

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Mrs. Isabel Weyland, a widow, is threatened by the creditors...

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Fortune Turns Her Wheel.

Copyright, 1901, by Dodd, Mead & Co. One morning at this time she received a visit...

"My father is dead! my father is dead!" For this was a thing which she had not expected...

"O, sir—it is impossible that he should die without forgiving or bestowing his blessing upon me."

"He is dead, madam," the attorney repeated, "yet as regards his forgiveness and his blessing, I think you will find that you have secured both."

"Dead and buried! O, what can I say? What can I do?" She wrung her hands for herself...

The attorney did not understand her trouble. "Madam," he said, "to lose a parent is an affliction which must fall upon us sooner or later..."

"He made no alteration in his will," the attorney said, "but he made no alteration in his will."

"To myself? Why, truly, it seems as if my father related at last; but pray, sir, what may this moiety mean? Is it a sufficiency?"

"A sufficiency! Indeed, madam, I know not what you have in your late husband, but he was, I have understood, though a sprig of quality, a younger son."

Isabel inclined her head partly to hide a smile. Could she tell this man of the city, where there is contempt for poverty, that she was come to her inheritance?

"Madam, I do not know, I say, the extent of your husband's estate. I may, however, inform you that even in the city your father was respected for his wealth as well as for his integrity..."

Isabel breathed a sigh of relief. "Sir, I thank you for bringing me the news. He left her, begging to be allowed the management of her affairs..."

Isabel took out her purse again—and shook it. The guinea jangled at the bottom of it—the three guineas—the three last—"Oh!" she laughed...

Then another thought struck her. She colored crimson. She gasped. "Oh, heavens!" she said, "if it had happened only two months ago, what things I should have escaped!"

CHAPTER V.

By Chance.

Among those who repaired to St. James park in the cool of the summer evenings in the year of grace 1752...

The noble lord was a tall and well proportioned man, not more than five and thirty, dressed, as became his position...

He loved her naturally; women always love another who is richer than themselves. They also whispered things about her...

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his pride readily accepted that he would not part with any of the things which announced his rank—neither his gold-studded sword, nor his star, nor his gold buttons and buckles...

of her money; the fortune, it was reported, was made in a dirty warehouse by the river, out of flax and raisins—but this statement was contradicted and the report made it tallow, and still another made it candle, but they knew nothing for certain...

There were certain brief periods when Isabel had looked upon marriage as a means of livelihood. During that time she was perhaps willing to contract a marriage which she would afterward, when she be-

came rich, have regretted. She was preserved, however, as we have seen, from this misfortune. The natural effect of her escape was a distaste to any second marriage at all...

At the entrance to the park by Spring Gardens, the footmen stood in a group, exchanging scandals and inventing anecdotes of their mistresses—they waited till the latter should come out, and they beguiled the time as best they could by the circulation of old lies and the fabrication of new...

Lord Stratherrick carried himself bravely, and looked about him with an insolent air of contempt for the rest of the world, which especially distinguished the British aristocracy of that period and made them the pride of their fellow-countrymen, who, for their part, took a pleasure in being thus trampled upon. Proper pride was expected of a nobleman; respect for rank of a private citizen...

He endeavored also to play the part of Cerebus, keeping those who came for the golden fleece. Isabel was now the greatest prize in the market; wherever she appeared, in the park, at the play, at the assembly, at the gardens, she had a small crowd of suitors buzzing around her...

she was not a young widow, no younger son but was ready to offer himself with his noble connections; many of the elder sons would have been rejoiced at taking her hand and her fortune; a woman who has an income of £3,500 a year or more is indeed rare...

Just as she passed through the gates alone, he was about to take the evening air in the park after a long day's work in a hot and stifling court, surrounded by rapacious suitors and reluctant witnesses with a point of law to enforce upon a deaf old judge and a difficult jury...

He kissed her hand and arose. "My name," Isabel continued, "is Weyland—Isabel, widow of the late Honorable Ronald Weyland, of my majesty's commissioners for the Hanaper office. Now you know who I am. For the rest, I am wealthy as women go, and I live here in my own house."

They took their supper of cold chicken and a bottle of wine together. They talked after supper, sitting at the open window while the water of the fountain splashed pleasantly in their ears and the fragrance of the summer flowers was wafted up to the windows. A pleasant talk between a sympathetic woman and a clever man. It was

When the door was closed the young man

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changed color; he showed every sign of surprise, of confusion, of doubt. What should he do? Could he venture to address this lady, or would it be better to pretend not to recognize her, to pass her as a stranger?

The sight of this lady recalled a passage in his life which was painful and shameful for him to remember, and, for this lady, would be assuredly quite as painful and perhaps quite as shameful.

Now, after two years, he met face to face the woman to whom he owed everything.

Should he venture to speak to her? Would she pretend not to know him and not even, perhaps, to acknowledge that she had ever seen so much as the outside of the prison?

This hesitation lasted a few moments only, but in so short a time one may get through a large quantity of reasoning. Thus he hesitated no longer; he advanced and stood before her, bowing low, but all the assurance was gone out of his face; he blushed like any girl; he stammered and boggled just as if he was not a lawyer.

"Madam," he said, "I entreat your pardon." The lady stopped wondering, then she looked around and saw her footman waiting.

"Madam," he advanced, "I am most presumptuous—surely, however, madam—if I recall a day two years ago and more—a day which I ought to forget—but associated with the most noble—the most generous—the most unaffected—madam—what can I say? Can it be possible that I am wrong?"

Yet the day is burned into my heart and cannot be forgotten. How could I ever forget the day, the face, the kindness, the pity—even though the conversation lasted no more than a few minutes, and though I saw that face but once for a moment. How could I forget that face?"

Isabel stared at him. Slowly the remembrance of the man came back to her. In this prosperous, handsome, well dressed gentleman she saw the poor, ragged wretch upon whose release, in a fit of generosity,

she had expended nearly all she had in the world.

"Madam," he repeated, watching her change of color and her troubled eyes, "you cannot but remember. Forgive me for reminding you of my existence."

She raised her fan to her face to hide the agitation into which this recognition had thrown her. He waited humbly, saying no more.

She turned her face. Her eyes were hard. The tear of pity was no more in them, making them soft. "Mr. Oliver Macnamara," she said, "you see that I remember both your face and your name. What would you have?"

"Nothing, madam, believe me."

"Sir, you recall a memory which is hateful and shameful."

"To me it is humiliating, but still it is the memory of a day most fortunate."

"Perhaps, sir, since you have said so much, you have said enough. You have met me by accident. Let us part."

"You have done so many charitable and generous things, then, that you can afford to forget them. Madam, I respect your wish. Henceforth, if I meet you I will make no sign that I have ever before so much as spoken with you. I am always your most humble and most faithful servant."

"Very well, then, Mr. Macnamara; we part as we met. Stop, sir, you look prosperous. May I ask if you have succeeded in your profession since you—since you returned to it?"

"Thanks to you, madam, I was enabled to return to it. Fortune has smiled upon me. When I am judge, or attorney, general, or lord chancellor himself, I shall say, 'This you owe to the lady who relieved you from starvation and drew you gently out of the pit.' Believe me, madam, even if I never meet again, that I will believe in what you have said in gratitude for you—my servant whom you can command." The man's face inspired confidence. It was a face which could be trusted.

"Sir," she said, "if you would know more about me, come with me to my house. If you will, my footmen are waiting for me."

Oliver Macnamara bowed with humility and took his place beside her; they walked away. Two varieties in a green and gold liver, bearing long sticks with round balls at the end, walked after them.

"My house," she said, "is in St. James' square, in the lives of most persons, I believe, some things which are forgotten. Let us forget certain things."

"Madam, all shall be buried in silence, not forgotten."

"If you wish to nourish the emotion of gratitude, sir, it is rare—let me not stand in the way. But before the rest of the world it must be concealed. We are acquaintances only."

"Truth, madam."

"There, this is my house. Mr. Macnamara, I am rejoiced to welcome you to the square, with its fountain and its tall and handsome man; his face sharp and thin, his eyes bright, his features regular. Beneath his lawyer's wig he carried his head erect with something of the air of a noble; his gown, as yet only of stuff, swelled out behind him in the breeze like the foresail of a gallant ship. He walked with the easy assurance which one commonly finds in lawyers who are always before the world, on their feet, playing their part openly in the eyes of all, addressing judges and juries, examining, comparing and convicting of perjury or middle-headedness the most positive witnesses, advancing objections and assuming a confidence which they are sometimes far from feeling in the future of their cause and the equity of their client's claims. Suddenly this young lawyer, who had been sauntering leisurely past the King's Mews into Spring Gardens, looking about him without curiosity, for the fashionable world had no interest for him, stopped; he started; the face of Isabel at the park gates struck him; he hesitated; he

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Dressmakers

And other working women know what it is to have work that must be done at once and yet cannot be done without great physical suffering. There are times when a woman's condition is such that every pressure of the foot on the treadle of the sewing machine means sharp suffering. The typewriter, too, must keep at her post even when the keys of the machine blur into a confused blotch of black and white before her aching eyes, and every touch of her fingertips jars her nerves almost beyond endurance. It's the same with every kind of woman's work. There are times when it can only be done at the expense of great suffering. In such cases there is a strong temptation to spur the flagging energies by the use of a little stimulant, or to take some nerve-numbing drug to dull the present pain. Either practice is dangerous and may prove deadly. The need of the woman is not stimulation but strength, not to numb the nerves but to nourish them.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription perfectly satisfies the need. It works wonders for weak, run-down, worn-out, over-worked women, whether they work at home or abroad, in factory or in office, school-room or store; whether they sit all day at the sewing machine or at the typewriter. It contains no alcohol and is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics. It is purely vegetable and a powerful invigorating tonic. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. It cures nervousness, backache, headache, sleeplessness, mental anxiety, despondency and other maladies which are but the consequences of disease of the delicate womanly organism.

"Please accept my thanks for the benefit received from your medicine," writes Mrs. Nancy C. Dodd, of Red Top, Dallas Co., Mo. "I was not able to sit up all day and had been sick about three months when I first wrote to Dr. Pierce for his advice. I had tried two different doctors but they failed to cure me. One said that I had inherited heart and stomach trouble from my mother. I had smothering spells, two and three every twenty-four hours. Had pain in back of head and my stomach would pain me after eating. I could eat nothing but crackers and these would hurt me. Had pain in right side; could not be moved without suffering excruciating pain. Life was fast becoming a burden to me, as I had given up all hope of ever being better until death ended my sufferings. What I suffered, both in mind and body, cannot be imagined. But for my unbounded faith in God's goodness and mercy I doubt not I would have given up and died. I was so weak, nervous, and down-hearted, I thought I would have to leave my husband and little ones. Never a night was I free from worry. Had female weakness, cold hands and feet. After spending almost everything for doctor bills, and having read so much about Dr. Pierce's medicine, I concluded to try his 'Favorite Prescription.' Took two bottles and then wrote to Dr. Pierce for his advice. Got prompt reply, advising me to take his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' and to use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy locally for inflammation of the uterus. I followed the directions given, and took nine bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' five of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' six vials of the 'Pleasant Pellets,' and used also one bottle of the 'Catarrh Remedy,' as directed. I improved fast while taking his medicine. I can now do my own work in my family and in sewing and any kind of work. My sister came to see me; she said two years back she did not think I would ever be straight any more, that I was drawn over in my shoulders; but my shoulders are not drawn over now."

"I take pleasure in writing to let you know the great good I received from your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pleasant Pellets,'" says Mrs. Nora Gaddie, of Rio, Hart County, Ky. "I took seven or eight bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one or two vials of the 'Pellets.' Think I would have been in my grave had it not been for your medicine. Now I am a thousand times better for your advice. It has been about four months since I took the medicine. I was all run-down, had loss of appetite, could not sleep at night, was nervous, had backache, black spots on my limbs, and sick headache all the time. I have not had sick headache since I took your medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It encourages the appetite, tranquilizes the nerves and induces refreshing sleep.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should always be used with "Favorite Prescription" whenever a laxative is required, as they assist the action of that remedy. They are small in size and easy and pleasant to take.

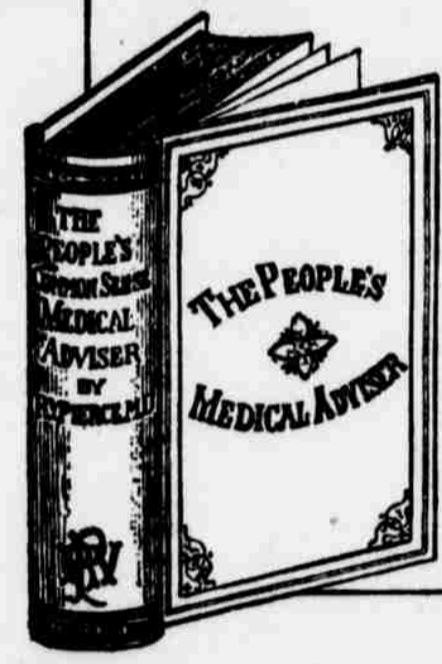
Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All letters are held as strictly private, and the written confidences of women are guarded by the same strict professional privacy observed by Dr. Pierce and his staff in personal consultations with weak and sick women, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Sometimes a dealer, tempted by the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious preparations, will offer a substitute for "Favorite Prescription" as "just as good." Judged by its record of cures of womanly ills, there is no other medicine just as good as "Favorite Prescription."

"EVERYTHING MADE PLAIN."

"I thank you most sincerely for the 'Common Sense Medical Adviser,'" writes Mr. Charles E. Thompson, of Georgetown, Eldorado Co., Calif. "It is a splendid book, and everything is made so plain in it that any one can understand. I would not part with mine for anything."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, containing over one thousand large pages, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



STOP DANDRUFF AND YOU STOP BALDNESS.

Prof. J. H. Austin, 14 McVicker's Theater Bldg., Chicago. Dear Sir—If any one doubts that you can grow hair there out on me. Last March I was bald all over the top of my head, and was about to try a hair restorative. I have a few hairs left on my head, but I have more hair now than I ever had, all I did was to apply your restorative three times a week.

Prof. J. H. Austin, Chicago. Dear Professor—I am leaving on the 2nd of July for Sidney, Australia. I carry with me a clean, healthy scalp right on top of my head, and I wish to be so, and of course I am grateful to Prof. Austin for his hair oil.

Prof. J. H. Austin, Chicago, Ill. Dear Sir—I will send you a picture that shows my hair now. One year ago last May when I began using your Hair Growth I was so bald you could see my head through my hair all over.

TAKE THREE FALLEN FROM THE MORNING COMBINGS

And mail them to Prof. J. H. Austin, the celebrated scalp and skin specialist of years standing and national reputation, who will send you absolutely free a diagnosis of your special case after making a minute examination of your hair under his specially constructed and powerful microscope. There is no charge whatsoever, and in addition he will send a special prescription for your case put in a little box, also ABSOLUTELY FREE. When you are cured of dandruff, which is the forerunner of baldness and grow new hair, Prof. Austin asks that you tell your friends about it. SEND NO MONEY. If you are already partly or totally bald write and tell the cure. WRITE TO-DAY. SEND 2c FOR POSTAGE.

Prof. J. H. Austin, 14 McVicker's Theater Building, Chicago, Ill.

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(To Be Continued.)