## For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER XIII .- (Cont'd)

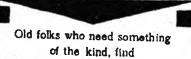
A terrible light fiamed into Evelyn St. Claire's steel-blue eyes. "Then, perhaps, it would be as well for e not to mention the rumor that I have est heard concerning the girl," she re-

plied icily.

plied icily.

"What is it that you are keeping back from me, Evelyn?" he cried hoarsoly, seizing both her hands, and gazing anxiously down into the false, tair blonde face. "If you know where Gay is, in heaven's name tell me. I cannot endure the suspense; do not torture me, Evelyn. I will forget that you have spoken unkindly of Little Gay if you will only tell me, if you know, where she has gone."

"I really do not like to tell you the runor if it is true that you really care for the girl!" she faltered, hiding her dinapled face in the folds of her lace terchief that he might not see the triamph on it.



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She drew a long garnet plush mantle over her violet silk dress, threw a light veil over her blonde face and golden hair, and a few moments later was whirling swiftly through the streets and across the river.

A deathly faintness seized the haughty, dainty heiress as she was ushered into the main apartment of the morgue by the

the main apartment of the morgue by the keeper.

The scene which met her gaze, the piteous wails of those searching for loved
ones, were heart-rending to hear and see.
Evelyn St. Claire gathered her silken
robes closer about her, and glided among
the searchers, scanning the silent forms
upon the pallid, frozen marble beds, feeling faint and dizzy at every step; the
odor of the charnel-house sickened her.
Carefully she made a tour of the room.
Avice was not there.
As she turned away with a sigh of intense relief she encountered two of the
attendants, bearing between them a slender, girlish form, which they laid upon a
marble receptacle, then turned away.
One instant Evelyn gazed on the lovely,
nallid face, around which the soft, dark
curls clung in pitiful disorder, as it lay
upturned to the dim, flickering light, then
she sprung forward with a shrill cry.

"Merciful Heaven, it is Gaynell Esterbrook—the girl is dead!"
The keeper of the place turned to her
sharply.

will be the control in the control i

Like one mad, he caught up his hat and dashed out into the street with an awfuler.

Men, women and children looked curiously at the handgome, fair-haired young man with the bitterness of death in his face as they passed him by.

They were nothing to him—the whole world was nothing to him; he did not even see them.

An hour later, with a white haggard face and a heart on fire, he ontered the gate of the cemetery. He met the old sexton in the broad, graveled path.

"A grave was made here to day." he said hoarsely: "a grave in which a young and lovely girl was laid—conduct me to it—I will pay you well for it."

He followed his guide through the lonely paths, and among the tall, white, polished shafts glimmering so palely cold under the light of the golden stars.

"This is the grave," said the sexton, pausing before a new-made mound.

With a bitter cry, Percy flung himself upon it; the next instant he sprung to his feet and faced the old man with a strange, gleaming light in his blue eyes.

"You must open this grave for me," he pants hoarsely. "Hush! hear me out. I will make you a rich man for life if you will do it—no one will know. It is my young bride who is lying here—let me kiss her lips cold in death—just once, and I will go quietly away. Refuse me, and I swear to you by yonder solemn stars I will shoot myself through the heart upon her grave. I would as soon die as live, anyhow," he added hoarsely: "life has little enough charm for me now that she is gone."

In vain the old sexton expostulated. The young man's grief was so noignant that

In vain the old sexton expostulated, The the city of Newcastle the right to voung man's grief was so poignant that dig coal, this being the first charing pity at last he consented; besides he ter of its kind granted.

handsome reward was so slight weight to influence him.

Five minutes later the old man was working away with a will.

A shudder thrilled through the young man's very soul as the spade struck coldly at length upon the cofin-lid.

It was surely the saddest sight upon which the pale stars ever gazed as the coffin was drawn slowly, carefully into the upper air from the cold, damp earth. The distracted young man threw himself on his knees by the casket, stiffing bitter groans, and with breathless haste wrenching off the lid with cold, clammy hands.

Another instant and it was flung off, and the clear, bright, radiant light of the stars shone softly down upon the lovely pallid, girlish, coffined face, around which the damp, dark curls clustered in beautiful tender rings.

One swift, terrible glance of anguish, swift and deep as eternity—oh, God, how well he had loved her!—then Percy Granville bent still nearer over the cold, girlish form with an awful ery.

### CHAPTER XIV.

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Percy Granville pressed his lips to the beautiful dead face upon which the tender starlight gleamed, with bitter, passionate ories.

The thrilling ordeal was over; he had gazed on the lovely face, wept over it as strong men weep but once in a lifetime, laid burning kisses on the still, cold lips, yet he has not discovered the glaring fraud that had been practiced upon him. The fatal resemblance this face bore to that of Little Gay blinded even the sharpened eyes of love.

The casket was returned to earth again, and its terrible secret remained unrevealed.

Percy Granville believed that he had looked upon the secret remained upon the secret remained unrevealed.

tablishment," said Jones. "I am the breadwinner. Why shouldn't I be?" "Well," replied Smith, "be-fore my wife and I were married we made an agreement that I should make the rulings in all major things, my wife in all the minor."
"How has it worked?" queried
Jones. Smith smiled. "So far," he replied, "no major matters have come up.

In 1239 King Henry III, gave to the city of Newcastle the right to

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Every conjurer knows that, in one sense, a trick may be too good, says a writer in the Strand Magazine. I mean a trick in which the problem is so puzzling that those in the audience are left without the slightest clue to its solution. trick of this kind never wins the loudest applause immediately it is ended, because folk in the audience are too puzzled to express their appreciation of what they have seen until they have had a moment or two in which to think it over. (I do not say that they always arrive at the right solution even then, but possibly they may think they do!) It is rather unusual, however, to have a trick which is far too good her husband's gratitude. for one individual member of the audience. I recall such a trick. It was an average good trick with a slate and some numbered cards, and after I had performed it one night I was quite unconscious of the fact that the trick had been much too good for a woman in the audience. I discovered that fact two days afterward. A man called on me in cles that come from the mop, which, the morning and asked me if I gave if not removed, soon get tracked lessons in conjuring. At that time back on to the door again. I did, but now, when I am asked floor stays clean much longer.

that, I direct the questioner to an old pupil of mine who understands my methods and is very patient!

The man seemed pleased that I taught conjuring. He asked for particulars about my fee, the time it would take to learn, and so on, and then finally stuttered out that he had been making all those inquiries on behalf of his wife. Then he took me into his confidence. He told me that his wife was delicate, and that she had been so puzzled by my slate trick, which she had seen three evenings before, that she had not been able to sleep. She was suffering from "nerves," and her husband felt sure that her health would be seriously injured if she did not know the secret of that trick; she could think of nothing else. I satisfied the woman's curiosity, and in so doing earned

Carolyn-"I can read Charlie's mind like a book." Lucille-"Well, a blank book is easy to read!"

After washing a floor if one will sweep it up at once they will be suprised to find many little parti-

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