

A Cruel Revenge

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "A Broken Betrothal," "Parted at the Altar,"
"The Heiress of Cameron Hall," Etc., Etc.

(CONTINUED.)

At length she saw the shrubbery gate, and by it, carelessly leaning against the frame-work, she saw Percy Fielding.

"I thought the word 'compromise' would bring you, pretty Rosebud," he said, with a mocking smile.

And to her consternation he seized both of her hands firmly in one of his, and with the other covered her rosy mouth.

"Quick, now," he cried to some one near him; "curse you! where is the shawl? She's struggling like an eel. One scream and all our work is useless."

From the shadow of the adjacent trees sprang two dark figures, and instantly the thick folds of a shawl were thrown over her head, and she was lifted forcibly from her feet.

In vain the poor child struggled with almost superhuman strength, but it availed her nothing in the iron grasp in which she found herself.

And the piercing screams she uttered never penetrated the thick stifling folds of the heavy shawl about her.

She was quickly placed in a coach which was in waiting, and the driver sprang to his seat, applying the lash to his horses just as Raymond Leslie, pale and foaming with rage, reached the gate.

The events just narrated had taken place with such lightning rapidity, Raymond Leslie merely caught sight of the disappearing coach as he reached the gate.

"Oh, my God! is it as bad as that?" he gasped, "Rosebud has eloped!" and the thought seemed to almost take away his reason.

The pain in that noble heart was

too great for words; no moan or murmur escaped his ashen lips; the color faded from his cheeks and the light from his eyes.

He laid his arms heavily over the cold stone gate-post, burying his face in them; and there for some moments he stood in dumb, motionless sorrow, bearing the keenest agony man has to suffer.

They were only minutes that passed over his head, yet they seemed to him hours; they aged him as years could not have done. The fact that he raised to the star-sown heavens had lost all its gay, bright youth; it was haggard and terrible, like the face of a man who has died the instant his heart has been pierced with a sword.

He tried to walk, but the strength of his limbs failed him; he was half blind and dizzy, swaying to and fro against the gate-post.

Fortunately for him, one of the servants passing through the garden saw him.

He came up to him at once and looked in wonder at his master's white, drawn face.

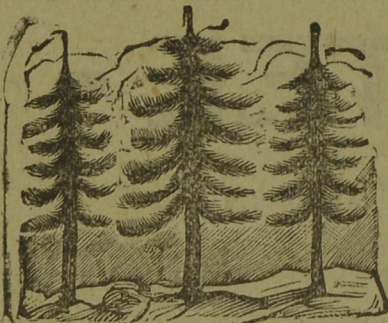
"You are ill, sir?" he said in alarm.

"Yes, I am ill, very ill," replied Raymond, faintly.

The man started back in amaze as his young master slowly raised his eyes—there was in them such untimely pain.

"Shall I call Mrs. Leslie, sir?" he asked.

The groan that broke from Raymond Leslie's lips quite frightened the man.



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Cures COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS and all THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. Miss Florence B. Mailman, New Germany, N.S., writes:— I had a cold which left me with a very bad cough. I was afraid I was going into consumption. I was advised to try DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. I had little faith in it, but before I had taken one bottle I began to feel better, and after the second I felt as well as ever. My cough has completely disappeared.

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"You have always been faithful, John," he said, in an unsteady voice, "and you will keep my bitter secret. My wife has fled from me. God knows why. Do not let the servants or any one know. I shall leave here at once; and, for honor's sake, it must be given out that we have gone together—my wife and I."

Raymond Leslie never fully realized until that awful moment how much his young wife's love was to him.

"Then you are not going on to New York, sir?" asked the man.

"The baggage is all in the corridor. Shall I take it back to the rooms?"

"No," said Raymond, sadly; "let it remain just where it is. Nothing must be touched. Close up the house and say nothing to the servants. I may return here years from now, and I may not. I can not tell. If my wife ever returns here, tell her I went away a heart-broken man."

He quickly opened the gate, and before the astonished servant could recover himself, Leslie was gone.

He had left no address. The man did not remember it in his intense surprise until it was quite too late.

Scarcely an hour passed when a stranger, with eager flushed face, dashed up to the main entrance and suddenly drew rein.

"I wish to see your master. Is he at home?" he questioned, springing lightly from the saddle.

"No, sir," answered the servant; "he has gone."

"Gone?" echoed the stranger in astonishment; "how unfortunate! Then perhaps I may be permitted to see his wife?" he said, hesitatingly.

"She's gone too, sir," answered the man, respectfully, trying to keep as near the line of truth as was absolutely possible.

"My business is very urgent. Could you tell me where they have gone?" he asked, abruptly, after a few moments of deep thought.

"No, sir," answered the shrewd old servant, eying the stranger curiously.

"I am baffled at every turn," muttered the young man, gloomily, as he slowly remounted his prancing steed. "Any other man less persevering than myself would grow weary at such repeated failures. When do you expect Mr. Leslie and his wife home?" he asked.

"We never expects 'em until they gets here," answered the servant, evasively.

"When they arrive home, please give Mrs. Leslie this card," he said. "Please say I wish to see her at the earliest possible moment. I am stopping at the Grand Hotel, where a line addressed to me will reach me at once."

With a pleasant nod he touched his horse with his riding-whip and cantered away.

Meanwhile, the servant was eagerly scanning the bit of pasteboard under the gate-lamp.

The name upon the card was Joseph Hart.

"I'll keep it safe until master or missus returns," he said, mournfully, "which may be for years; the Lord only knows."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In vain Rosebud struggled to free herself from the folds of the heavy shawl that enveloped her. All in vain—in vain!

How long the carriage rolled on over the smooth, pebbled shore she never knew.

Suddenly it came to a dead halt, and the same strong arms lifted her as easily from the seat as though she were an infant, carrying her over a long walk, and up a pair of stairs that seemed to poor, frightened Little Rosebud almost endless.

There was a low, murmured conversation, and the next moment the shawl was removed from about her; and, as she sunk almost fainting in the nearest chair, she saw Percy Fielding standing before her, and beside him a man whose face was entirely concealed by a full, close-fitting mask.

"What do you think of the way I have compromised matters, my charming wife?" asked Fielding, sardonically, bowing low before her donically, bowing low before her with all his old-time reckless dash.

Fear, horror, and despair were all blended in the look she cast upon his handsome, satanically smiling face, as she sprang to her feet and stood facing him, her dark-blue eyes dilated, her cheeks flushing, and her small hands clinched together in breathless anger.

"If there is a spark of human pity

THE CAMEL'S HEAD.

"Where the camel's head goes his body follows," says an Oriental proverb. It's the same way with disease. A small opening will give it an entrance and when disease once has a place in the body a large number of ills may follow it.

The opening for disease is often found in a "weak" stomach. When the stomach is "weak" the body also becomes weakened by lack of nutrition, and disease attacks the heart, liver, lungs, kidneys and other organs.

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"For the past two years I have been a very sick woman," writes Mrs. Chesley, of 108 Woodland Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. "I tried medicines from doctors and to no avail. At last I decided to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When I started I was all run-down and had a very unpleasant taste in my mouth. Was choked up, and at times it was very hard for me to breathe. I had severe headaches and cutting pains in my knee joint. Was so weak I could not attend to my work nor walk up or down stairs without the assistance of my brother or some friend. I am now taking the fourth bottle, and am happy to say I feel like myself again. I can go up and down stairs and perform my duties as well as any one. Everything seems to be brighter, and I can assure you that life is worth living."

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Biliousness is cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

In your heart, let me return to my husband!" she sobbed. "I will pay you well to release me. I am rich in my own right; I will give you every dollar that I possess if you will only liberate me at once, that I may return to my husband—and the world shall never know of this; I give you my solemn promise."

The lurid hate that flamed up into the bold, evil eyes looking into her own almost paralyzed her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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(From the Atchison, Kan., Daily Globe.)

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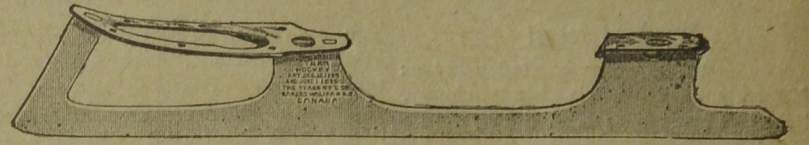
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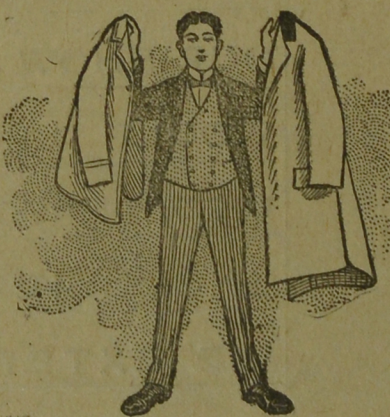
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