## PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1899.



By the Author of "Cast up by the Sea." "The Fog Woman," "The Secre of White Towers," etc.

## CHAPTER XX. CONTINUED

Lady Gildare had, tor the past week. been confined to her room with a cold, and Nurse Patience had been in close attendance upon the invalid.

It was trying work those bot summer days, and often her eyes looked longingly from the quiet, shady room, to the bright sweet beauty without.

Yet she never complained, but did her duty with a gentle cheerfulness which had won her many a sick person's love.

callous to the backbone, telt its influence. 'You are a good woman,' she observed,

one day, as she lay on the couch by the window, arrayed in the dauntiest of silken gowns. 'I wonder what has made you so enduring.'

The nurse smiled.

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A little human sympathy for the suffering of others,' she replied.

Not that alone. You have had a sad life--you must have-your face is so sad.' Nurse Patience was arranging a small

trav with a tempting repast of tea, water bread and-butter, and strawberries-andcream. She made no answer to Lady Gildare's

remark, and an impatient frown gathered on the invalia's face.

'You are so reserved,' she said, peevichly. 'One would think that you would have confided a little in me, considering the interest I take in you. But no; you never say a word. Are you afraid I should repeat anything you told me ?'

Lady Gildare was a woman always ready to swear eternal secrecy, yet never able to hold her tongue for five mit utes-no cot fidence was too sacred for her to chat it over with the first person who chanced to spend determined to know more of this woman,

Cora was not often taken by surprise; but on this occasion she was astounded standing spellbound, gi zing at the woman whose wild gaze was riveted to her face. 'Dola Konski!' she repeated ; then, with a piteous wail in her voice : 'Am I mad ?oh. Heavens ! am I mad ?' Then Cora spoke.

'You have made a mistake,' she said. My name is Cora Rozier.'

'Forgive me,' Nurse Patience faltered. 'I see now You are not the same-you could not be. She would be as old as I. Even her ladyship, who was selfish and But the likeness is so marvellous, and, coming as you did, just when I was thinking-' She broke off. 'Excuse my strange behaviour.'

> She would have hastened away thep, but Cora desired to hear more, and stopped her.

'Wait one moment,' she said. 'What did you know of Dola Konski?' Nurse Patience paused.

'Very little,' she answered, in a low, tired voice. 'I met her many years ago.' 'In England ?'

'Yes; in England.' 'You looked horrified when you mistook me tor her,' Cora persisted. 'Did

you not like her ?' 'She is associated, in my mind, with a great sorrow,' was the quiet reply. 'For-

give me not telling you more." 'Oh, certainly ! I have no desire to be curious. I am sorry I so startled you; but, at first, seeing your cap and apron, 'I tancied you were one of the maids. You thought.

are a nurse, are you not ?' 'Yes; I am here with Lady Gildare.'

'Then I have heard of you. You are Nurse Patience? Cora was walking beside her. She was

and her acquaintance with her mother. 'That is my name.' 'It is the very name for a nurse,' Cora

'Have you ever met Sir Martin? He is | Cora's face was not exactly pleasant, a fine-looking man, but eccentric. He though he could not quite make cut what seldom goes anywhere, tut shuts bimself is portended. up in his big, lonely house. It is a lovely place-a show place. You should go and see it.'

Nurse Patience had come to a standstill. She was holding her hand to her side.

'We have walked so quickly,' she said. 'I am quite out of breath. It is the heat. I think ; it makes one feel queer and giddy.'

'Take my arm,' Cora said kindly. 'You look quite faint."

They moved slowly forward together. Cora's cheeks had a bright colour fisming in them, and her eyes shone; but she said nothing until they had reached one of the many entrances to Royal Heath, thanks, was leaving her, Then she spoke.

'I hope we shall meet again. I have taken quite a fancy to you. When are you off duty ?'

'Very seldom.' 'But you go tor walks ?'

'Not often.'

'I am sorry, for I should have liked to have seen you again. Strangely enough, I knew something of Dola Konski."

There was no mistaking the look of terror which overspread the nurse's face. 'You know her !- she is here ?'

'She is dead,' Cora said. 'She was murdered.'

'My God! By whom-do you know by whom ?'

Cora shrugged her shoulders.

'No one knows. It happened at Metherell Court. I will not keep you now. Perhaps we shall meet this evening. I often take a stroll round Lady Ayerst's rote-garden after dinner. Au revoir !'

Cora's dark brows were drawn together in a perplexed frown as she went slowly towards the plantation, choosing that way because there was not much chance of meeting anyone there that afternoon.

Her curious meeting with Nurse Patience had given her plenty of food for

Who was she?

What was she doing there-and what Cora's mother and Sir Martin Metherell been to her that their names should affect her so strangely ?

Cora felt that once again she was on the

Her lips were parted in the most evil sneer; her black eyes gleamed through half-closed lids.

She looked like some wild beast about to spring.

Probably Captain Dorrien thought so. for he drew back with a movement, as if to ward her off.

'You vile sneak !' she bissed. 'Do you think I don't know how you betrayed us all in Paris, to save yourself? There are one or two of the old gang looking for you still. They have sworn to have your life in return for the dastardly trick you played them. I have but to send word, and Nurse Patience, with gen:ly murmured and there will be one of them on your track before the week is out. And then your doom will tollow !'

Dorrien had backed to the hedge. He could go no further, so stood there, a picture of abject terror, beads ot perspiration standing on his torhead, his air of jauntiness gone, his knees bending beneath him.

Cora regarded him with an air of fierce contempt.

'It's-it's a mistake,' he said, speaking with stiff dry lips. 'I swear I never meant to do any of you harm. I-1 managed to | him, and welcomed him graciously. escape, that was all. And some enemy started that story about my setting the police on you. I swear-

Save yoursell the tatigue, mon cher Hartland. It is useless for you to lie to me. What is your game at the present moment? Answer me.'

'I was about to pay a call at Royal Heath, But I, perhaps, had better not go there now,' he replied, tremblingly. "Where are you living ?"

He did not answer, and she repeated her question.

He saw it was useless to attempt concealment, and, tumbling in his pocket for a case, handed her a card from it.

'Ceptain Dorrien,' she read, with a laugh. 'And since when, my triend, have vou been Captain Dorrien?'

'I have a right to the name,' he replied. 'I dropped it when I was in Paris, and took up the other. I say, Cors, you are not going to be such a little fool as to betray me? You can't do so wi hout injuring yourselt. For, unless you give me your word now, to stand by me, I'll go straight up to these people, and tell them who and what you are. You perceive, my dear little girl, that two can play at that sort of game.' He was gaining the pluck that comes from desperation.

As he went on alone, he felt he had done a foolish thing in telling that lie.

He had done it on the spur of the moment.

It was not often he made a mistake like that.

She could so easily hear that he had been in the house at the time of the murder, and then, because he had lied about it, she would imagine all sorts of things.

Still, he had feigned ignorance of Msdame Rozier's death at the beginning of their conversation.

He could not very well have owned, afterwards, that he knew of it.

It was most unfortunate, this meeting with Cora; but he had silenced her for the time, and, in a day or so-

He lifted his hat again, and mopped his torehead with a silk banckerchief.

A moment later, and he had passed through the lodge-gates of Royal Heath. Lay Ayerst was seated in the drawing room, entertaining some other callers, when Dorien was ushered in.

She knew nothing of the trath of his engagement with Lucy. The girl had told no one but Shirley of his base conduct.

So that all Madge knew was that he had been dismissed for Ridley, and, while she dieliked the man, she felt rather sorry for

He was very pleasant and agreeable, said that he was spending a few days with his friend, Sir Martin Metherell, and so, being in the neighborhood, felt he must give bimself the extreme pleasure of calling upon Lady Ayerst.

In this charming man of the world, none could have recognized the miserable, craven wretch who had slunk into the hedge less than halt an-hour before.

In a short time the other visitors rose to go, and Captain Dorien, finding himself alone with his hostess, confided to her the real object of his visit.

'I trust, de r Lady Ayerst,' he said, 'that you will torgiven the liberty I have taken in feeling as ured of your friendship and help. Miss Brend has written me a letter, so heartless and cruel, that I cannot believe her capable of such utter faithlessness, until I hear it from her own lips. We have been engaged for more than a year. We were to be married nex. month. You will allow that to throw me over at the last moment is scarcely honorable.'

halt-an-hour in her society. Possibly Nurse Patience was aware of

this. 'There is nothing to tell,' she said, pleasantly. 'At least, nothing that would interes: your ladyship. My life has been one

of hard work and self-denial." She carried the tray to the sofa, and

piaced it comtortably for Lady Gildare, who was still frown ng.

"You don't amuse me this afternoon,' she said. ungraciously. 'Go and find that little Loraine girl, and ask her to take pity on a poor sick woman.'

Nurse Patience quietly left the room, and went in search of Shirley.

Everyone was out-of-doors, enjoying the glorious weather, and Shirley was not at all elated by Lady Gildare's message.

'I will come in a few minutes,' she said, rather reluctantly; 'but I am afraid I shall not be able to stay long. Horrid cld bore !' she added, as the trim figure, in snowy cap and spron, turned away. 'How can that poor woman stand her, anxious to reach the house. morning, noon, and night ?'

'I suppose she gets well paid,' Lucy said.

As it money could make up for the life she has to lead !' Shirley cried, a little indignantly. 'You don's know Lady Gildare-wait till you do.'

They were sitting under the trees, idling the time away.

West and Ridley were lying on the grass at their leet.

They were all four supremely happy. Lite had become, for them, one dream

of gladness. As Nurse Patience walked back to the house, she had the picture of them before

her eyes.

The shafts of sunlight piercing the green above-the girls looking so cool and fresh in their summer attire-the two men lyir g. lezily stretched to their full length, on the smooth green turf.

Then the vision changed, and she saw only one-the strong, lithe limits, the

proud, handsome face of Vivian West. And her aching heart went out to him, because of his name.

Otten, unperceived, she had watched him till the tears dimmed her sight, and all her soul would cry out, in an agony of

regret-'Had he but lived-had he but lived !'

And to day the words reached her lips, falling from them in little broken utterances.

The world seemed so happy-the birds were singing everywhere-distant laughter and merry voices reached her cars.

It seemed that she alone was sad.

'All my days have been dark,' she moaned. 'Oh, Heaven ! when will they cease?'

She turned aside, and, leaning against a tree, hid her face in her hande, and, after a while, through the slender fingers, the scalding tears tound their way.

Cora R zier, crossing the lawn, chanced to catch sight of something white between the shrubs, and, not being able to dis onish what it was, crept a little nearer,

said pleasantly. 'Does your other, your second, suit you as well ?' 'I never use it.'

'How udd ! But why not ?' Nurse Patience had drawn from her spron pocket the blue glasses she had removed from her eyes, when believing her-

selt to be alone. She carefully adjusted them now, as she

answered-'I am always known as Nurse Patience. There is no need of another name.'

'Still, you must have one,' Cora persisted, with a gay little laugh. 'Or, do you not wish to tell me?'

She noticed the slight hesitation before the reply came. 'There is no reason why I should not

tell you. It is a very common one-West; my name is Patience West.' The nurse had quickened her pace, as if

'You are in a hurry,' Cora said, her black eyes scanning the delitate profile

turned to her. 'Lady Gildare will be waiting for me.' 'I think, if I were you, I should keep her waiting. If all accounts are true, she is a shall be all toriure.'

most exacting person.' 'Most invalids are.'

'Don't you get utterly tired of it? should.' 'I like nursing,' the woman said, the nervous tremor in her voice gradually lessening. 'There is the satisfaction of knowing that you are doing some good with your life."

'Ab that is noble !' Cora exclaimed, her crafty eyes always watching and watching her companions every expression and movement. 'As for me, I am too frivolous to aspire to so serious an existence. All the good I intend to do is to make one

poor young man happy. I am going to be married next month to Sir Martin Methereli's only son.'

'Indet d !' Nurse Patience moved her glasses nearer o her eyes.

Her thin blue-veined hand was trembling.

Her face might have been carved from marble, it was so colou less.

She walked unsteadily.

And Cora chatted on in quite a friendly way. A HAMILTON LADY Finds Laxa-Liver Pills a perfect cure for Sick Headache.

Fully ninety per cent. of the women of this country suffer from sick headache. Liver disorder and constipation are at the bottom of the trouble.

brink of a discovery which might be of use to her.

She recalled the face of Nurse Patience. It was a high-bred face, and it must once have been beautiful.

'Patience West !' she muttered aloud. 'Could she be connected, in some strange way, with Vivian West ?' She stopped suddenly, as it checked by a sudden start-Ing idea. 'His mother! Merciful Powers! that's who she is. Why, I see it all. They are as alike as two peas. Ma foi, what a fool not to see it instantly ! Does he know it? What is she here for? I shal find out. I am beginning to unravel the tangle. When I know what Dola Konski had to do with this, I shail know all. Ah, ma mere, why did you not trust all your secrets to your petite Cora ?

'Sir Martin thought he had saved himself when he stole those papers. He little knew whom he had to deal with. Oh, how he hates me-how he fears me ! If there were any mortal thing he could do to rid himself of me, he would do it. I have punished him a hundred times over for what he has done. I'll make him suffer and suffer till he dies. His last moments

Her hands were clenched, her eyes glared with cruel hatred.

There was a slight toam on her lips. Terrible, indeed, did Cora Rezier look at that moment-a creature to shrink from with horror.

Then the excitement died from her face, the tensely clenched hands relaxed.

She laughed, and walked on through the cool green shade of birch and pine.

At the end of the plantation was a rustic stile leading into the road.

As she reached it, a tall, well dressed man came walking jauntily along. He glanced at her as he passed ; then, as

if struck by her appearance, looked again, in a sharp, surprised way.

Cora coolly surveyed him. He went on a few paces. looked back, hesitated, then went on again.

'It is he! Cora muttered, her eyes never leaving the retreating figure. 'What is he

doing here-the traitor ?" She stepped over the stile, and followed the man.

He went for some distance without turning his head again. When at length he did so, Cora hailed him by waving her

hand. He at first took no notice beyond hastening on his way, then suddenly be came to a dead halt, and waited for her.

He was evidently nervous and ill-st-ease. He shifted his teet about till his carefully-polished boots were covered with white dust.

Cora did not hurry herself. She came up to him quite cooly, and

said-'Well, Monsieur Jim Hartland, and what are you doing here ?'

His lips broadened into what was intended for a smile.

He knew that, by a word, Cora could ruin all his prospects, and even sacrifice him to the knife of an assassin.

She was mixed up with the blackest and most discreyitable part of his most black prefer seeing her here ?" and discreditable life.

There passed through his mind the thought that he must gain her over to his side now, and rid himse f of her on the first opportunity hereafter.

He could never feel safe while she lived. So these two faced one another, each learing and bating the other-each with murder in the heart.

All around them lay the blessed sunshine and the fragrant beauty of the summer's afternoon.

A sqiurrel ran up and down a tree close to them, and a lark burst into song above | the drawing-room.' their heads.

Dorrien caught a butterfly as it flcated past him, and chrushed it in his fingers, Then Cora spoke.

'I am not atraid of you,' she said. 'You cannot do me any great harm. I have so him.' carefully protected myself, that it would be impossible for you to do me any serious damage.'

She smiled as she thought of Sir Martin Metherell, and her hold upon bim.

At the same time she could not afford to let Dorrien do his worst just then, and there came to her mind the thought which had come to his.

Peace now, and afterwards-she smiled again.

It would be so easy-there was Jules Rivet, or Max-both reckless, desperate; both thirsting for revenge. An anonymous letter to either; there would be no need of anything more.

Dorrien laid a hand on her shoulder. 'Let us be friends,' he said. 'Neither of us can afford to quarrel.,

'You can't,' she returned, shaking her- Yes; I will see him. In the drawing room, selt free from his grasp. 'Well, I'll let you say ?' things go for the present, though you don't deserve it. Where have you come from now-not London ?'

He had drawn a great breath of relief at her words, and had lifted his hat to let the cool wind blow on his heated forehead.

'I came down last night,' he said. 'And you are staying--where?'

'A place near here-Coddington. I say it will be better to appear up there' - with a nod towards Royal Heath-'as strangers.'

'Yes. Are you wi h triends ?' He hesitated for the traction of a second but she noticed it.

'Yes-no- that is, not exactly. I met the old tellow a little time ago, and asked him to put me up for a night or so. Metherell-probably you know the name-the

son is staying here.' 'I know the name,' Cora answered,

'It seems ssrange, certainly,' Madge admited, hardly knowing what to say, and wondering if Dorrien was aware that Lucy was engaged to Mr. Lidley.

She was about to ask him, then checked h rself.

It was better that Lucy should explain. 'You would like to see Miss Brend at once, would you not? she said. 'Will you come to her in the garden, or would you

'If I may make a choice, I would prefer meeting her here,' he replied.

'Then I will send her to you,' Lady Ayerst said, and, with a slight bow, she left him.

She met Lucy coming towards the house, swinging a racket, and singing merrily : 'What a pearl of a bird is that gay tomtit."

'I am going to rescue Shirley from the toils of Lady Gildare,' she said, on reaching Lady Averst. 'It is just getting cool enough for tennis.'

'I was coming to look for you.' Madge said. 'There is a visitor waiting for you in

'A visitor for me ! Who is it ?'

white, and from white to red.

'One you will not be very glad to see, I am atraid; but still, my dear Lucy, I honestly think he deserves some sort of an explanation. I really teel rather sorry for

·For Captain Dorrien. He has come

'How dare he ! 1 ab olately refuse to

'My dear Lucy, do be fair to the poor

see him. No power on earth shall induce

man !' Madge opened her eyes wide in sur-

prise at the other's hot indignation. She

even laughed a little in her pretty solt way.

know. Do get rid of him pleasantly.

'You have treated him rather badly, you

'How dare he come here ?' Lucy cried,

wrathfully. 'After my letter, how dare he

come ! You don't know what a cad he is,

Madge. You don't know anything about

him. I have been most merciful to him.

Captain Dorrien was waiting, with ner-

He meant to be very dignified and stern.

Coatinued on Fifteenth Page.

**HOW TO COOK** 

A SHOE

Apply any ordinary shoe-dressing, &

vous impatience, for her appearance.

down from town expressly to see you.'

·For whom ?' Lucy's face was changing from red to

me to."

tinguish what it was, crept a notice hearer,	Laxa-Liver Pills cure the headache by	Nothing of any importance. Mademoi-	slowly. 'It was in that house my mother	once or twice a week, for a short time. 9	
and a little nearer, growing more curious	correcting the cause.	selle-Mademoiselle-what is the name			
as she advanced, until she stood within a	And they do their work easily and	you are known by now ?'	Your mother! Impossible !'	When the Shoe Cracks, It's Done.	
couple of vards of Nurse Patience.		you are known by now :	'Did you not know them then? It is a		
One of the servants 'she thought, with	perfectly without any gripe, pain or	'You are going to Royal Heath ?' she	Die you not know them then ? It is a	N.BAvoid	p
a wicked little grin. 'What on earth is she		questioned, paying no heed to his query.	year ago.'	δ • •	45
a wicked inthe grin. If hat on part hachelors		'That is my destination,' he answered.	'I-1 heard there was a murder in the	9 TONES CASTOR TO TO TO TO S	
crying about ! Has one of the gay bachelors	Her name is Mrs. John Tomlinson.	'Ank you ?'	house,' he said, drawing his hand across		
staying in the house been trifling with her	Her address is 107 Steven St. North.	'I am staying there.'	'I-I heard there was a murder in the house,' he said, drawing his hand across his livid face. 'But Dola- bow did the come to be there? You		,
affections ? '	This is what she says :		did she come to be there? You		
She must find out.	"Being troubled with severe head-	The company muse, indeed, be beloet.	don't mean this. I remember the name,	and with statistics, and and a statistic a statistic of the	
So, accordingly, she gave a little cough,	aches, I was advised by a friend to try		gont mean tuis. I remember the name,	SPECIAL COMBINATION	
to make known her presence.	Laxa-Liver Pills. I only required to	Have you not heard . She is dond	it was Kozier.	§ Leather Dressing §	
The woman started, lifting her face, all	use half a bottle when the headache	I THE WAR DUFFIDIV MUTUCICU.	'Yes; we took that name; it was safer	a Leather Dressing	
The woman started, ming her race, and	vanished and I have not been troubled	You don't say so : Four Dona : Opon	than the other. And you had no idea?'	9 COOT	2
wet and suffering, her dark, tortured eyes		I my word she was the orly woman I ever	'My dear child' he exclaimed, 'how	IT WON'T COOK.	
meeting those of the intruder.	with it since."		could I tell that Madame Rozier was Dola	off work I cooking	
But, as she did so, the expression chang-	Laxa-Liver Pills 25c., all druggists.	you, my dear. You can always rely on	Neileon P?	PACKARD makes it	an a
ed to one of immeasurable amazement.		you, my dear. 100 can always fory on	'You were not there at the time?'		po!
She staggered forward, one hand pressed	Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is	my lending you a helping hand. We are	'I was in Scotland,' he said, hastily.	Y	
to her foreh ad, her voice coming in a	the simplest safest quickest cure for all	1 old chums, you know. We muse put to	I was in bootstady at suit, and	L. H. PACKARD & CO.	
	coughs and colds of children or adults.	I gether. 1-1-	Wen, I must be ch, of it with be too in of	00000000000000000000000000000000000000	25-
quick, gasping cry.	Price 25c.	He stopped, because the expression of	for a call.		
'You !- Dola Konski-you !'	11100 200.				