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been thrown, Heaven alone knows what the result might have been. Had I failed to catch you in passing—but I managed to save you. The relief and joy of that knowledge must be my excuse, if my manner has displeased you.

'You have saved my life,' she said, leaning against a gate, for she was still trembling. I ought to utter nothing but thanks. 'There is no need for thanks,' he returned. 'I saved what is immeasurably precious to myself.'

She flushed and moved uneasily. He tethered the horses to a post, then came and stood beside her. 'The grass is quite dry,' he said. 'Come and sit down until you have got over your fright. Poor child!'

He opened the gate. There was a grassy bank on the other side of the hedge.

A sweetbriar grew close by. Madge gathered a leaf as she sat down, and daintily sniffed it.

Lord Carsborough seated himself a short distance from her, and, gazing thoughtfully before him, twirled his moustache.

The birds were twittering all around them, the chirping of grasshoppers came from the long meadow grasses.

They sat in silence for some moments, then Lord Carsborough said, still looking straight ahead—

'Do you intend to be angry with me every time you catch a glimpse of the inner man?'

'I do not understand you.' His moustache went up each side of his face in a smile.

'Lady Ayerst does not always care to understand.' Then he turned and looked at her. 'Is my love so distasteful to you, that every time I let you see it you shrink from me? Is it impossible for you to think more kindly of me? Impossible for you to gain some little gladness from my love? It is real and true enough to please the most exacting woman that ever lived. Yet I believe you would rather be without it. You were happier before, were you not?'

He was leaning on his elbow, looking up into her face, which flushed and paled beneath his gaze.

'Yes, I was happier before,' she answered. 'Much, much happier before.'

'Why?'

'Surely you know why! Am I not married? How can I, as the wife of one man, listen to the love of another?'

'You are aware of my opinions on that subject.'

'But they are not my opinions—they are not the opinions of the world.'

'I think you make a mistake there. How many women love their husbands, think you? Most marriages are matters of convenience; but do you, in your innocence, imagine that either the man or the woman goes through life without love? It comes, sooner or later, to all, and the wise lay hold of it. It is only the foolish who cast it aside—the foolish women, like yourself.'

He stretched out his hand, and laid it gently upon hers.

'Do you insist upon casting mine aside—shall I go away?'

He felt the start she gave at his words.

'Can we not be friends?' she said, after a slight pause. 'You said you wished to be my friend?'

'I did; but it does not content me. I want to be your lover also—the one person you will turn to in every trouble, the one person you will care for beyond any other.'

She shook her head.

'You are not indifferent to me now,' he persisted. 'A love so strong as mine must, in time, win some return. You are very proud and very cold; but, right or wrong, willing or unwilling, you will love me in the end.'

She felt that what he said was true, that already he was more to her than any man she had ever known.

She would not acknowledge to herself the strange pleasure she felt when his deep, quiet voice spoke of his great devotion for her.

She was angry with herself, angry with him, happy and miserable all in a breath. Perhaps his shrewd eyes saw the hold he was gaining on her, for when she laughed mockingly at what he said, he merely smiled.

'The day will come,' he declared, with conviction.

She laughed again.

'M'n proposes,' she quoted. 'You are looking to far ahead, Lord Carsborough. Let us talk of something more reasonable.'

'As you will,' he replied. 'Will this please you better, a small offering from your humble slave to this dear hand?'

Taking a small case from his pocket, he opened it.

It contained a beautiful ring, a great blood-red ruby, set in exquisite diamonds.

'You will wear it for my sake, will you not?'

'I cannot,' she exclaimed. 'Everyone would notice it. It is far too valuable for me to accept from you.'

'My dear timid woman, what if everyone does notice it? May I not make you some small return for all your hospitality? Sir Henry, I am certain, will make no objection.'

'But, indeed, I cannot,' she expostulated.

For answer, he drew off her glove and placed the ring upon her finger.

'Be kind,' he said, 'and wear it for my sake.'

'I cannot promise to keep it,' she answered. 'It is a beautiful ring. It is kind of you to wish to give it me. Had it been anything

else—but a ring—a ring seems to mean more than any other present.'

She spoke in a confused, nervous manner, quite different from her usual calm tones.

A warm bright color glowed in her cheeks.

'That is why I give you ore,' he said. 'And that is why I do not wish to accept it,' she returned.

She stood up as she spoke. He also rose.

'One would think,' he cried, reproachfully, 'I was some devil you were afraid of. What harm do you imagine I wish to do you? Don't you think your good name is as dear to me as it is to you? Cannot you trust me?'

'I do,' she declared. 'It is not that—indeed it is not.'

'Then what is it?'

She looked up at the stern, fierce face, almost piteously.

'You make me feel so weak,' she said, as if the truth were being drawn from her by those bright, searching eyes. 'My will melts beneath yours. It is awful, awful to have to confess all this. But I feel it can go on no longer. I am always fighting with my own feelings—with myself. It is taking all the pleasure out of my life. I own to you now that I might have been happier than I am. I did not know it until—until—until I met you.'

Her voice had sunk to a whisper. She had always been so proud, she felt that the shame was killing her.

He took her hands, holding them closely in his own.

'Fight no longer,' he pleaded. 'Let me make you happy.'

She shook her head.

'No, no; it cannot be. I want you to be merciful. I want you to go away.'

'To leave you?'

'Yes.'

'You are cruel.'

'To you, or to myself?' with a bitter little laugh.

'To both,' he said. 'Do you think you will be happier without me?'

'I hope so,' she replied.

He let go of her hands, walked away a few steps, and then came back to her.

'For how long am I to be banished from your presence?'

She made a little helpless gesture.

'How can I tell? We must meet sometimes—it cannot be avoided.'

'And on these occasions I may be permitted to make a few pleasant and polite remarks to you?'

'That would be wiser and better,' she said, 'than—than—'

'Than my telling you how I worship you—how dear you are to me. I am to go away and forget you. To think no more of you than I do of any other woman; while you—well you will have your admirers and your husband. May they satisfy you. You shall try the experiment. I will carry out your wishes to the letter, on condition that you keep my ring. When you repent—and I fancy you will repent—you send it to me, and I will come. Do you feel equal to riding home now?'

He helped her into the saddle, carefully arranged her habit, and mounting his own horse, rode beside her, talking calmly and easily on ordinary topics, till she wondered if, indeed, he cared at all, and in spite of herself, felt piqued by his ready acquiescence in her wish that he should leave her.

Lord Carsborough knew Madge, perhaps, better than she knew herself. He understood exactly how to treat her. From the first he had thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever met, and being utterly unscrupulous, had determined to win her.

He had imagined the task would be an easy one, but he prized her all the more for so persistently keeping out of his reach.

It gave an added zest to the game, and strengthened his determination to gain his desire.

In fact, Lord Carsborough was as much in love as he had ever been in his life, more so, he thought.

But such men are apt to believe the last affair more serious than any other.

That morning he felt success was his. She had admitted that she cared, she had begged him to go because she feared him.

He intended to go, to let her feel the want of his presence, to let her miss him, and then—he laughed aloud with exultation.

Madge, who saw not the workings of his mind, imagined some remark of hers had amused him.

He did not, as a rule, laugh so easily.

As they reached the gates of Royal Heath, he said—

'Shall you tell your husband you have sent me away?'

She glanced at him quickly.

'If I tell him that, I must also tell him why.'

'That would be unnecessarily foolish,' he said. 'I will arrange that one of the numerous telegrams I receive shall contain an urgent demand for my presence in town.'

'Thank you,' she said, in tones of relief. 'I shall not forget your kindness.'

Oddly enough, two telegrams were awaiting Lord Carsborough, both relating merely to business matters.

He showed them to her, saying, with a grim smile—

'These will suit our purpose. I shall bid farewell this afternoon.'

It was at lunch he made his sudden departure known.

'I shall have to trouble you, Ayerst,' he said, unfolding his serviette, 'to drive me to the station to-day. I am wanted in town, and must go.'

'Unfortunately, yes. It is duty, not pleasure, that calls me from the delights of Royal Heath.'

'What day do you return on?' 'Sir Henry inquired, tossing off a long drink.

'My dear fellow, I wish it lay in my power to name the happy day.'

'Let us hope it will be soon,' Lady Ayerst said, sweetly. 'I am indeed, sorry

to hear you must really leave us. Cannot you put off the evil moment for a few days?'

'Circumstances, over which I have no control, render it impossible,' he responded. 'I would that it were otherwise.'

'And when you return, Lord Carsborough,' Lady Gildare exclaimed, 'I shall no longer be here.'

Lord Carsborough was not at all sure if by 'here' she meant Royal Heath, or the world in general; but he made a suitable and gallant reply, which quite pleased her ladyship, and put her in a good temper for the remainder of the day.

Madge was entertaining some callers when he came in to bid her good-bye.

He stayed chatting for a moment or so, till Sir Henry, who was going to drive him, sent a message to the effect that they had barely time to do the distance in.

'What a charming young man!' one of Madge's lady friends declared when he had gone. 'I consider him perfectly fascinating.'

'He is very pleasant,' Lady Ayerst acknowledged. 'He is my husband's particular friend.'

When they had departed, and she was alone for a few minutes, she said to herself, whispering her thoughts aloud—

'I am glad he has gone—very, very glad. I don't care an atom for him, really; but—'

she glanced down at the ring he had placed upon her finger, half drew it off, then pushed it back again, and sighed—he ought to be at the station now,' she thought, glancing at the clock.

Another three minutes and the train would be started.

What if they lost it, and he came back? She almost uttered a prayer that he might not do so; yet, when Sir Henry came back alone, she felt disappointed.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Dorrien was feeling in an unpleasant state of nervous excitement.

He started every time anyone entered the room.

He expected every moment to hear that Cora Rozier was missing, or that her body had been found.

But no one mentioned her name.

He was anxious to quit Coddington, yet felt it was impossible to do so while things remained in this condition.

A horrible fascination compelled him to wait and witness the end of his ghastly deed.

When the third morning dawned, he rose with the conviction that another day could not pass without something coming to light.

He was quite prepared, on going downstairs to find commotion and consternation but to his astonishment, all appeared the same as usual.

Gilbert had a headache, and looked dissipated. He had taken more than was good for him the night before and was now paying the penalty.

Sir Martin did not appear.

For the last day or so he had kept his own room, on the pretext of a touch of influenza.

As Dorrien seated himself at the table, he glanced at the two servants who were waiting.

They both looked as stolidly indifferent as usual.

Then there came upon him a great desire to talk of his victim, to hear something of her, if only her name mentioned.

'You don't look very fit this morning,' he remarked to Metherell, who having pushed his plate aside, was looting back in his chair, blinking at the sunlight.

'Don't feel fit?' he growled. 'Lower that confounded blind, James. I don't want my eyesight damaged by that glare! I say, Dorrien, old chap, I'll come up to town with you, when you go. We'll have a regular spree up there.'

'And what will the fair Miss Rozier say to that?'

It was with a curious feeling that Dorrien spoke the name of the girl he had buried over the cliff, and he awaited Gilbert's answer with an eagerness born of an horrible fear.

Hang it all, she isn't going to interfere with my pleasures? Gilbert Metherell exclaimed. 'I do as I like, and go where I like. I don't intend to have any nonsense. I can tell you.'

'Quite right, my dear fellow, said Dorrien. 'I am glad you have the sense to begin as you mean to go on. When am I to see the lady?'

'Thought she would have turned up yesterday, but haven't even heard from her. Women are odd fish. Look here, Dorrien, when I'm with that girl she can't make enough of me; but I'm hanged if she has

## They Reach The Kidneys.

Mr. Conrad Beyer's opinion

—OF—

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

No one can be healthy with the kidneys in a diseased or disordered state. The poisonous Uric Acid which it is their duty to filter out of the blood, is carried into the system and produces Rheumatism, Headaches, Backaches and hundreds of ills and ailments.

Any one who has the slightest suspicion that the kidneys are not acting right should take Doan's Kidney Pills. They are the most effective kidney remedy known. Mr. Conrad Beyer, at E. K. Snyder's Shoe Store, Berlin, Ont., bears this out when he says:

'Anyone suffering with kidney troubles cannot do better than take Doan's Kidney Pills, for they cured my wife who has been afflicted with pain in the back and other kidney troubles for a long time. They have helped a great many of my acquaintances in this town, and I must say they are the medicine that reach the kidneys with the best effects.'

sent me a line since I came back here from Royal Heath.'

'Perhaps she is ill.'

'Bah! never been ill in her life.'

'Go over and see her.'

'Not likely! I don't believe in making yourself too cheap. Besides, between you and me, I don't care a toss whether she writes or not. It saves me the trouble of racking my brains for half an hour over a sheet of paper. Come for a stroll, and let me see if I can get rid of this confounded headache I've got.'

They say that a murderer is always drawn to the spot where he committed the deed.

Certainly Dorrien felt a curious inclination to turn his steps in that direction, and, though he deliberately set forth in the other, and spent the morning smoking cigarettes on the esplanade with Metherell and a few other choice spirits, the afternoon found him walking towards the cliff.

He took Gilbert's arm as he drew near the place where he had struggled so fiercely with Cora.

The scene was vividly impressed upon his memory.

He could almost imagine those desperate despairing fighters were still clutching at his clothes.

He began talking loudly and laughing boisterously.

He meant to hurry past the spot where he had thrown her down.

His eyes were fixed upon it as he walked by the broken edge of the cliff.

But when he reached it, he, against his will, stopped short suddenly, and looked over.

A bit of rusty iron was sticking out half-way down.

A black rag was floating from it, like a dilapidated flag.

He wondered if it was a scrap of Cora's clothing, torn from her as she slipped down.

'What the deuce are you thinking of?' Metherell questioned. 'Suicide, or what?'

'I was thinking,' Dorrien replied, 'that this is rather an ugly place for a fall. Not much chance of saving your neck once you went down. Why don't they nail it in?'

'Don't ask me. There was a fence here; but it was blown down last winter. Come on!'

Dorrien started, not because of the tug Metherell had given his arm, but because someone was coming along the path, with a quick firm step, whistling as he walked.

It was a lively air, and Dorrien recalled that, when he had forced Cora over the cliff, he had heard it whistled by someone who was approaching through the fog.

It had haunted him ever since.

He had found himself humming it, whistling it, drumming it out with his fingers, tapping it out with his feet.

It had rung in his ears with a hateful persistency, bringing with it always the sensation of the cold, clammy mist upon his face, the footsteps he had heard approaching, the faint, ghostly cries which had seemed to fill the foggy atmosphere.

Even now he put his hand to his cheek, expecting to find it wet and chill.

The warmth of it recalled him to himself. The sun was shining, a westerly breeze was blowing, shadow and sunlight chased one another across the green fields.

And along the pathway, between the fields and the sea, a coastguard was coming.

He touched his cap as he passed the two men, then halted to say, with a grave shake of the head—

'Nasty place, gentlemen. Be you friends of the young lady?'

'What young lady?' Dorrien gasped.

'The young lady who fell over here,' the man, who was one of Cora's preservers, explained. 'Seeing you standing looking at the spot, I thought as you might know her.'

'Has there been an accident?' Metherell exclaimed, eagerly, hoping for some exciting tale. 'We were just thinking how beastly dangerous it looked.'

'They ought to mend the fence. That's what they ought to do. Me and my mate were only saying so last Sunday. And then to think of the poor young lady going right over!'

'Who was she?' Metherell gasped. Dorrien said nothing. 'I know everyone about here; but I heard of no accident.'

The man took off his cap, and scratched his closely cropped head.

'I've only come lately to these parts,' he said. 'The lady said she was staying at Royal Heath. I don't know her name, sir.'

'Said "Dorrien" repeated, in a hoarse cry. 'Was she not killed?'

The man went nearer the edge, and looked over.

'You see that bit of iron there,' he said, confidentially. 'Well, as she went sliding down to as certain a death as ever stared any mortal in the face, that old iron bar caught her right firm and held her fast. I was passing at the time, and heard her cries. We got a rope and saved her. She was took, as one might say by the very jaws of death.'

'By Jove! I should think so,' Metherell ejaculated. 'Never knew of such a marvellous escape. Strange that we haven't heard anything about it. Who can it have been?'

'It was a dark-looking lady sir. She came down the very next day, and treated us all handsomely. Don't make no fuss about it,' he said. 'I don't want to have everyone talking about it. But seeing you two gentlemen standing here, I thought as how you might be acquainted. Good-afternoon to you.'

He went on his way breaking out into his cheery whistling before he had gone many paces, blissfully unconscious of how the sound of that tune tortured one of the men he had just been speaking to.

Dorrien felt he could have struck him to the earth.

He stood grinding his teeth together, and staring at the old iron bar, and its flaunting ragged flag—a flag of triumph and victory.

He turned away with a bitter curse.

'What's up, old chap?' Metherell exclaimed. 'You're looking pretty glum.'

'A sudden twinge of pain!' Dorrien snarled.

He ground his heel into the earth, and swore loudly.

Metherell, who was not of an sympathetic nature, rolled a cigarette, and waited for him to leave off.

The knowledge that Cora had escaped, and was living, was an awful blow to Dorrien.

The possibility of such a thing had never entered his mind.

Instead of ridding himself of an enemy, he had made one ten times more dangerous.

He recalled how, in a gust of furious hatred, he had cried out that he stabbed Dola Rozier.

She was clever this girl.

She would do nothing rash.

She would not now throw a chance away but would coil stealthily round him like a serpent, and then crush him to death.

The fact that she had remained perfectly quiet for three days showed, in his mind, that she was already at work on some plan for his destruction.

He must escape while there was yet time.

He would go to London, and then—he passed his hand across his heated forehead—the life of a fugitive stretched before him.

'Do you believe that yarn about the girl falling over the cliff?' Gilbert asked, as they retraced their steps to Metherell Court. 'Had it been anyone at Royal Heath, I think we should have heard of it.'

'It was probably one of the maids,' Dorrien said, as if the matter did not interest him; adding, as a happy thought: 'I say, shall we run up to town this evening?'

Metherell jumped at the proposal.

The last train left Coddington about nine, and got up to town soon after ten.

Dorrien's idea was to travel up with Metherell, relieve him of all his spare cash while he was drunk, and then leave him.

Poor Gilbert Metherell! little did he dream of the fate in store for him, as he entered the portals of his grand old