle your jealous tongue long enough to listen, I will explain to you how I happened to bring her here.

"As I was telling you, I called upon Miss St. Claire to bid her good-bye, telling her that it was all that miserable little loom-girl's fault yonder, that my uncle cut me off from his forture so summarly. I grew so excited that I vowed vengeance against the girl in the white heat of my passion.

intele loom-giris tault youder, that my uncle out me off from his forture so summarlly. I grew so excited that I vowed vengeance against the girl in the white heat of my passion.

"'You are not alone in vour hatred of this girl, the heiress evelaimed bitterly; 'she has come between you and vour fortune, but she has done that toward me which is a thousand-fold more painful to beer; she has robbed me of my love, and what is life worth without the lone of the one whom we idolize? I will help you to your venecance, she cried het'y. 'She is in this house now, and in my nower. Why not take the girl away from here? nut her in a convent, an explum, anywhere to nevent Percy Granvilla from finding her if he is mad encush to search for her. Thus you would drain your fill of the can of venegance, knowing that the girl who stenned between you and a fortune would never have the satisfaction of enjoying it with your cousin, whom your uncle made his hoir. As for ma, what keener triumh could there be than the knowledge that I had committely severed her from my lover forever?

"The far not all,' she wont on excitedly 'It would be a clorious revenes to leave a note addressed to Percy initiation of his become if he had to tear his heart out with it!

"It was a glorious scheme for a double veneration. We found that our hird had flown I was farmated to nut it into examination, we found that our hird had flown I was a glorious scheme for a double venerance." Concluded Trempine, "and when I stammated to nut if into examination, we found that our hird had flown I was farmate acough to weat her on the highway here are some helf an hour later, and deasits her attempts to from any hear had hone she is when a she must remain for the organity out of his affect. So that's the lone and the words when I stammate acough to weat her on the highway here are any very which you have made and a fortune her, and well for the orly she had hone had heave had been that her attempts the day words. The male had all the could be a surpress took that had al

To come have a strange look that haded lists coad It was well for the cirl she did not know the dark themshe that man province in his heart for the them. "Sas that the cirl dags not escane, and was shall not merret it. Lvdia." he answard evaluate. "Them can it handly me?" she asked, remained him feadly. "As soon as I can being my affering into chone I will means you and we will no chone I will means you and we will no chone I will means you and we will no chone I will means you and we will no chone I will means to be a fear away from home. Have patience a lists language I had often enough has mano has a strange look that hadad

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form," she mortied bitterise "and when the time comes were keen nuttime me off Yer can namer find some one who large your or mail se I do, Harvild" she went on handler "IT love you so well I could die for you!" The draw heat from her anothered covered to mustaned impression, but at that indeast it commend to him that dislorance would be the hettern play.

The transpl shout suddeniv and climed his coun chart has unlet, maps to appears

her feetens anger than from any feeling of affection.

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"Till keep my word with you this time. I promise you," he replied, and, womanlike, even while she mistrusted him, she blindly believed him.

Promises with Harold Tremaine were cheap commodities, easily given, and, like glass, easily broken.

"Heaven help you if you play me false, Harold," she whispered. "If I thought you loved Gay Esterbrook it would make a fiend incarnate of me, and my passionate love for you would turn to the deadliest hate."

"That's all nonsense," retorted Tremaine, sharply; "you know you couldn't hate me, Lydia, no matter how hard you tried. You would obey me if it ran your neck into the halter, and you know it."

"I would if I was sure of your love," she answered slowly; "but if you ever made love to another woman, I would run your neck into the halter before I would surrerder you to her."

(To be continued.)

BOY'S LIFE WORTH MILLIONS.

## Heir to Russian Throne Most Valuable Child in World.

The czarevitch, whose illness is father. Ever since his birth it has been the custom of the czar to assist at his son's rising in the morning and occasionally to usurp the functions usually relegated to nurses and mothers and give the imperial baby his bath, says the Pall Mall Gazette.

Not infrequently has the czar given audience to his ministers in the czarevitch's nursery or received them in the audience chamber with the small heir to the imperial throne perched upon his knee.

The czarevitch has been described as the most valuable child in the world. If he succeeds to the throne he will be in possession of some \$200,000,000, at which sum the private fortune of the Romanoffs is valued. His yearly salary as ruler of the Russian people will be \$10,-000,000, and he will be in absolute control of 500 estates employing 30,-000 servants.

Within a few days of his birth the infant's life was insured for \$2,500,-000, \$1,500,000 less than the amount for which the Grand Duchess Olga, the eldest child, was insured. banking account was opened for the baby into which is paid every month a government check on the National Bank of Russia which allows the child \$75,000 a year.

The succession to the throne of look. You always 'ad it."

the Romanoffs is by no means so well secured in the direct line as that of the Hohenzollerns. Kaiser himself has six sons, and goodness knows how many grandsons. In this case the Salic law eliminates women from the prob-

The anti-feminist decree has not, curiously enough, had the same vigorous application in autocratic Russia, which in the 18th century was blessed, or cursed, as the case might be, with several empresses. The latter tendency, however, in that empire has been to exclude women from the line of succession.

In 1797 the Emperor Paul decreed that the succession should be that of regular descent, by the right of primogeniture, with preference of male over female heirs. It was in virtue of this decree that the preoccupying the sympathetic atten- sent czar's eldest brother, George, tion of Europe, is the idol of his who died in 1899, was declared heir presumptive in spite of Nicholas II., having several daughters, and it was only on the birth of the Grand Duke Alexis that his uncle, Michael, was deposed from his position as "crown prince."



PERMANENT.

"What did yer give me that nasty look for "

"I didn't give you that nasty



## LOOKING FOR **TROUBLE**

Every farmer who allows an outside closet to remain on his farm is Looking for Trouble - disease and illness - for himself and his entire family.

## It Has Been Proved

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