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WALTER SMITH,
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For the Revels worth Millions.
OR AN ANGEL OF EVIL.

A Story of Intense Interest in which a Beautiful but Unscrupulous Woman's Schemes are Made to Fail by the Man She Loves.

any fear of her formidable aunt, that both her cousins looked at her in wonder and admiration. She had set the fashion of speaking in French, with which language she appeared to be nearly as well acquainted as the young men themselves, so that Welton's and Susan's presence in no way embarrassed them.

"After all," she said, raising her head and looking across at Dudley with these shining eyes which exercised so strange a fascination over him—"after all, we are the heirs to the property—three—and it is but fair that a little attention should be paid to our comfort. It is not as if it were the days of our ancestor Isaac, who himself worked for the fortune. Our aunt has done nothing; she only sent for us when she could not help herself. Why should we humble ourselves in the dust before her? I for one am not hypocritical, and I consider that, in having us here after so many years of struggle and hardship for all of us, aunt Margaret has merely performed an act of justice—nothing more."

"Now at last," thought Dudley—"we have the true Francesca showing her hand."

For all that, he could not take his eyes off her. Her audacity, her calmness, her very cynical frankness seemed to take his imagination captive almost as much as her singular beauty had done. The way in which she, a poor relative on sufferance in the house of a wealthy and arbitrary old woman, had contrived to assert her individuality and establish her position in the space of a few hours absolutely amazed him.

"There is an element of cruelty and hardness about her," was Dudley's mental comment; "but, by Jove, she is a grand creature!"

CHAPTER XIII.
 Before Francesca had been established with her mother for a fortnight at Revels worth House, it became clear that old Mrs. Margaret Revels worth's reign was an absolute and unquestioned despotism over.

Francesca was always courteous towards her, always obedient, and remarkably patient, not to say distasteful, under the redoubtable old lady's tongue. But she invariably kept her point, whatever it was, whether of dress, or food, or of the employment of her leisure time. Ten days after her arrival she boldly asked Mrs. Revels worth at dinner why she did not turn the library into a billiard-room.

"It is just the right size," she explained calmly, "and it is of no use as a library—is it? There are only standard and educational works, such as no body reads, on the shelves, and all the new books are kept up-stairs. It would be no nice for the boys!"

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Revels worth in icy sarcasm, "being a young woman of advanced views, you are a champion billiard-player?"

"No, indeed, aunt Margaret," Francesca returned, with a charming smile; "I have very seldom even tried to play. But it is an admirable thing to have a billiard-table when there are men in the house. It makes their home more interesting to them."

"Are there any other improvements which you can suggest in my house," inquired Mrs. Revels worth, with scathing emphasis, "since you appear to consider it your own?"

"Dear aunt Margaret, such an idea never entered my head! At the same time I should be extremely glad to be given that little back room on this floor, next to Betty's den, as a place for my embroidery-frame. The room has nothing but lumber in it, and my bed-room is not large enough to take my work and my things."

"You can have the room if you like," Mrs. Revels worth said ungraciously.

"Thank you. And you will let me have it papered and furnished as I like will you not?"

"If you have the money to pay for it."

"Oh, I have no money!" exclaimed Francesca, with a laugh. "I should have to ask the shop people to send in the bills to you, and trust to your generosity to pay them."

"Well, if justice stops short of furnishing my little room," returned the imperturbable Francesca, "I suppose I must start giving lessons in French and Italian and embroidery in the neighborhood, and earn my living, as I used to do. But I don't think you would really like me to send out cards of introduction to the pupils' houses."

"Miss Francesca Revels worth of Revels worth House receives pupils from ten to four, or visits at pupils' houses, and conducts for schools."

"You are insolent!"

"I beg your pardon, aunt Margaret, I did not mean to be. But I must certainly have some money, and, if you will not supply it, I must earn it."

Her voice was so sweet and musical, her manner of speaking so suave and agreeable, that any rudeness in her words themselves was lost sight of in her perfect method of saying them. This was by no means the first occasion on which she had taken place between aunt and niece at meal-times. At other hours of the day they met but seldom, as Mrs. Revels worth chose to continue her former mode of life, remaining in and about her own rooms until midnight.

During the two hours which she spent in the drawing-room after dinner Mrs. Revels worth either knitted and listened to the music, or, on the occasions when Francesca and Victor played chess together and Betty tried to over new music from Kingston, she would converse with her favorite nephew Dudley, for whom she had con-

ferred a large amount of money was English, Dudley was a Revels worth, and there was something in her handsome appearance, his quietly humorous remarks, and sound common sense which pleased his aunt greatly. But against the beautiful Francesca, a strong prejudice was daily becoming more firmly established in Mrs. Revels worth's mind. She admired the girl greatly, she was even, although such a feeling in her would have surprised others, a little afraid of her; but she distrusted her wholly, and there was not the least trace of sympathy between them.

Francesca possessed either a faultless temper or the most perfect self-control possible. Watching her, Dudley was inclined to attribute to her the latter rather than the former quality. Mrs. Revels worth was continually girding at her and finding fault with her before the others, and there was no doubt that the least heartless interference. She had indeed taken so violent a dislike to that lady when she caught sight of her on her way into the house from the cab that, although Mrs. Harold had by this time been for ten days an inmate of Revels worth House and had repeatedly asked to see its mistress, her wish had never been acceded to.

"How is your mother, Frances?" Mrs. Revels worth usually had the civility to inquire at luncheon-time, and to sit by her when she came to the table.

"She is much the same, thank you, aunt Margaret, and would be very glad to see you when you have time to go up."

But Mrs. Revels worth never had time. "I'm sorry to appear heartless, Betty," she would say, "though I don't care much what people think of me. But when I recall that nasty old forger's money-face, and hear from Susan and Welton about her messy meals of garlic and sausage and macaroni and onions, cooked on that stove of hers—and I wonder how Frances can do it or why she humors her mother in such outlandish tastes—I can't stand the idea of climbing up-stairs to pay her a visit. Faith! I'm certain I couldn't eat my dinner after smelling garlic and olive oil and all those things. And my appetite has been falling off during the past few days as it is."

"It must be the unusually hot weather," Mrs. Revels worth said. "You see it's very unseasonable to have the thermometer so high here to-day."

"Oh, it isn't the thermometer, child!" Mrs. Revels worth interjected testily. "It's Anno Domini, I suppose, nothing else. But I was hale enough until this foreign pack came into the house."

"Then why not get rid of them, if they prey upon your nerves and worry you?"

Mrs. Revels worth shook her head gloomily.

"I have invited them here," she said, "and I must go through with it. I can't complain of the old woman, as I never even see her. I am fond of that old Dudley, and, as to that French fool, except for his idiotic infatuation for his cousin, he is harmless enough. But it is what I told you from the beginning—that Italian girl offends me. I do not feel that I can breathe with her in the house. Twice within the past five nights I have awakened in the night with an odd stifling feeling. I have sat up in bed and drunk a little water, and it has passed away. But I suppose it is the nature of a warning that the heart is growing old and tired of work."

Betty glanced at her in pained surprise. There was a strained look in the old lady's keen blue eyes which she had never noticed there before, and the lines in her face appeared deeper and more plentiful than usual in the strong sunlight from the bay-window. "Up to this point," she had borne her weight of years bravely, but to-day she looked worn and aged.

"If you feel like that about Francesca," Betty counselled, "I should send her away."

"I cannot be unjust."

"But, if you persist in off her and her mother, it won't be unjust—not half so unjust as checking such feelings about her. I think she is splendid—so good to her mother, waiting hand and foot upon her as she does, and refusing to have a nurse or a doctor for her. I know, dear Mrs. Revels worth, sometimes—without meaning it, I am sure—you do try her temper. Even I could scarcely stand the things you say to her, and you know I haven't any temper."

"But she hates me all the same," said the old lady emphatically. "I can see it in her eyes through all her amiability. Don't tell me! I know the Italian nature. I read the papers, and I know how those traitors at Saffron Hill behave. It is, 'Oh, I forgive you, and it doesn't matter!' and then they stick you in the back when you are not looking. That's Italian all the world over. Frances may seem very amiable and long-suffering, but I tell you she hates me, only she is too cunning to show it."

Yet, on the day following Francesca's request for a billiard-room for the boys and a "den" for herself, a party of workmen arrived from Saffron Hill to take certain measurements, and one of them, who stated that his instructions were to ask for Miss Francesca Revels worth, informed that young lady that he had a room she would show him.

Expressing no surprise, Miss Revels worth examined his patterns of wall-paper, refused them all, and ordered him to procure her at once a certain tapestry-paper of new designs which she had seen in London.

"How can I get a broad oak win-

ow-seat and play a lute and sing under a frame with a wall-paper that looks like eighteen hundred and ninety-six!" she asked the man, fixing her shining blue eyes on him.

There would be room for a full-sized piano here," said the diplomat to little Betty.

But, even while she spoke, she knew it was the very appropriateness and beauty of Francesca's attitude as she played upon the old-world instrument which angered Mrs. Revels worth.

The old lady was keener-sighted than even Betty suspected. Her heart had gone out to her elder nephew, and partly through her powers of observation, and partly through her dislike of Francesca, she seemed to see him slipping into an infatuation for his cousin which was likely to be all the stronger on account of the resistance he put forth against it.

In truth Francesca interested, puzzled, and fascinated Dudley. In his heart he was deeply conscious that he did not approve of her and did not wholly believe in her; and yet, when he took himself to task and tried to analyze his feelings, he could find no grounds for his own mistrust.

As a daughter she was a marvel of devotion. She allowed no one else to attend on her afflicted mother, and even went the length of occasionally carrying her down-stairs and lifting her into a bath-chair, which was then slowly wheeled a little way along the corridors to please Mrs. Revels worth. As to Mrs. Harold herself, she clearly worshipped her daughter, and could hardly speak to her without tears of love and tenderness in her eyes. In her conflicts with her aunt Dudley could not help admiring Francesca's coolness and resource. Moreover, she was undoubtedly in the right, and her aunt's meanness, in her circumstances, was supremely absurd. To Francesca's beauty and personal charm Dudley was keenly alive; in every nerve he was conscious of her presence, nor could he by any exercise of will keep his eyes long away from her face. As to his brother's infatuation, and her Irish admirer, his eyes failed to catch a little incident which did not escape his aunt's attention.

For Victor, while affecting to bend over his cousin and critically examine the lute she held, contrived to slip into her hand a tiny folded note and receive one from Francesca in exchange.

CHAPTER XIV.
 Before her tea-party was over Francesca had extracted another concession from her aunt.

"What boats have you, aunt Margaret?" she inquired, in unconcerned tones. "I have been so busy looking after this room and finishing my tapes that I have not been on the river yet, and here we are in June!"

"Boats!" repeated Mrs. Revels worth scornfully. "What should I keep boats for? I haven't been in a small boat for fifty years."

"But Betty is passionately fond of rowing," said Miss Revels worth; "she has told me so."

"Miss Mannington does me the honor to use my boat sometimes," put in Hermon.

"We can't all go in your boat," observed Francesca, smiling sweetly upon him. "You and Victor row—don't you, Dudley?"

"On the Seine, whenever we could get a chance," her cousin answered. "We ought to have a skiff," Francesca went on, "and a punt. I love to be on cushions in a punt."

"But how in the world do you know about punts and skiffs," Hermon asked indignantly, "if you have lived all your life in Italy?"

"I have lived so much with English people," Miss Revels worth explained, "about such things as horses and carriage and boats. May we have a punt and a skiff, aunt Margaret?"

"The old lady said, if you want them, they're at your service," Hermon O'Meara's great surprise.

"That's splendid! After tea I will change my dress and put on my hat, hat, house and order or choose one."

"O'Meara is a better judge of a Thames boat than I, Francesca."

"But as we intend setting up a rival racing Mr. O'Meara's, we must choose it ourselves," said his cousin.

By a little before six o'clock Mrs. Revels worth had gone up to her own room, taking Betty with her; and Hermon seeing that Victor was looking somewhat disconcerted, good-naturedly offered to stroll over to Hampden before dinner.

"Your cousin has a very well bewitched your aunt," the young Irishman observed, as soon as the door of Revels worth House closed upon them; "and all the male members of the household appear to be gone on her, with the exception of the wooden-faced Welton. Helen of Troy put together to have any effect upon him. That young imp Jorah all the time he is in the room with her."

"But it is an abominable boy, and I'm protesting to Victor."

He was rather hurt that Francesca had chosen his brother as her companion for her curiosity to the boat-jealous or depressed in face of the precious note he carried in his pocket, which, under the pretence of studying from a passing newsboy, he had just succeeded in reading.

The note was in pencil, and ran as follows:

"If you will be good, and promise not to tease me, and to keep your own name in town to-morrow, I shall take the 11:20 train from Kingston; but you can't better find some excuse to start twenty. I will return by the 5:38, and you can come back later."

"F. R."

While Victor was revelling in the anticipatory delight of a whole day's brother was waiting alone in that young lady's "den" until such time as

she should be ready to receive him. The desultory art-training which as a child she had received from her father in the museums and picture-galleries of Italy stood Francesca in good stead; she had a taste for art, and sufficient knowledge more than a week she gave an "at home" in her "den," to which Mrs. Revels worth, Betty, the two young men, and Hermon O'Meara were invited.

There was just about room enough for the six seated in comfort. Francesca looked the stable-yard was fitted with "blistered" glass in octagonal leadings that let in a light but obscured the view; beneath the window-seat had been widened and furnished plentifully with cushions covered with old-gold brocade. The whitewash which disfigured the skirting-board and frieze had been replaced by ark oak-stain, and the space between filled up with tapes and paper, which so exactly resembled the real thing that it was necessary to touch it to assure oneself of the material. A bevelled mirror in a long and narrow frame of carved oak hung on the wall, curtains of old-gold brocade screened the window and the door, a massive rocking-chair, a settle, an embroidery-frame, and two curiously-shaped old-fashioned seats, made to all appearance of time-worn oak, and two small tables of the same, completed the furniture, with a leopard-skin rug on the dark polished boards, and a hanging-lamp of oxidized silver and red glass suspended from the ceiling, which was covered by a dull-gold papering.

Bowls of beaten brass, filled to overflowing with red roses, and a tea-set of what looked like rare "old royal" china, gave the finishing-touches to the room, which, thus materialized, was in perfect harmony with the picturesque beauty of its mistress. A chair in a tea-gown of her favorite Venetian-red, fitted closely to her figure, and fastened at the waist with an emerald clasp over a loose front of chiffon, she did the honors at her little reception.

Old Mrs. Revels worth was unusually subdued in manner. She objected, it is true, to "sticking all-paper on the ceiling" and "filling the window-panes with broken bottles," and she wanted to know why her nieces wore such fancy-dress so early in the day. But her, and the girl's manner towards the young men was a revelation. For herself as Victor, she established her position which it was easy enough for her to assume, as Victor was wholly and Hermon, although in love with her, was considerably dazzled by the charms of her "panther-friend," as he styled Francesca.

Betty made tea; and even she was not the ordinary Betty of every-day life, but a dainty little figure in a Russian silk and muslin blouse to match. Miss Revels worth was far too regal to allow any violent contrast to be marked between her own handsome material such as "little Betty" usually wore. Consequently she had demanded a few nice things for Betty, and the astonished old lady had perforce consented. Betty, with soft-powder-colored face and maulin frills about her flushed face, red roses at her trim waist, and backed silk stockings on her feet, was a very pretty Betty indeed. And here Miss Mannington's wisdom. Little with gratitude, the three young men were filled with hearty admiration for Miss Revels worth's kindness and magnanimity toward her friend.

"At home" was a great success, and only Mrs. Revels worth did not enjoy herself. Good coffee, instead of berry tea, and sweets and strawberries and cream and less—all these things smacked of Babylon to the old lady, who liked to read of Babylon and care, as she afterwards expressed it, to have "scarlet ladies" and "extravagant foreign ways" brought within her own doors.

Presently Francesca, seated among the cushions on the window-seat, took her lute upon her knees and struck a chord. Porthwite Betty, from drowsy carolling again every one present was delighted.

"You told me you did not play," the latter observed to her, niece severely.

"I don't play the piano," responded Francesca. "As I have only a very little talent for music, I chose to become mistress of the instrument best suited to my personality."

"I dare say that is very modern and very clever," observed her aunt tartly. "But I have no idea what it means."

"It means," said Dudley, who was being the subject of his cousin's little revivals of some superb type of Romanesque. Nothing about her belongs to the nineteenth century; therefore why should she turn her back upon the world to play 'thumpety, thumpety' upon the most hideous instrument the piano?"

"The piano is quite good enough for me, and should be for any English lady. And, as to turning her back upon the world, it's the fashion now! I dare say you've read, or drag pianos into the middle of the room and stick curtains and antimacassars on the back such silliness, but I haven't seen such silliness, but I suppose some of you young people have."

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Voters' List, 1902.
 Municipality of the Town of Durham, COUNTY OF GREY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections eight and nine of THE VOTERS' LISTS ACT, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at municipal elections, and that said list was first posted up at my office at Durham, on the

Fourth Day of August, 1902,

and remains there for inspection. Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

W. B. VOLLET,
 Clerk of said Municipality.
 Dated this 5th day of August, 1902.

Voters' List, 1902.
 Municipality of the Township of Glenelg, COUNTY OF GREY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the persons mentioned in sections eight and nine of THE VOTERS' LISTS ACT, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at municipal elections, and that said list was first posted up at my office, at Lot 24, Con. 4, N. D. R., Glenelg, on the

Twenty-ninth Day of July, 1902,

and remains there for inspection. Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

JOHN S. BLACK,
 Clerk of said Municipality.
 Dated this 30th day of July, 1902.



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