

A Cruel Revenge

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

[CONTINUED.]

In the library of his magnificent home Raymond Leslie was pacing the room like one suddenly bereft of reason. The groan of agony that broke from his lips was heartrending.

"Oh, my darling Little Rosebud!" he cried. "Surely she can not be dead! God could never be so cruel as to take her from me. I can not believe it," he cried, passionately. "I can not realize it! How can I believe Little Rosebud—who was the soul of my soul, dearer to me than anything in the world—has gone from me forever?"

Poor Raymond tried his best to bear the terrible shock; but the strength of his manhood failed him, and, with a cry never to be forgotten by those who heard it, he flung himself down on a sofa, weeping as though his tortured heart would break.

"Bring me a glass of wine, Morton," he said to the man who had brought him the terrible news—"Bring me something quick to steady my nerves!"

"He needs rest and sleep," muttered the man, "more than anything else," and, with the best of intentions, he administered a sleeping potion in the glass of wine which soon took effect.

Morton looked with pity on his young master's handsome, haggard face.

"What a storm of tempest and grief he has gone through!" he thought. "It will be a deed of mercy if he sleeps until the funeral is over."

It is midnight ere Raymond Leslie opens his troubled eyes again on the busy world, and like a flash he realizes it must all be over. Poor Little Rosebud must have been hidden for long hours in her grave. A wild resolve, worthy of a madman, for Raymond Leslie is so tortured with grief he is scarcely sane to-night, leaps into his brain.

An hour later he stands at the gate of the cemetery, his head bowed on the cold stone posts that guard the entrance. The great grief and excitement under which he had labored were beginning to tell upon his overstrained nerves. He opened the gate mechanically and entered. How cold and white the marble shafts looked in the clear, pitying moonlight.

Where should he find Little Rosebud, his darling, his love, in that vast city of the dead? In the distance he saw a man slowly pacing between the graves. Raymond quickly made his way toward him, and as he reached the spot, the cold moonlight fell upon a plain little white slab, and he read the simple name:

ROSEBUD,
Aged Sixteen.

A bitter cry broke from Raymond Leslie's lips.

"My God," he cried, "can it be I shall never look upon my darling's face in life again? My good man," he cried, passionately, "if you will open that grave for me, and let me look for one brief moment at the face of the sweet young girl I have loved so truly, I will make you a rich man for life."

"Surely, sir, you are going mad," cried the man, in alarm, gazing compassionately at the white, handsome, haggard face. "It could not be done!"

Raymond Leslie drew from his pocket a heavy roll of bank-notes, and thrust them into the sexton's trembling hand.

"You must not refuse me," he cried. "No one will ever know."

At last the sexton consented, and Raymond stood, with beating heart and bowed head bared to the night wind, while the work of resurrection went steadily on.

When Baby Cries.

When a baby cries almost continually it is a certain sign that there is something the matter with its stomach or bowels, and the mother should at once give it a dose of Baby's Own Tablets, which sweeten the poor little stomach, promote digestion and relax the bowels. Mrs. Fred McIntosh, Waingon, Ont., who had had experience, writes: "When my little boy was two months old he began to cry and kept it up almost continually day and night for several weeks. I gave him medicine, but it did not seem to assist him a bit. I had not at this time used Baby's Own Tablets, but the poor little fellow was suffering so much that I sent for a box. He obtained relief almost from the first dose, and in a few days was quite well. Since then he has grown splendidly, and is a bright, laughing, good-natured baby. I hold the Tablets in the highest regard and cheerfully recommend them to all mothers."

This is the verdict of all mothers who have used the Tablets. They are good for children of all ages and always cure all their minor ailments. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



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Just add lukewarm water—soaks into fabric without rubbing and stiffens perfectly. The edge or point of the iron will give the gloss.

Good grocers sell it.

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Quick and fast fell the rapid strokes of the spade, while the willow-trees around them seem to sigh a requiem to the wandering night breeze, as Raymond Leslie stoops down to assist the old grave-digger lift the heavy coffin from the cold, damp earth and place it upon the upper ground.

In a trice the heavy lid is off and poor Raymond flings himself down on the cold earth with a bitter groan beside the coffin where sweet Little Rosebud rests, eagerly scanning the beautiful flower-like face in the soft radiant starlight.

"How could death have blighted one so fair," he cried, stooping down to press a lingering kiss on the death-cold lips. He starts back with a wild, ringing cry.

"My God! sexton," he cries, "am I mad, or do I dream—that those lips I pressed to mine were warm and moist like the flesh of the living, and there is a faint pulsation of the heart, and a faint warm breath from the lips! My God! sexton, Little Rosebud has been buried alive!" he gasps.

Struck with mortal fear and trembling with apprehension the old grave-digger dropped the spade he had been leaning against, pressing his trembling hand to the girl's heart. The perspiration started out on his forehead in great beads and trickled down his face.

"It is too true, sir," he whispers, in a strange, hollow, awe-struck voice. "This beautiful girl is in a trance; she has been buried alive!"

Like one crazed with sudden joy, Raymond Leslie snatched her from the casket, wrapping her fondly in his own overcoat, clasping her fervently to his beating heart, raining down passionate kisses on her cheeks, lips, and on her long, damp, flaxen curls.

"She must be removed from here at once, and restoratives applied," said the grave-digger, touching the young man on the shoulder. "You must remember she is by no means out of danger yet."

The man's words seemed to recall Raymond Leslie's scattered senses. A sudden thought like an inspiration occurred to him. Why not make Little Rosebud his bride as soon as she returned to consciousness? Then he would have the right to protect her, and take her to his own stately home at once, where she could have all the care and attention his princely wealth could lavish upon her.

How startled the world would be with the tragic story—his Little Rosebud would be quite a heroine.

At the farther end of the cemetery a little church, with rectory attached, nestled among the drooping willows. There Raymond Leslie, carrying his precious burden, bent his steps, while the sexton remained behind to cover up all traces of the night's work.

"What has been done must remain a dead secret, until we see whether she lives or dies. All danger is not over yet," he remarked, sagely.

The old sexton and his good wife were amazed when they heard the wonderful story that read so much like a romance.

"How beautiful the pretty little creature is," cried the sexton's wife, chafing the cold little hands between her own warm palms, and gazing upon her childish face with sweet womanly pity, as she quickly applied powerful restoratives, while Raymond Leslie hung over the pillow, white to the very lips with intense excitement, watching as if his very life depended upon the issue for the first tremulous breath or signs of returning consciousness.

All night long poor Little Rosebud struggled valiantly with life, and as the last stars faded from the sky in the misty dawn the blue eyes fluttered slowly open to meet the adoring eyes of her lover bent rapturously upon her only to close softly again as she whispered the one word: "Raymond!"

CHAPTER XXII.

"Rosebud, oh, my darling, speak to me!" cried Raymond Leslie, in an agony of entreaty over the white still face. "I should die if I were to lose you now!"

He clasped the little cold hands in his warm, fervent clasp, calling her by every endearing name he could think of; his strong manly heart throbbing painfully in the terrible agony of suspense.

At last the fluttering white lids slowly opened.

"She is recovering, bless her dear little heart!" cried the sexton's wife, brushing away a suspicious moisture from her motherly eyes.

"Heaven be thanked!" exclaimed Raymond, joyously. "The cold air and the restoratives have brought her to. Poor child, her life hung on but a slender thread. Surely it was the voice of God that prompted you to open that casket?"

"Where am I? Is it a sweet dream, or are you really here, clasping my hands, Raymond? I have had such a cold, dark dream," murmured Rosebud, her blue eyes lingering on Raymond's face.

"It is all true, my darling," he whispered, trying hard to repress his excitement.

"You would frighten the poor girl to death if you were to tell her just now that she had been buried alive. Keep it from her until she is strong enough to bear the shock," whispered the sexton's wife, as she silently left the room, leaving the strangely united lovers together.

"I remember I was in the depot last. Did you save me from them, Raymond?"

"Yes," he answered, thinking to humor her fancy.

"Ah, Raymond, I remember still more," she gasped. "I fell at their feet, and Maudy thought I was dead. They took me back to Aunt Edna's, and there I was placed in a casket. I heard all they said as they stood about me—all the cruel things they said, and the very horror of it made me faint away. You must have saved me then?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Paint Brushes.

Do not neglect when setting aside paint brushes to put them in turpentine. This will remove the paint, and the brushes can then be cleansed with hot soap and water.

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You keep yourself sick.

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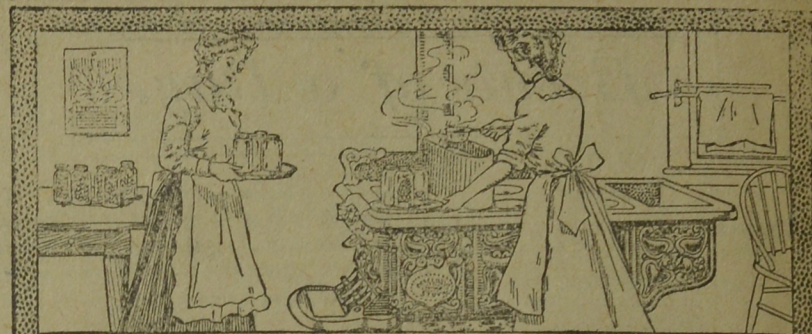
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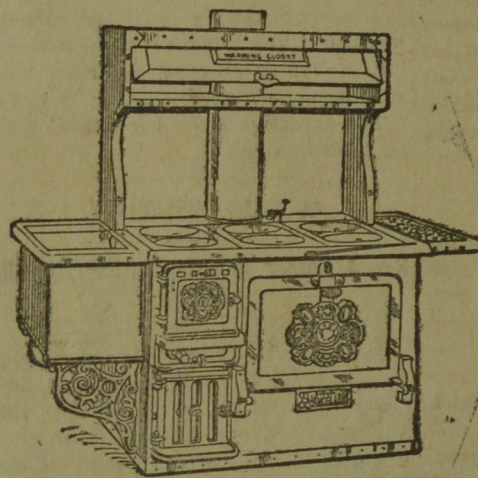
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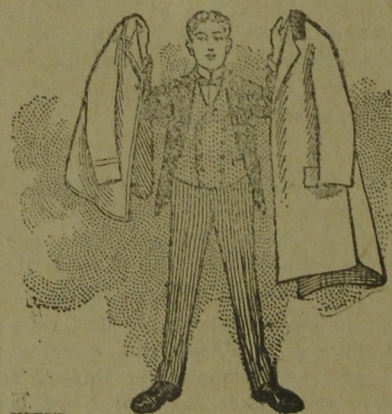
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