※ A TANGLED WEB.

But Audrey had run off with Sylvia and did not appear to have heard the question. Sylvia looked round the dainty rooms, which, although the notice of their coming had been so short, seemed to have been prepared for them for weeks, and appeared to contain every conceivable luxury the most exacting young woman could desire looked round with a sigh of admiration, which grew into an exclamation of delight as she ran to the window.

"Oh! how can you ever leave this paradise for that awful London?" she exclaimed. "This makes me long for our little

cottage in the country more keenly than ever—doesn't it you, Mercy?"

Mercy smiled sadly as she bent over the portmanteau which a maid was helping her

"Audrey, you must show me everything, mind-all the places you used to play in when you were a girl, all the things and the animals you love. I shall want to see them all, that I may persuade myself that I have known you for years instead of a few weeks. Dinner? What a shame it is that one must spend time in eating and drinking when there is so much to do and only four days to do it

Audrey's dressing-room adjoined that given to Sylvia, and the two girls talked through the open door as they changed their clothes; and as they had insisted upon Mercy going to her own room to rest Audrey was constantly coming in to Sylvia with offers of belp-offers which Sylvia refused laughingly.

"My dear Audrey, I have not been the mistress of a moated grange and accustomed to ladies'-maids and dames of honor. I can dress myself. Why, at one time I had scarcely anything to dress in!" she added brightly.

The dinner-gong sounded, and the voice of the viscount came up the great stairs, shouting blithely but warningly:

"Now, you girls!" and they went down. As they passed along the corridor, Sylvia, who wanted to look everywhere at once, glanced through an open door into a large room, in which she caught sight of a huge rocking horse, a doll's house, and similar toys.

"That was my play-room," said Audrey. "Oh, how happy I was then!" "I must have a ride on that horse!" said

Sylvia, determinedly. Audrey smiled.

"I have gone many a hunt on him, and have been thrown off scores of times when Neville rocked him too fast by accident on purpose. We used to play together in that room. There is scarcely a place I shall show you in which he and I have not spent, ob, such happy hours! Poor Neville!' and she sighed.

But Sylvia would not permit any sighing for that night at any rate, and the dinner with these two lovely girls was, so the viscount declared often afterward, one of the happiest he had ever eaten. He was so happy that he did not even regret the absence of the Right Honorable Jordan, and Audrey herself did not seem to miss her

After dinner the girls went into the great drawing room, the splendor of which would have struck Sylvia with amazement if she had not been accustomed to splendor on the stage, and the viscount joined them go yet. She thinks I'm dead. The shock after a very short interval.

"Is there any clause in your agreement signora, forbidding you to play the nightingale for your friends' delight?' he said. "If there were I should break it and pay seat, and resting his head in his hands. forfeit," responded Sylvia; and she drew I can't tell you all, Trale, but I can tell you

Audrey to the piano, and in a moment or two the exquisite voice was filling the room and floating through the open win-"What a lovely creature, and what a

voice!" exclaimed the viscount to himself.

A little while before this, Trale rushed into Mrs. Parsons, nearly startling that good lady out of her life, and causing Neville to spring out of his chair with an

He had placed himself in Trale's hands, and, following his advice, was still at the cottage, though consumed by an almost intolerable desire to be doing something. "What is it now?' he demanded, eager-

ly. "Have you got that scoundrel?" "No; but it's all right," said Trale, drawing Neville outside. "And Sir Jor-

dan's gone now." "Gone?" echoed Neville, fiercely. "It's all right, I say. He's only gone to London, and a man I can trust is in the same train with him and won't lose sight of him. It's not that I've come to tell though. Miss Audrey's here." "Miss Audrey here!" and his face

"Yes, at the Grange. She came down with Lord Marlow, and a lady friend." "Audrey here!" murmured Neville, "and engaged to that villain; and she knows nothing. I must go to her; she must be told;" and he took a step or two

in the direction of the Grange. Trale caught him by the arm. "Don't do anything rash, Mr. Neville," he said. "It isn't time yet. You leave it

to me." "But I must see her, man, I must see her!" he broke out, passionately. "I won't speak to her! she shall not see me, but I must see her. Little Audrey, my dear little Audrey!"

Trale saw that it was no use to argue with him.

"All right, sir," he said: "I can understand, and it's only natural. Come along, beg your pardon, Trale. I know you think then; we'll manage to get a sight of her. I'm mad, and that the whole thing's a de-But, Mr. Neville, you won't spoil the lusion. But it's not, and it's all true. I Carter's Little Liver Pills.

whole of my plans by doing anything

But Mr. Neville had got his hat and was already striding off to the Grange. The two men reached the house and in

the dusk made their way to the ornamental gardens, and cautiously crept up to the

Here, however, Trale seized Neville's

"No further, please, sir!" he said. "The windows are open; some one might come out at any moment; you'd be seen and all my plans would be spoiled." Neville shook him off, but stopped ir-

resolutely. "Perhaps—perhaps she may come out on the terrace," he said, and he stood and

gazed longingly at the lighted windows. At that moment there rose a woman's voice singing the "Ah che la morte" with a power and sweetness that startled and thrilled even the practical Trale. "Phew! but that's fine, Mr. Neville

he whispered. He got no further, for suddenly Neville uttered a terrible cry of intense amaze-

"My God!" he gasped, clutching Trale and shaking in every limb, "whose voice s that ?"

CHAPTER XLI.

Well might Trale stare at Neville with surprise and alarm. The great strong man was trembling like a leaf; the perspiration stood in big drops upon his torehead.
"Good Lord! Mr. Neville, what is it?

demanded Trale. Neville looked at him vacantly.

"That voice- Don't you hear?" he "Yes; beautiful, isn't it ?" said Trale. "That's the great opera singer all Lon-

don's mad about." "What! No, that's Sylvia's voice. should know it among a thousand. It is hers! Let me go!" for

Trale had got hold of him, half fearful that he had taken leave of his senses. "No, no, Mr. Neville; you're mistakenindeed you are," he said. "The lady who is singing is the great opera-singer that all London's mad about. The name's Sig-

nora Stella." "It is not!" said poor Neville, fiercely. "It is—it is a lady—Oh!" and he put his hand to his head. "Am I dreaming? Sylvia here, so near! Hold on, Trale; I'm not as mad as you think. I tell you that the lady you hear is an old friend. We've been parted, and-" He could not go on, for the voice still floating out to them confused them with a commingling of exquisite pain and joy.

"Steady, Mr. Neville, I'm sure that you're mistaken,' said Trale soothingly. "I had the whole particulars of the party from one of the servants. It is the opera-singer, indeed—indeed it is. If you know her-

"I know nothing of her!" broke in Neville, with agitation. "I only know the lady who is singing in there," and he pointed to the drawing-room. "I've heard her voice too often not to know it. It's the dearest, sweetest voice in all the world to me. Let me go, Trale!"

Then he stopped of his own accord. Trale could not of bave held him.

"My God, I forgot!" he cried. "I can't would kill her!"

"Thinks your dead, Mr. Neville!" he

said, soothingly. "Yes." cried Neville, sinking on to a this much—that I love her, have loved her dearly—with all my heart—and that we were parted out there in Australia. thought me dead-saw me killed, as she thought, poor girl !- and I thought it best for her to think so. But He did not see that Audrey's eyes were | it's not too late !" and he half rose, to sink down again irresolutely. "Some one must break the news to her—the news that I am

alive. You must do it, Trale. Trale looked anything but comfortable. "I go in there, sir?" he said. "Lord, I couldn't! The viscount would be wild "

"You must do it gently, Trale," Neville went on, as if he had not heard him "She has the tenderest heart, and-and the shock! Listen-there! On, I little thought I should hear her so soon—that I should be so near her!" and he looked wistfully, longingly towards the windows.

Trale stood beside him, sympathetic but

"Won't you wait until to morrow?-or write to her, Mr. Neville," he suggested teebly.

Neville laughed gently. "Wait till to morrow? No, not another hour! What! after all these months of miserable and wretched longing for her?

Trale got frightened. "They'll hear you, sir,—'pon my word they'll hear you, and there'll be a fine howd'ye-do. I wish I'd got a drop of brandy or something just to pull you together. You look-well, you look-"

"Out of my mind," said Neville. "So I am; but it's with joy, Trale-joy! What

is to be done ?" "Come home with me and-and have a pipe, Mr. Neville," suggested Trale, as one speaks to a child or a man in delirium. "You won't do any good here. If-if it's the lady you think, you can go to the Grange in the morning, and—Oh, for See you get Carter's, goodness sake, come home, sir !"

"No," said Neville; "l'll stay here. I couldn't go if I wanted to, and I don't. must see her somehow or other. There, I

tell you that lady is the woman I love, and from whom I've been parted, and whom I must and will see within an hour "

"Hush, hush! for goodness sake, Mr. Neville!" pleaded Trale. "We shall be heard directly, and there'll be a deuce of a row. There are servants all about, and-" he stopped and ducked his head. "There! Just what I expected! Here's one coming gaged to me-had given me no distinct now. Come into the shrubbery, sir-come on!" and he dragged at him.

Neville allowed him to half lead, half too late.

them and a voice sternly demanded: "Who's there?"

Trale pressed Neville's arm to keep him silent. The new-comer repeated the question, and advanced upon their hiding-place. "It's all up," said Trale, with a groan. "We must 'face the music;" and he stepped out. "I's all right," he said, still thinking the man was one of the Grange servants. "It's me-Trale-Inspector Trale.

"Trale?" said the voice; "what are you doing here? Don't you know me?"

Trale peered at him. "God bless my soul it isn't Lord Lorrimore, is it ?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Lorrimore, coloring a little. 'I was going to call at the Grange. I'm to say good-bye to Miss Hope; and-But | living there then !" what are you doing here? Is there anything wrong?"
"No, no," said Trale; "nothing wrong,

my lord."

"Who's that with you-one of your men?" asked Lorrimore nodding toward Neville, who stood still looking at the Grange and listening to the voice, and utterly and completely regardless of his companions.

"That ?" stammered Trale. "Oh-oh, no, not one of my men; that is-Oh, Lord what's the use of trying to keep it dark. No, my lord: that gentleman is Mr. Neville Lynne."

If Trale had said the Great Mogul, Lord Lord Lorrimore could not have seemed more startled.

-"Mr. -who?" he exclaimed. "Mr Neville Lynne," repeated Trale. 'Here, Mr. Neville, here is Lord Lorrimore—a friend of Miss Hope;" and he pulled at Neville.

Neville woke up, and advanced and nodfor Lord Lorrimore, as if some exquisite glowing. oke had been perpetrated flung himself down on the bench and laughed grimly. "Neville Lynne!" he exclaimed, looking up at him.

'That is my name," said Neville, staring at him. "I have not the pleasure of know-

"By heaven that's not my fault l" exclaimed Lorrimore, with sardonic irony, 'seeing that I've spent months and tramped thousands of miles in trying to make your acquaintance, Mr. Lynne.

Neville put his hand to his head. "I-I don't understand," he stammered. 'There is some mistake-delusion-"

"There is no delusion in the fact that I have been scouring the greater portion of the habitable globe in search of you," retorted Lorrimore, grimly. "How do you do?' and he held out his hand. Neville took it mechanically, and sunk

on to the seat beside him. "Perhaps you'll explain, my lord?" he said in a bewildered fashion.

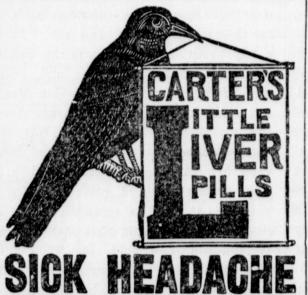
"Nothing easier," said Lorrimore. "I only wish it had been as easy to find you. I-I am a friend of Miss Hope"-his handsome face clouded darkly as he spoke her name—"and—and at her request I left England three years ago to find another friend of hers-yourself."

"She-Audrey-sent you to find me? God bless her!" said Neville, his voice "Amen!" said Lorrimore, fervently.

"She thought of her old playfellow. Yes, that was like her, God bless her !" "Amen again," said Lorrimore. "But-but why did she send you? How

came you to go?" asked Neville, not un-

Lorrimore glanced at Trale, who had discreetly withdrawn out of hearing.



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"Because - because I have the misfortune to love Miss Hope," said Lorrimore,

"You loved—Ah! and she—Jordan!" "Exactly," said Lorrimore, sardonically. 'When I came back I found her engaged to marry your brother, Mr. Lynne. Mind, I make no complaint. She was not enpromise; but as I have the misfortune to love her still, it is not altogether to be wondered at that I should be anxious to pull him into the shrubbery; but it was get away from your brother's happiness. I am going to Africa. It is a charming Footsteps were heard coming nearer, country, and presents all kinds of novelty and presently a tall figure strode up to to the jaded traveler, and-but I think it would be more interesting if we talked of yourself Mr. Lynne; and-well, it you will not deem me impertinently inquisitive, I should like to ask where the devil you have been these last three years-down in a coal mine, up in a balloon, or at the bottom of the sea in a diving bell?"

Neville looked at him. "I have been for the greater part of the time gold-digging in Australia," he said in a place called Lorn Hope."

Lorrimore swung round upon him. "I—I beg your pardon. Where?"
"In a place called Lorn Hope," repeat-

Neville. Lorrimore stared at him.

"You didn't bear your own name?" he aid. "Lorn Hope! Why, I was there, -I'm just starting for Africa, and wanted | sr near it ! There was no Neville Lynne

"I didn't use my own name," said Neville. "I was called the Young 'Un or sometimes Jack." he said in a still voice.

"Why—why, you're dead!"
"I know—I know," said Neville, putting his hand to his brow. Excuse me Lord Lorrimore but this talk brings back an unhappy miserable time to me; but-but that's all passed now, I hope, and-" he glanced at the window.

"One moment, Mr. Lynne," said Lorrimore; "you speak of an unhappy time; you are, you say, the Young 'Un of Lorn Hope Camp; then you must know that a young lady, the Signora Stella—I mean Sylvia Bond—thinks you dead—actually thinks it at this moment !"

Neville stared at him. "You know her! Can it be possible that-that you are the gentleman who rescued her from Lavarick?

"That was his name, I believe-the bushranger. Yes," said Lorrimore. Neville held out his hand and grasped led impatiently; then he started and stared | Lorrimore's, his face flushing, his eyes

"I should like to try and thank you," he said.

"The young lady was so dear to you," said Lorrimore. "Dear to me?" echoed Neville; then he laughed a strange laugh. "She is and

always has been dearer than life to me." "And yet you allowed her to think you were dead? 'said Lorrimore, gravely. Neville looked rather startled and un-

"It was best." he said; "I did it for the best. When those scoundrels seized her and left me for dead they robbed me of every penny I possessed; luck was dead against me; I heard she had fallen into the hands of a kind-hearted lady and a nobleman, who would take every care of her-better care than I had taken; and I-I'm a proud man, and I would not stand in her way or be a burden on her," and he hung his head.

"Yes," said Lorrimore. "You are proud I see; but didn't it occur to you that the young lady might suffer somewhat at the loss of her brother, as she called you?"

Neville started. "No," he said. "Poor Sylvia! Diddid she grieve much ?"

Lorrimore laughed grimly. "Great Heaven! he asks that!" he exclaimed ironically. "Did she grieve? Why, my good friend, she nearly died. We had to fight Death inch by inch, hour by hour, for days; and as to grieving—But I think I'd better stop; a proud man's bad enough, but a conceited one is worse, and I should make you that."

Neville hid his face in his hands. "My dear, dear dailing!" he murmured, inaudibly. "And she's in there!" he exclaimed, dropping his hand on Lorrimore's arm. 'In there! Think of it, my lord And I shall see her directly."

"Yes," said Lorrimore, hanging his head. "You are a happy man. So is the woman I love in there, and I shall probably see her directly; but it will be for the last timethe last time,"

Neville, biting his lips, looked at him. "I-I wouldn't give up all hope, Lord Lorrimore," he said.

Lorrimore faced round and gazed at him, then shook his head. "There can be no hope for me, Mr. Lynne," he said. "Miss Hope is engaged to your brother."

Neville groaned. "Look here," he said in his abrupt backwoods fashion; "don't you go off to Africa yet. You can't tell what may turn up. Look at my case. Here am I, sneaking in the garden to get a glimpse of an old triend, Audrey, and I hear the voice"-his own broke-"of the girl I

"Yes; but your girl is not engaged to another man-at least I don't think so : I don't know-"

love, of the girl I've been parted from for-

ever, as I thought. Take courage by my

"What!" gasped Neville, at the mere idea of a doubt, "Sylvia engaged-" "You see," said Lorrimore, with a smile-"you can understand how I feel-

"No, I can't!" said Neville, his hand clinched at his side, his broad chest heaving. "If I found Sylvia-my little Sylvia

-engaged, I'd-" "Fling the man out of the window," said Lorrimore, with a laugh and a sigh. "Yes, that's all very well for the backwoods of Australia; but"- he shrugged his shoulders-"Mr. Lynne, though nothing would give me greater delight than to fling Sir Jordan out of the window-I beg your pardon; I torgot that he is your brother," he broke off apologetically.

Neville shook his head and groaned. "Would to God I could forget it, too!"

Before Lorrimore could ask for an explanation of this singular unfraternal sentiment, Trale came up.

"There's Miss Audrey come out on the terrace, Mr. Neville," he said. "Now-I was thinking, it his lordship wouldn't mind going and breaking your being here to her, you might go and see her. But you won't say anything about—about you know what?" he implored.

Lorrimore assented at once. "Wait here, Mr. Lynne, until I call," he said, and he went toward the terrace. Sylvia had sung twice, and then run up to see Mercy.

"I'll smoke my cigar on the terrace," said the viscount, "if you'll come, Audrey.
The signora will join us when she comes down, I hope—that is, it she is not afraid of the night air." "I am afrail of nothing!" responded Syl-

via, with a laugh, as she left the room. "Lovely night, isn't it?" said the viscount, as he lighted his cigar.

Audrey did not reply, but leaned her head on her hand and gazed dreamily into "How strange it is that your young wiend

does not get married ! If I were-" and he "It is very fortunate for you that her ladyship isn't here to hear you," said Audrey, with a smile. Then she sighed. "Sylvia is very young—much younger than she looks; and why should she get married?" she added, with barely concealed bitterness

and irritation. "Please ask me another," remarked the viscount. "Most women think it the great aim and end of their life to enslave some wretched, unhappy man for his, and-Halloo! who's this coming across the lawn? By Jove, it's Lorrimore ! Now look out for equalls, young lady!" and he whistled soft-

"Lord Lorrimore!" cried Audrey; and she blushed and looked over her shoulder as if she meant to beat a retreat.

"No, you don't !" said the viscount. "No running away, Miss Audrey! Halloo, Lorrimore! where did you come from? How are you?"

Lorrimore came up the steps and shook hands with them, his eyes just glancing at the viscount and fixing themselves sadly and wistfully on Audrey,s dowdcast face. "I came down here this afternoon," he

said rather lamely. 'The fact is, I'm off

to Africa-" "To where ?" enclaimed the viscount. "To Africa; and I thought I should like to say good bye to Miss Hope before I went, as I shall be away some time."

Poor Audrey's heart beat wildly and her bosom heaved. "Good heavens! what a man you are for rushing about !" said the viscount. "You don't seem as if you could stop more than a few months in one place. Africa, too! What's the use of spending your time among savages? Besides, if you're so fond of 'em, you might as well stay at home; we've got plenty of them here. Have a cigar? Have some wine? Hope

vou've dined ?" Lorrimore said, falsely, that he had

dined, and accepted a cigar. "We've got you're friend, the famous Signora Stella, in the house," said the viscount. "She'll be delighted to see you I dare say, and I'll set her on to dissuading you from this absurd Africa idea. Eh Audrey ?"

"Sylvia will be very sorry," he said, almost inaudibly. "I'll go and see about some wine," said

Lord Marlow. The two, left alone, were silent for a moment or two, Audrey's heart beating too fast to allow of her speaking at first, and Lorrimore wondering how on earth he should break the news of Neville's proximity. At last he said:
"I'm atraid I have made my visit at an

inconveniently late hour, Miss Hope; but I meant starting to-morrow."
"You meant?" she said, keeping her voice steady by an effort. "Yes, I may be a day or two later now.

The fact is-"then, like most men engaged in "breaking" news, he blurted it out: 'Audrey, I have heard of NevilleLynne. She started, but did not look overcome with joy. She was too much agitated thinking of another man-the Earl os Lorrimore to wit-to be very much moved even by the

return of her old friend.

"Neville?" "Yes; he-well, the fact is that he is

"Here! Where? Oh!" and she looked "Yes" said Lorrimore. "I met him tonight by the most singular chance, and I have only just left him.

"Lett him-where? Oh, why did you not bring him with you?" said Audrey. "Well," replied Lorrimore, "I should if Syliva had not been here." "Sylvia? What has Sylvia to do with

him or him with her?" demanded Audrey. Lorrimore was a bad hand at telling a story, and he looked round helplessly. "The long and short of it is," he said, "that they know each other—that they are

old friends." "Sylvia and Neville Lynne?" "Yes." And in as few words as possible he told her the story, or as much as he knew of it. Audrey's eyes growing larg-

er and larger as she listened and gazed at "All the while the poor girl was lying at Wildfall as near death as she, could be, and, thinking him dead he was at Lorn Hope Camp within a few miles ofher. It's the most exasperating, aggravating business that

the mind of a man can conceive," he said. grimly. "Actually within a few miles of him, and not to know it !" "I—I am so sorry," taltered Audrey.
"If I had known the terrible troubled, you would have, I—I mean, I never would

have asked you-" "Oh, I wasn't thinking of myself—not at (Continued on Figure 17 Page.)

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