# NORA'S TEST

From Darkness To Light

BY MARY CECIL HAY

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

Again Mark paused for a few moments, but Nora only waited in silence, sitting very still, and wondering why her heart beat so hurriedly.

"Dr. Nuel Armstrong knew that Miss Giffard had risen more than once in her sleep, and quietly and correctly ministered to the sick lady who seemed—waking and sleeping—to be in her care; but he chose to withhold his knowledge of this fact at the time when it would have left Arthur Poynz free from suspicion. He and my uncle were cousins, so I claim a kind of cousinship, too. Of course, our name is the same. Had I not inherited the title, too, until he returned to receive it from me—his just due? Do you wonder, Nora, as I did, why Dr. Armstrong should have suppressed this probable solution of the mystery of Mrs. Say's death, and let the vile suspicion of murder hurry her young heir to the grave—as he thought? I can tell you now why it was. For some time a very beautiful Irish girl had been visiting an old friend of her mother's at the Heaton Vicarage, and Nuel Armstrong had chosen to fancy this girl for his wife. But Arthur Poynz had learned by this time to love her for something even beyond her beauty—her rare and exquisite beauty," repeated Mark, laughing a little as he watched the color rise in Nora's cheeks under his steadfast gaze—"and so one day they were quietly married by the vicar, and she stayed on and on, and seemed to forget her Irish home. That was little wonder," continued Mark, warmly, "considering what a home it was; yet I love since then known a girl who could think lovingly and tenderly even of such a home as that. At the time of Mrs. Say's death, when Nuel Armstrong so promptly laid suspicion on Mrs. Say's heir, his jealousy had reached its climax, for he had been told by the vicar himself of the marriage. You—you of all people, Nora—can understand how little any conscientious scruple would stay Nuel Armstrong in his jealousy and revenge; for he was as pitiless and as selfish nineteen years ago, in his pursuit of your mother, as he has been in these later years——"

"My mother?"

Nora uttered the words very softly, with her fingers locked, and her eyes wide and wistful. She had no thought for Nuel Armstrong. She had almost lost the story Mark had been telling her, in the new, delicious pain of hearing her mother's name at last.

"Yes, mother, sweet," Mark answered, very gently. "The beautiful girl who came alone to Heaton, and was left here for so many months, unsummoned by her cold and selfish father, was your mother; and—and, Nora, dearest, the young master of this old house, who has lain so long, and so unjustly, under the shadow of a great crime, is your father. My darling!" he cried, taking her hands in his as she rose to her feet, "don't look so awed and bewildered. It will all seem natural to you very soon—when you have seen him. He only thought it would be best for me to prepare you. All that Nuel Armstrong told you of your father was a lie; coined to serve his own selfish purposes, and all the more a lie because it touched the truth. Dear, he never had a clew to your father's hiding place; he never traced him, and brought a letter from him—as you betrayed in your illness that he had said he had—and your father thought much more of keeping hidden from him than from anyone who bore his own title. You understand that now, don't you, dearest? And presently you will understand how, to gratify both his passionate admiration for your beauty and his cold and long-nursed revenge against your father, he strove with all his power to win your hand. There, we may let him rest. He has his wife with him now—poor girl! poor girl!"

"And—my mother?" whispered Nora, not knowing what she asked, only longing to hear something of her.

"Your mother, dear," put in Miss Giffard, with a gentle kiss upon the girl's wistful face, "was my dear friend, though I scarcely ever could leave this house to see her, or ask her to come here. You are so like her, Nora, that it was no wonder my heart went out to you that first day Mark brought you to my cottage, when, I feel sure now, he had guessed a little of our story, and wished to see if I recognized your name. Nora, dear," she went on, her voice sinking lower, "it was not long after his escape that—she died. And then she sent her baby girl at once to her father, Col. St. George, in Ireland. It was Rachael Corr who took you, and I believe your grandfather made her take an oath not to divulge the secret of your parentage, threatening afterward, when she had married Corr, that he would turn her from his house as soon as ever he heard of her doing so."

"I—I understand," faltered Nora, recalling one other day when she had expected to meet her unknown father. "May I go to him?"

"He is here, Nora," said Mark, stroking her hair gently as he spoke. "Are you rested now, my own dear love? Ah! you cannot silence me any longer. I am breaking no promise. If I spent every moment of every hour in telling you how I love you (and I very easily and pleasantly could), and if I ceaselessly rehearsed our marriage topic, sweet, I should still break no promise now, for I am not Lord Keston—only plain Mark Poynz. Now we will—— Nora, darling, see! There is the real Lord Keston."

Trembling so strangely and pitifully that her hand went helplessly out seeking a support, Nora stood with her eyes fixed upon her father. Each moment her breath quickened, her eyes dilated, and her fingers grew tight and convulsive in their tension. Still she made no step forward to meet him, and no call upon his name passed her white, parted lips. Celia, with all her ready sympathy, could understand nothing of this intense and painful emotion; but yet, in an uncomprehended sorrow, she turned her face away, because she could not stop her tears. Mark, standing apart and resisting bravely his almost uncontrollable impulse to put his strong, sustaining arm around the trembling figure, turned away, too, at last, his chest heaving, and the lines gathering in his forehead. Still the girl never stirred; only now one hand was lifted and pressed upon her heart, as if its throbbing had grown insupportable. With a troubled, torturing intentness she read her father's face as he came up to her, her own growing whiter and whiter the while, and her eyes slowly darkening with a look which they had never known before. She was reading all the unuttered truth in that gaze of his; and when at last he called her by her name, she fell suddenly to her knees.

But when he raised her, and kissed her—kissed her again and again, on brow, and cheeks, and lips—then laid her head upon his breast, and whispered sweet and unknown words of endearment, she gently stole her arms around him, and the low, broken cry of joy was for his ears alone:

"My father—my own father!"

She had known nothing of that likeness to her dead mother which had brought such immeasurable love into his eyes at sight of her. She had only seen the love there, and known it by intuition to be a father's love. Instantly, in the intensity of that moment of doubt and hope and longing, the truth had rushed into her heart, and filled it to overflowing with this new, delicious joy.

And it was well that Mark had told the father so little of his child, for the glad surprise could make even his joy the greater in this hour.

CHAPTER XXII.

That wonderful day at Heaton Place was over, but the old friends had not separated. They had walked together through the park to Miss Giffard's cottage; and now, in the bright and warm little drawing room, they lingered as if they did not know how night and darkness had settled on the world without. There seemed so much to say, and somehow nothing ever could be said quite rationally, and without countless wild and happy interruptions.

The wonderful change in Miss Giffard riveted Nora's eyes so often that once or twice Mark intercepted his own laughing face, and reminded her that her eyes were too big to distend in astonishment.

"Of course, you must be astonished at my happiness, Nora," Miss Giffard whispered once, guessing the thought which made the girl so gladly watch her; "for you could never realize the weight which for so many years has pressed upon me in my solitude. Not of suspicion, dear—never that; only of such utter bewilderment and mystification. I could but live in the past, and the past was so very dark."

"It must have been so utterly incomprehensible," said Nora, gently. "But no one will let me remember it now." And Miss Giffard smiled in perfect certainty of this.

"What a crowd we look here!" laughed the vicar, looking round the bright little well-filled room. "What intruders we are, Cis!" he added, turning to his wife.

"I really never appreciated the real comfort of my cottage until to-night," Miss Giffard answered, cordially. "I have rung for tea on purpose to see Nora presiding. Arthur, will you spare her?"

"Kate," he whispered presently, "she is as beautiful as her mother, and more—more—what is it?"

"You will understand by and by," she answered, with a smile.

"This," said Lord Keston, standing to take his tea from Nora, and looking round with rather a girlish dimness in his eyes, "is just my ideal of a home. I shall never be able to fit myself into any position of pomp or state again. Mark, you will have to relieve me of all that."

"But I don't understand it," observed Mark, just as coolly as if his face betrayed nothing of his immeasurable happiness to-night. "We have a villa in Florence, I believe, to which we retire, every man in our family, on his marriage. That's all I know of our future."

"I think I shall settle myself there for a time," returned the elder man, laughing a little; "and then I shall have a chance of seeing you and Nora during your travels. Judging from some stray remarks of yours, Poynz, those travels are to extend into a remote country. But, at one time or other, you must needs visit Florence; and you shall find me there, with others of our old friends, too, I hope. But first," he went on, with growing earnestness, "I must see the Irish home of my—my wife and child; the home where each of them grew up to girlhood."

"Oh, father, yes!" whispered Nora, still close at his side. "We will go to Traveere. And it will seem so different, now I know my mother lived there, solitary, too, as I did. And you will see all the old——"

They were unshed tears that stayed the words to Celia's great dismay; for how, she thought, could Nora care for that grim, comfortless old house, when she could live now in such a home as Heaton Place? And how, in this peaceful, pretty valley, could she think tenderly of that chill, bare bog?"

"Nora," asked Mark—she had retaken her seat at the tea table, and he had sat down near her, leaning forward to address her very earnestly—"may I ask Mr. Pennington to marry us at Kilver? Will you not like to be in the old church you have known so well, and by the old friend of whom you are so fond?"

"There is no trouble in that," said Nora, simply, but with the brightest, swiftest blush. "It is a very easy word to say, Mark."

"Thank you, thank you, my own love," he whispered, from his full, glad heart. "It is what I have long been wishing."

* * * * * * *

Looking like a speck on the wide stretch of bog, a curious machine was creeping slowly along the road between Kilver Vicarage and Traveere; and but for the fresh and girlish laughter which proceeded from it now and then, and its rather frequent pauses, it would have worn a somewhat funeral aspect.

"Don't you feel exactly like old times, Mr. Poynz?"

Nora asked this question gravely, as she sat, very upright and content, on her side the jolting old car from Traveere, and looked affectionately down upon Borak.

"If old times feel very comfortable, as a rule, and—progressive," returned Mark, from his side of the car, "my feelings resemble them exactly."

"I am afraid," said Nora, her eyes wandering thoughtfully on beyond Borak's ears, "that I don't feel so changed as—as any one else would be, by all I have learned and felt since you drove me here before, Mark. I feel so happy, and—and quite young again; yet I ought to be very different."

"You ought," returned Mark, in his leisurely way, "to be a grave and elderly party with a mission. And you ought never even to smile; yet I have lately heard you laugh just as if you were still the same Nora to whom I gave——"

"Why did you stop?" she asked, simply. "Were you going to say to whom you gave such good advice that day?"

"That," assented Mark, with gravity, "is naturally my predominant reminiscence of that day."

"You are not altered either—now," said Nora; and she could not help that beautiful, soft light coming into her eyes, as she turned them upon his face.

Nora had so much to say to her old nurse, especially about that pretty home which awaited her in England, and where she would have Micky with her, that when Mark showed her how Borak, feeling himself sufficiently refreshed, was walking solemnly on, she had still left unsaid the one thing which had made her heart so full all the while she sat in the neat little kitchen, looking often at that pretty sketch of her own home, and feeling Rachael so much nearer to her from having known her father so well.

"I know—I know it all, Miss Nora, dear," Rachael said, when at last Nora tried to tell her. "Lord Keston has been here already; he is not one to forget an old servant. He sat here for an hour this morning, and he told me everything. He told me of Miss Kate, and how she, too, would come and see me to-day. He told me how you all arrived with him last night, and that the marriage was to be here, and so soon. He said Mr. Foster had gone over to Kilver this morning. And he told me—even laughing, and he was never one to laugh much—that Mr. Poynz had taken the old horse and car over to the vicarage to fetch you, and had to mend the wheel himself before he could start; and of Kitty's delight, and everything. Oh, my dear, what a glad coming-back this is."

"Nora," said Mark, as they walked after Borak, while he sedately led the way in the empty car, "do you know, I think we shall not lose our clergyman at Heaton, even though the living is to be a wedding gift for the husband of your true little friend."

"Oh, I hope not!" she answered, earnestly. "Will and Celia could make each other so happy!"

"Indeed they could, and will, I think. Nora," Mark said, taking her face between his hands in the quiet road, and kissing her upon the lips, "how generous he was in his greeting to you after—after he knew you were lost to him! It reminded me of your own description of him, on that day we drove along the bog before."

"You remember that drive quite well."

"Pretty well, considering all things. I have a faint recollection of your informing me, as a fact beyond dispute, that England abounded in beautiful, highly educated and altogether charming Rosalinds, among whom I roamed at large; and that you thought it would be an excellent thing for you to have a few of their advantages."

"Oh, Mark, I never thought——"

"Also," he went on, tranquilly, "that Foster was a very celebrated man in this country, and that I was welcome to consume into an early grave with jealousy, if I chose. Poor Will! His eyes are opening now, and one can see what happiness is in store for him."

"I believe," interpolated Nora, "that you must have forgotten the cheerful career you marked out for yourself, Mr. Poynz, when you should be fifty years of age and unmarried. I always had a great wish to give something to that hospital."

"Indeed! The only observation I ever heard from you about it was that the inmates must be very unusually comfortable, under those circumstances. Still of course, you might have been secretly devoting your wealth to that good cause."

"I used to think," said Nora, presently, her voice growing full of thought, "how I would come back to Ireland after my holiday summer was over, and use the money grandpa left me to give ease and comfort to those who, though they had lived around him, had never been helped, perhaps, at all, in those old days. But it is no use thinking of that, because the money is not mine."

"I'm not myself quite so confident upon that head, dearest. I believe Doyle intends to claim it for you, in consequence of the peculiar wording of Col. St. George's letter; as his term is 'your guilty father,' you understand how Doyle intends to dispute that adjective. And then, my love, you can do as you will with your pocket money, you know."

"And if I have forfeited it, as I have always imagined, I have found my father, Mark; and so it was well forfeited. I mean," she added, softly, laying her hand upon his, "you found him for me. Yet I had thought," she whispered, presently, with a shudder at the remembrance, "it was only Nuel Armstrong who could unite us. He—he said that ought to be my love test, Mark."

"And was it not, sweetheart?"

(The end.)

### Art and Nature.

It is hard to embarrass a quick-witted man. A lecturer was once descanting on the superiority of nature over art, when an irreverent listener in the audience fired that old question at him, "How would you look, sir, without your wig?" "Young man," instantly replied the lecturer, pointing his finger at him, "you have furnished me an apt illustration for my argument. My baldness can be traced to the artificial habits of our modern civilization, while the wig I am wearing"—here he raised his voice till the windows shook—"is made of natural hair!" The audience testified its appreciation of the point by loud applause, and the speaker was not interrupted again.

### No Card Playing.

All persons found playing cards in railway cars in Russia are subject to heavy penalties.

Some people are prepared for any emergency—except twins.

## FACTS ABOUT GLASS EYES.

**They Don't Last Long, and Their Wearers Have Queer Fancies.**

"One of the strangest things I have noticed since I've been in this business," said an optician, "is that very few women can tell what kind of noses their husbands wear. That woman that you met as you were coming in, for instance. She had brought in her husband's glasses to be fixed so they would stay on. I asked her if his nose was small or large, betting myself a cigar she couldn't tell. She said she hadn't noticed, but would do so when he came home.

"And men are no better. They can't tell offhand whether their wives have classic Cyranos or the kind that tilt upward. I often ask just to see if they can tell, but it's a question that feazes every one.

"It's the same about ears. Ears play an important role in the fitting of spectacles, as it's necessary to shape the bows according to the way the ears grow. Sometimes one ear is an inch and a half higher than the other, though no one would ever suspect it. You seldom see both ears at once, that's why. Few can tell anything about the ears of their nearest relatives and friends."

As he talked the optician began to do something to a glass eye he held in his hand. Staring up from the showcase were hundreds of eyes of every tint and size.

"Are there many of these worn?" asked the reporter, indicating the counterfeits.

"Within two years I have sold 300. We have about 200 steady customers."

"Steady customers?"

"Yes. An eye wears out in two years, gets dull, you know; or perhaps it breaks.

"The price of one? About $6 unless made to order, then it is $15 or $20. A few years ago they were all $15 or $20; but now a great many customers think $6 an outrageous price to pay for an eye. It's a difficult thing to make them fit and match. There is a great difference in the expression of glass eyes. There are also rights and lefts. When a person has the stump of the eye left the glass eye put on over it may be moved around quite naturally.

"The other day I received a letter from a customer saying he had broken his glass eye. He cemented it together and sent it so I could get the correct size and shape. In the letter he said to hurry up on it as he 'couldn't see without it.' He was quite serious, too.

"But the queerest client I have is a very wealthy woman who wears two artificial eyes. She comes in every little while to stock up, just as she'd go to her milliner's or dressmaker's. She gets all colors, so sometimes her eyes are brown, sometimes heavenly blue. Once she had a pair of queer green ones made from a description of the heroine's eyes in a novel. She's very vain about her glass eyes. She brings her maid with her, and asks her a thousand questions concerning which pair she tries on are most becoming. She gets very angry with the girl when the latter doesn't agree with her own ideas as to which are the handsomest.

"Yes, even as grewsome as this branch of the optician's business is, it is not lacking in its comedy element, because it is dealing with people, and they are funny under the strangest circumstances."—New York Sun.

## ONLY MUSK IN CAPTIVITY.

The only musk ox now in captivity is at the National Zoo in Washington, D. C., and seems to be enjoying itself very much and to be getting along quite well, though it properly belongs to the far Arctic. This species of animal, indeed, is exclusively Arctic. Its range extends all around the Arctic Circle. Hardly bigger than a pony, it is such a creature as one would like to make a pet of—stockily built, short in the legs, with long and thick hair and with small horns that curve downward. This particular musk was fetched from the Arctic to San Francisco, together with two others, both of which died on the voyage. It is not a very near relative of our domestic cattle, belonging to an entirely different genus.

### Photos Taken by Sugar Light.

The curious discovery has recently been made that light may be procured from common sugar. All you have to do is to get a few pounds of lump sugar and put it in the open sunlight for some hours. On taking it into a dark room it will begin to glow, faintly at first, but afterward with quite a strong light. So strong is this luminous glow that photographs have actually been taken by the light. These sugar-light photographs are quite distinct, even if not quite so clear as ordinary photographs.

### To One About to Step Off.

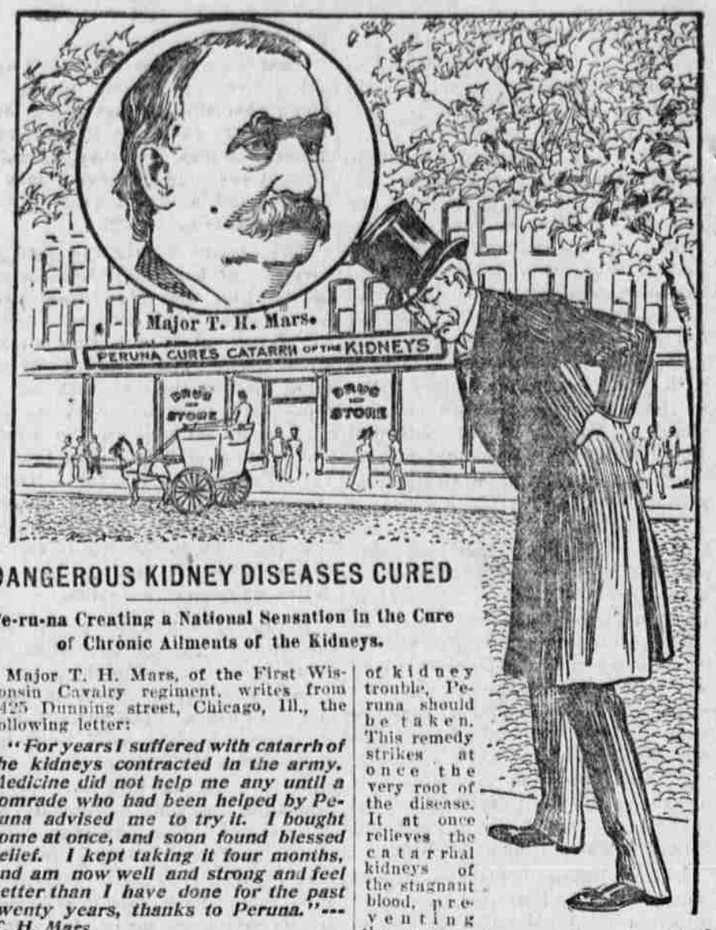
The Daddy—Let me give you a bit of advice, my dear. To a man, the heart of the woman he loves is like an oil country.

The Daughter—How can that be, pa?

"The interest is intense only so long as there is a prospect of new discoveries."—Life.

When there are children around, a man should be as thoughtful to have candy in his pockets, as a woman is to have in pins in the bosom of her dress.


# PE-RU-NA CURES CATARRH OF KIDNEYS EVERY TIME




## DANGEROUS KIDNEY DISEASES CURED

**Pe-ru-na Creating a National Sensation in the Cure of Chronic Ailments of the Kidneys.**

Major T. H. Mars, of the First Wisconsin Cavalry regiment, writes from 1425 Dunning street, Chicago, Ill., the following letter:

***"For years I suffered with catarrh of the kidneys contracted in the army. Medicine did not help me any until a comrade who had been helped by Peruna advised me to try it. I bought some at once, and soon found blessed relief. I kept taking it four months, and am now well and strong and feel better than I have done for the past twenty years, thanks to Peruna."---T. H. Mars.***

Mr. John Vance, of Hartford City, Ind., says: "My kidney trouble is much better. I have improved so much that everybody wants to know what medicine I am using. I recommend Peruna to everybody and some have commenced to use it. The folks all say that if Dr. Hartman's medicine cures me it must be great."—John Vance.

***Mr. J. Brake, of Petrolea, Ontario, Canada, writes: "Four years ago I had a severe attack of Bright's disease, which brought me so low the doctor said nothing more could be done for me. I began to take Peruna and Manalin, and in three months I was a well man, and have continued so ever since."---J. Brake.***

At the appearance of the first symptom of kidney trouble, Peruna should be taken. This remedy strikes at once the very root of the disease. It at once relieves the catarrhal kidneys of the stagnant blood, preventing the escape of serum from the blood. Peruna stimulates the kidneys to excrete from the blood the accumulating poison, and thus prevents the convulsions which are sure to follow if the poisons are allowed to remain. It gives great vigor to the heart's action and digestive system, both of which are apt to fail rapidly in this disease.

Peruna cures catarrh of the kidneys simply because it cures catarrh wherever located.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.


Sponge-fishing has been prohibited in Turkish waters, and Greece will lose an annual revenue of nearly $2,000,000 in consequence.


We are never without a bottle of Piso's Cure for Consumption in our house.—Mrs. E. M. Swayze, Wakita, Okla., April 17, 1901.


The famines in the interior of Russia are coincident with a decline in the humidty, due in great measure to the destruction of forests.


Use the famous Red Cross Ball Blue large 2 oz. package 5 cents. The Russ company, South Bend, Ind.


A syndicate has been started in Paris to promote the interests of tenants. The landlords already have their syndicate.


Don't forget a large 2 oz. package Red Cross Ball Blue, only 5 cents. The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.


### Monuments in Paris.

No city in the world has so many statues and monuments as Paris, and every day sees a new project for a new statute or bust. It is curious to note in this connection that a large proportion of the famous men honored in this way came to their end by violence in some form or other.

Many a man's success in life is due to the fact that he is foolish in his talk but wise in his actions.

Austria is to open a state institute in London to enable Austrian students to perfect their knowledge of English.


**You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.**

Write to-day to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures tired, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25c


### Tasty Spring Dishes.

At this season the appetite carves relishes. Try the following. Melt a large tablespoonful of butter over boiling water; stir in two eggs, a pinch of cayenne, one of paprika, a few caper and anchovies chopped fine: stir until the eggs are cooked; serve on rounds of buttered toast, on a hot water plate if possible. This is Bombay toast.


**How's This?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.


If black underwear, stockings or black yarn that is so knitted is boiled a few minutes in milk the dye will not stain the skin.

A hot cloth around the mold will help jelly or ices to come from it without sticking.

Maoris are to be enrolled as volunteers by the New Zealand government. It is expected that 5,000 will be recruited in six months.


PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not spot, streak or give your goods an unevenly dyed appearance.


Hot water and soda will remove most grease stains.

If bootjacks were boquets the nine lives of the musical midnight cat would be strewn with flowers.

### Lamp of Marine Microbes.

A strange lamp has been constructed by Professor Dubois. A glass globe placed on a metal stand is nearly filled with a liquid composed of luminous marine microbes; there are two tubes running from the globe and through these a supply of air can be sent to the interior when the light grows dull, the effect apparently being to revivify the microbes. The light from this lamp will last for several weeks without renewal of the illuminating medium.


Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamation allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

# Good enough for anybody!

ALL HAVANA FILLER

"FLORODORA" BANDS are of same value as tags from "STAR," "HORSE SHOE," "SPEARHEAD," "STANDARD NAVY," "OLD PEACH & HONEY" and "J. T." Tobacco.