

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. Mrs. Isabel Weyland, a widow, is threatened with the debtors' prison. Her chief creditor, Mrs. Brymer, suggests a way out of the difficulty, marriage with an imprisoned debtor, who, for a paltry sum, will assume Mrs. Weyland's debts also. He proves to be a young lawyer, Macnamara, who, through no fault of his own, has fallen into dire straits. Mrs. Weyland, in pity, pays his small debt, sets him free and agrees to marry a negro condemned to die in three days. She then retires in poverty to country life.

CHAPTER IV-(Continued.)

Fortune Turns Her Wheel. (Copyright, 1901, by Dodd, Mead & Co.)

One morning at this time she received a visit. It was from an attorney whom she had known in her childhood. He was her father's attorney; a prim and smug man in black cloth, on very good terms with himpoints of abstruse doctrine with her father no hypocrite, but a perfectly honorable and upright man, though of a narrow creed.

"Madam," he said, "I am the bearer of news which is both bad and good; bad be cause your father is dead."

"My father is-dead! my father is dead!" For this was a thing which she had not expected. It seems, indeed, to many children that their father will never die; so much accustomed are they to the uninterruption of an old age which begins at 50 and drags along to three score years and

"He is dead, madam." "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 received both. He is dead and buried. We knew not where you were living; your brother would have sent." 'O. my brother, my brother. Sir, I know

"He would have sent to you, but he could not find your lodging. Your father died after a short illness; he is buried in Bun-

hill Fields among his own people." "Dead and buried! O, what can I say? What can I do?" She wrung her hands for herself, while the filial tear fell for her father.

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. It is now ten years since I buried my great aunt. But you may take comfort when I inform you that, in spite of your father's disapproval of your marriage. 'Be ye not,' he would say, 'yoked together with unbelievers.' He made no change in his testamentary disposition. You left him and the connection in order to marry a butterfly of fashion. Yet he made no alteration in his will."

explain how this affects my position."

"It affects you, madam, to this extent, that your father, while he bequeathed to your brother, his only son, the business on and profits therefrom-a great and noble bequest-divided the rest of his property, including his real and personal estate, his houses and lands, his money, his plate, his furniture, his horses and carriages, into two be given to your brother in addition to the business; the other to yourself."

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

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

where there is contempt for poverty, that she was come to her last three guineas?

"Madam, I do not know, I say, the extent of your husband's estate. I may, however, his integrity. Your molety, madam, cannot be less than £80,000, which, at 6 per cent, as is possible, to over £100,000.

Isabel breathed a sigh of relief. "Sir. 1 thank you for bringing me the news." He Cerberus, keeping those who came for the left her, begging to be allowed the manage- golden fleece. Isabel was now the greatest ment of her affairs, as he had had that of her father's.

Isabel took out her purse again-and shook it-the three guineas-the three last-"Oh!" she laughed. "And he does not know how near I was to destitution. My poor father!

Then another thought struck her, she colored crimson, she gasped: "Oh, Heavens!" she said. "If it had happened only two Tunbridge Wells, the lodgings of the spa 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, two years after the day in the king's bench and Newgate, was the Honorable Isabel, widow of the late Donald Weyland, some time comptroller in the Hanaper office and only brother of the Earl of Stratherrick. Mrs. Weyland, still quite a young woman and in the fullness of her beauty and her charms, occupied a house in St. James square, where she lived in the style and the substantial comfort of a lady of considerable wealth, having her establishment of servants, her butler, hall porter, lackeys, coachmen, chairmen and women. On this evening of which we speak, which was in early July, between 7 and 8 in the evening, she was escorted by her brother-

The noble lord was a tall and well proportioned man, not more than five and thirty, dressed, as became his position and his rank, in a very fine coat of blue silk, with a white velvet waistcoat. His star was on his breast, and he carried a gold-headed, selves. They also whispered things about clouded cane. His snuffbox was of gold, his hat was edged with gold lace, the buttons dals are generally wont. She had been juries, examining, comparing and convict- readiness for her return with wax candles of his coat were of gold, his buckles were seen with this gallant on the banks of ing of perjury or muddle-headedness the in candelabra hanging from the ceiling and of gold, the lace of his ruffles and his neck- Roscamund pond by moonlight and with most positive witnesses, advancing object in silver sconces against the wall. outward appearance of a man of wealth as bered her, in the early days of her widow- ture of their cause and the equity of their chairs-all with prepossessing gilt, after well as rank. Who was to know unless they hood, she had been constantly seen at the client's claims. Suddenly this young law- the fashion of the day. One of the men had been told-but the whole town had been card table-the fact reduced her to their yer, who had been sauntering leisurely past stood at the door waiting for orders. told—that this nobleman, proud in his bear- own level, which is a great consolation to the King's Mews into Spring Gardens, looking, splendid in appearance, was nothing the envious and the poorer sort; some of ing about him without curiosity, for the better than a pauper maintained by his sisthem knew that she was nothing better by fashionable world had no interest for him, will, I am sure, take a little supper with of the summer flowers was wafted up to the ter-in-law, who gave him a small monthly birth than the daughter of a mere city stopped; he started; the face of Isabel at me." allowance, coupled with the condition which merchant, from whom she inherited most the park gates struck him; he hesitated; he | When the door was closed the young

his pride readily accepted that he would not, of her money; the fortune, it was reported, continued to be that of a man of wealth.

races and run horses against each other. in betting. There are those who put their money upon prize fighters and professors of fence. the cockpit and throw away whole fortunes tablishment, she was a great woman. on the courage and tenacity of favorite self; one of the small sect which met in birds. One of these was the earl of Strath-

part with any of the things which announced was made in a dirty warehouse by the river, his rank-neither his gold-nilted sword, nor out of figs and raisins-but this statement his star, nor his gold buttens and buckles, was contradicted and the report made it nor the gold snuffbox, nor his gold-headed | tallow, and still another made it candles, cane, nor the fine lace at his neck and his but they knew nothing for certain. Howwrists. If Isabel consented to maintain this ever, it was now quite certain that the impoverished lord-her brother-in-law-she woman gambled no more; she had frequent would at least have some return for the card parties in her own house, but she did money so expended in his appearance, which not sit down to play; she invited her friends to festivities and water parties; Many men lose their money by various she was generous, as the rector of St. forms of gambling. There are those who James' church well knew, to the poor and frequent the hazard table, and those who to those who wanted help; she was goodlove faro best. There are those who attend | natured and kindly to all; she took no part in the scandals which made up most of the There are those who spend their whole lives | discourse of the women, and whether as regards her dress, which was always costly, or her manner, which was gracious, There are also those who frequent but could be proud, or her suite and es-

There were certain brief periods when Isabel had looked upon marriage as a means the conventicle. He had often come to the errick. He was not a rich man to begin of livelihood. During that time she was this prosperous, handsome, well dressed house at Hackney either on business or by with. At this time he had lost in the cock- perhaps willing to contract a marriage gentleman she saw the poor, ragged wretch invitation. After dinner he would discuss pit the whole of his fortune, including the which she would afterward, when she be- i upon whose release, in a fit of generosity,

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 every-Should be 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 of day which I ought to forget-but associated with the most noble-the most generousthe most unaffected-madam-what can l 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



ancient plate, pictures, books, furniture, served, however, as we have seen, from world.

armor, arms, and all the things which make this misfortune. The natural effect of "Madam," he repeated, watching her He was seen at the Gray's Inn cockpit, haunted by young city merchants, by lawyers, by highwaymen, by farmers, drovers and the lesser sort, when he could lay the Galley quay, with all the future emoluments odds in shillings and half-crowns, and so carry on his favorite pursuit, though in a small and mean way.

Lord Stratherrick carried himself bravely, and looked about him with an insolent air of contempt for the rest of the world, which latter should come out, and they beguiled parts equal in all respects. One molety will especially distinguished the British aristoc- the time as best they could by the circularacy 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. His lordship, whose appearance was otherwise distinguished, presented also the habitual air of discontent, he could no onger be where he wished to be, in the company of his equals seated round the pit; Isabel inclined her head partly to hide a his sister-in-law was the most obstinate, smile. Could she tell this man of the city, disobliging person in the world; she refused to pay any sporting debts for him; she refused to advance her allowance by so much as a single day; she refused to increase his allowance; she showed herself, as he freinform you that even in the city your father | quently lamented to his ex-valet, Mr. Pinder was respected for his wealth as well as for of the Grapes tavern, Jermyn street, no better than one would expect of the daughter of a mere city merchant. These misfortunes is £3,200 a year, and it may amount, should had the effect of permanently thrusting out the lands and houses be valued as highly his lower lip, which gave him a peevish

He endeavored also to play the part of prize in the market; wherever she appeared, in the park, at the play, at the assembly, at the gardens, she had a small it. The guineas jangled at the bottom of crowd of suitors buzzing around her, a crowd which his lordship could not keep from her save at the cost of insulting and fighting them one by one, for who would He is dead-but in blessing me with this not be pushing, who would not be perfortune he has blessed himself as one who sistent, who would not dare to fight with so rich and so charming a woman as the prize of daring? She went to Bath, the roads were black with those who followed; to were filled with those who thought to find a chance; she returned to London, they all came, too. Penelope herself had not a greater following. They were mostly hungry suttors; no penniless adventurer that came to town but hoped for a presentation to this 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 in indeed rare. They all offered themselves one after the other, as chance gave them an opening some of these after a day's acquaintance some after a month; some tried to carry the fortress by assault, some to undermine its walls; some, but those of the baser sort, endeavored to compromise this widow and to bring scandal to help them; some came crying, some came singing, some came laughing, some came sighing. Never did a woman receive so many offers, and

by experience she knew the form it would She had many friends. rich is quite certain to have many friends. of a gallant ship. He walked with the easy of the square, with its fountain in the mid-They loved her naturally; women always love another who is richer than themher, but sadly, as those who whisper scan-

contents of his castle in Scotland, with the | came rich, have regretted. She was pre- | she had expended nearly all she had in the cockpit, but not where his equals in rank was rich and independent—no legal skill minding you of my existence." aid their bets, and won and lost large sums. in settlements she possessed would se- She raised her fan to her face to hide lo was seen at the Gray's Inn cockpit, cure her the complete independence which the agitation into which this recognition she now enjoyed-and the more she considered the men who flocked around her, the more she despised their empty and wasted lives.

> 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 tion of old lies and the fabrication of new Had we been able to listen to these gentry, whose discourse is happily long since forgotten, we should now have been recording the deplorable fact that in this year of grace there was no kind of honor left among the men nor virtue among the women; that both men and women cheated habitually at cards; that the men got drunk, outwitted each other and were afraid to fight, and that the women could things spoken of as generally true were discussed by the gentlemen of the worsted epaulettes. In so much as I said above, it s a happiness for the credit and character of the house that they have been forgotten. The evening grew later, the sun had set,

but it was still quite light as Isabel approached the gates on her way out; the following of beaux had dwindled down. There was no one with her but her brotherin-law. At the gates Isabel turned to him. "Good night," she said. "I see my two rascals. Now, my lord, let me advise you. Go home; tempt not fortune." His lordship bowed low and turned away, but his lip went out another half-inch or so and it was with a more peevish look than before that he walked away alone. Isabel looked after him for a moment. His discontent was not new to her any more than his passion for one form of sport. She knew that his thoughts every evening, if not his presence, were at the cockpit. He had not yet, in imagination, pledged his last acre, sold his last coppice and lost his last guinea, and, like all other gamesters, if his life had to be acted all over again he would return to the same place and listen to the same music of the birds and their backers. Isabel looked after him, but the time when she might have sighed over the waste of a life was gone; she only wondered if his money for the month was as yet all spent or lost and if she would have to endure his company, which was cold and aristocratic, for dinner until his next allowance became due.

Just as she passed through the gates she was met by a young lawyer. She was 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 was a 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 noble; his gown, as yet only of stuff, swelled out side, her windows facing the west and the behind him in the breeze like the foresail assurance which one commonly finds in die, its grass lawns and its beds of flowers. lawyers who are always before the world. In the hall two more footmen stood up to on their fact, playing their part openly in receive them. Isabel led the way upstairs the eyes of all, addressing judges and to her drawing room. It was lit up in

the solid enjoyment of a long and noble her escape was a distaste to any second change of color and her troubled eyes, "you line of ancestry. He still frequented the marriage at all. Her purpose, now she cannot but remember. Forgive me for re-

had thrown her. He waited humbly, saying

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 he 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 since then that you car afford to forget them. Madam, I respect your wish. Henceforth, if I meet you will make no sign that I have ever before not pay for their finery; that posts of so much as spoken with you. I am always honor in the households of men of rank your most humble and most faithful servwere openly sold. Many other pleasant ant, believe me I will do exactly what you wish and please."

> "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 re turned to it?"

"Thanks to you, madam, I was enabled o return to it. Fortune has smiled upor When I am judge, or attorney gen eral, or lord chancellor himself, I shall say. 'This you owe to the lady who relieved you from starvation and drew you out of the pit.' Believe me, gently madam, even if we never meet again, that there is one heart which always beats in gratitude for you—one 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. It is but a little way, my footmen are wait-

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

"My house," she said, "is in St. James There are in the lives of most square. persons, I believe, some things which are best 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 within my doors. It is, as you said, a long Will you come in with time since we met. The houses in St. James square are large,

roomy and solid. Isabel's was on the east sunset and looking down upon the garden were of the finest valenciennes; his another beside the fountain in St. James tions and assuming a confidence which they room was large, lofty and it was filled with as women go, and I live here in my own stockings were white silk; he presented the square at midnight; some of them remem- are sometimes far from feeling in the fu- fine furniture, pictures, vases, mirrors and house." They took their supper of cold chicken and a bottle of wine together. They talked

"This evening," said Isabel, "I am not

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 t e 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.

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"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 you for advice. Had tried two different docors but they failed to cure me. One said that I had inherited heart and stomach trouble from my mother. I had smothering herited 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 would end 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

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 medicines, I concluded to try his 'Favorite Prescription.' Took two bottles and then wrote to Dr. Pierce for his advice. Got a 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 of the 'Pavorite 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 for my family and take 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."

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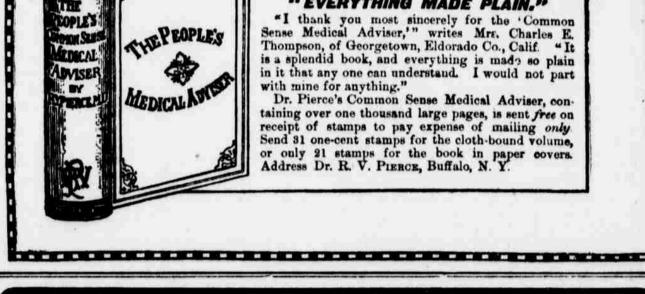
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fell upon one knee and took her hand. "My nearly 12 when her guest arose to take his benefactress!" he murmured. leave. "Mr. Macnamara, remember what I said. "I am very glad we met, Mr. Macnamara, Once for all I rejoice that you have justified Come to see me again. Come often. Tell your words of ambition. So, if you please,

me of your work at the bar and your sucnot one word more. cess in court. I must go to bear you He kissed her hand and arose. plead. I have nothing to do except to "My name," Isabel continued, "is Weylook on. My life is perfectly dull and land-Isabel, widow of the late Honorable quiet, one day like another. I envy you Ronald Weyland, one of his majesty's commen who have ambition more than I can missioners for the Hanaper office. Now you tell you. I am a butterfly and about as The know who I am. For the rest, I am wealthy useful in the world."

after supper, sitting at the open window

while the water of the fountain plashed

windows. A pleasant talk between a sym-

Isabel went into her own room, reflect-

ing on many things. "He will come again," she thought. "He was pleased to meet me. He was pleased she understood the desire of a man for pathetic woman and a clever man. It was sympathy, that is to say, for some one to

whom he can confide the whole of his troubles and ambitions and successes. Her own husband, Isabel remembered, had counted upon her sympathy in the same way without expecting or asking for a corresponding return. In fact, he never offered any sympathy of any kind. "They call it love," she thought, "but this man is not of my world. He will not make love. It will be pleasant to receive a man from whom there will be no word of love. We shall conceal the past and we shall forget it, but it will remain an invisible bond between us."

The clock struck 1. Isabel fell asleep. Had she possessed the merit of prophecy she might have remembered that there with the house. He is sure to come again. were several things in the past which she A man likes the sympathy of a woman to desired to conceal and that this was the whom he can tell things." As a widow first that had happened and the least

(To Be Continued.)