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Mamma, bring your children to the Famous, where you can get the



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best shape shoes at any price from 50c to \$2.50. BOYS' SHOES IN ENDLESS VARIETY.

"Yet strong!" is 20?! A lifetime! A martyrdom!"
"Weil! A short life, my dear boy,"
save Lady Carysfort, who is now 50, and
still interesting, according to her own view
of it. "And—he is so dissipated, that I
sometimes hope she may find freedom after
while."

is-how sensitive."

"I wish I could think so, but I don't.
The more disreputable you are the longer you live. Bad husbands are like annuitants—they never die! Wishes are tonics. The more you wish for a fellow's death the more he thrives. Rheda will not find her-melf a widow until life, indeed, has ceased to be worth living. Why can't you take my view of it, and get her to employ peo-

The incessant noises caused by the carriage

folling on their way to the park—it is just 6:30—should have reached her, but she was too far gone in honest tribulation to heed them. "To smash a person!" save she. "It isn't right, Jerry dear, and besides," with

"No. He's a careful beggar," says the young man, her regret doubled in his

"And besides—anything public! To have

ple to look up his present manner of living with a view to a divorce?" "I tell you she would never consent to it You know how I love her, don't you? And yet I cannot help sympathizing with her in her objection to sue for a separation of that sort. To separate a wife from her husband, it is not right—not scriptural. And, be-nides, anything public is so vulgar, dear Gerald; and it is never a kindness to promote a divorce, the world is always so

eruelly against the woman."
"How did she ever bring herself to "My dear boy, we can wonder at that, Society cannot. Gaston Verner is one of the handsomest men Society knows, and Society adores beauty, especially beauty such as his. He could have married almost anybody, with his family, his wealth, and his ince, when he proposed to Rhoda."

"Well," with a sigh, "his supp "Well," with a sign, and wealth. How he made away with the immense fortune his father left him-positively not a debt upon the property-in so short a time has always been a puzzle to

"Not to me," returns her nephew grimly. "Now, now, Jerry, I protest!" Lady Carystort leans back in her chair and raises two exquisitely moulded hands in the air. Though 50, the last touches of an extreme beauty are with her still, and her lovely face is delicate as a bit of porcelain—the coloring of it as fresh as a girl's—the blue of the eyes still blue-a rare thing after 40, when blue tints are apt to fade so wotullyand the pale soft pink of the cheeks still clear and pretty. There is more in the face, too, than mere beauty; there is kindness and sympathy, and something that even at her age must be called guilelessness. Grande Dame, as she has always been, and essentially of society, she has all along ber walk through it kept herself "unspotted."

Walk through it kept herself "unspotted."

If never a clever woman, Lady Craysfort has at all events been a good one, and a most staunch friend into the bargain.

"Not a word of that!" says she, "one cannot go into it. One hears sad tales, no doubt, but 'least said soonest mended,' my "Not a word of that!" says she, "one cannot go into it. One hears sad tales, no doubt, but least said soonest mended, my dear boy."

The more that's said the better chance of getting things mended, I say!" he retorts hotly. "Those old fetishes ought to be put behind the fire. What rubbish it all is leaverything into the open light of day, and let us stand or fall as we can."

"In merous" aunt, all her brotherm and left behind them a child or two. Certainly these somewhat vague parents had left not only children, but money behind them, a distinct alleviation of the miscries of the guardian. But in spite of the fact that her one nephew and her two nieces were well dowered. Lady Carvafort is conscious

and let us stand or fall as we can."
"There would be a good deal of falling." tars Lady Carysfort with a melancholy thake of her head. "But don't let us talk about it, Jerry. It is full of dreadful possibilities. What was it we were saying about this wretched Sir Gaston?"

"That he was such a beauty," says Kentick grimly. tars Lady Carvsfort with a melancholy thake of her head. "But don't let us talk

'Ah, yes! the cause of her marriage. Those Verners planned it. They knew of her tortune, and they were old friends of purs, Jerry, and when I was going to Italy suggested that she should stay with them nuggested that she should stay with them
nutil my return. You know my darling
rirl was then an orphan, but your poor
Uncle Sydney, dying in Florence as he
then was, so distracted me that I could
scarcely think of anything but how to get
to him as quickly as possible. And Rhoda
seemed so lonely at being left behind. I
wish now with all my soul I had taken her,
but I so dreaded the effect of death on so
young a mind expecially as she had been so young a mind, especially as she had been so terrible affected by the death of her father only six months before. I have sometimes thought, Jerry (a little tremulously), that

you and all the family have blamed me for leaving her, but—" "Now, Auntie, what nonsense! You know there isn't a speck of blame in you

'Well, that's very levely of you, dear. But really, it times at night sometimes. I feel quite guilty. Yet I meant only for But I should have distrusted those Verners, a most ungodly crew al-"You think they planned it?"
"I don't know," doubtfully. "I hope not. But they certainly must have known then that Gaston had run through the better part of his money, and that Rhoda.

was of all heiresses the most unsophisticated. She thought of nothing, poor child. And he is so good-looking, and there was no one to warn her." "I should have thought Rhods would have had too much mind to be influenced

Should you? "Yes. Other girls might, but Rhods seems above and beyond that." "Does she" Do you know, Jerry," says Lady Carysfort, thoughtfully. "I have come to the conclusion that all girls are

by mere beauty."

just alike?" "Just alike!" regretfully. man is handsome himself, and tells her he thinks her bandsome-"I cannot agree with you there. I know plenty of girls who are quite different from -trom everybody else," says Gerald, rather

indignant. "I know a girl-CHAPTER II. Oh, if then valuest peaceful days,

And dwell not on those lips too long. "Do you?" says a clear, sweet, slightly ironical voice. "How strange! I know a girl. I know a bank. Is it a song?" The owner of the voice comes round the high Japanese screen that stands before the lower door of the room as she speaks. Her voice seems to suit her. At least it suits

Pursue the ringlet's sunny maze.

ber eves, which are dark and mischievous, and her mouth, which might perhaps with truth be called mutinous, although tender lines are writ there too, and lines of honesty sleeve, and knowing him, oh, so well. You know, dearest," to Brends, "he is a confirmed gambler on the turf, so the world must have heard of him, but the poor child, and love and truth. "Why it is only you and Auntie," says she, with a little giance at her cousin, Gerald Kenrick, from under her heavily fringed lids. "I thought it was a rehearsal. And

"Why didn't you tell her?" asks Miss who is the girl, Gerald?" Where have you been, Brenda?" asks Bowen simply. Lady Carysiort of her pretty niece, who lives with her the greater part of the year; her father, General Bowen, being at present "I tried to-often-but she would not "I tried to—often—but she would not listen. And, of course, it was hard—to say—everything." This with an unbappy glance at Kenrick. "It—the engagement I mean—made almost a breach between my poor girl and me. But you know she is so generous, so sweet, her temper is so perfectly loving, that she forgave me afterward."

in India.

"At the Selkirks for my sins, which I'm sure Gerald thinks many and grievous," with another giauce at Kenrick, who receives it with defiance. "What awful people. They had some friends with them who spoke an unknown language, as I fondly believed, until later on Janet told me they were cousins fresh from Inverness. I think the Selkirks themselves were a lit-tle afraid of them, but I must say they bore up nobly. Never an uncivil word. If they had been my relations, I should have hurled them out of the topmost window with ut a qualm. But that's an

rours?" She glances i Story, dear?"

"Yes. Who were you talking of as I came in?"
"Of nobody. Jerry was merely saying that he knew a girl who was above mere considerations of beauty."

"Jerry's girl shows sense," says Miss Bowen, with a calm, dispassionate glance at Jerry's face, which, if not strictly handsome, is at least so far on the road to good looks as to be beyond her saucy insinuation. "Who is she Jerry, anyone I

"No," says Jerry, indignantly; which, though meant for a lie, is perhaps a truth, as few of us know ourselves.
"Not that Saville girl—"
"Now, don't, don't, children!" says Lady Carvsfort anxiously, whose whole heart and soul is set on a marriage between these two,

"And besides—anything public." It have all one's friends hanging on the daily papers. To have one's name bandied from house to bouse, and discussed at every dinner, in every club—no gentlewoman would consent to it," says Lady Carysfort. "Rhoda least of all. You know how fastidious she "Yery! I know what you mean about her. Strong to a certain point—strong beyond most women," says Kenrick. "Or how could she have borne life so long with him! At 17 she married him and now she is 20! A lifetime! A martyrdom!"

"Well! A short life, my deer boy," says Lady Carysfort, who is now 50, and splendidly together. True it is that up

closer to her. "We know that well, and so does she. Don't be so unhappy, auntie, things may change. And Rhoda may—may be all right again."

It is very vague comfort, yet the fond little loving arms work wonders. Lady Carysfort pressed the girl to her heart.

"Well, to-morrow we shall see. To-morrow she has promised to come to me," says about the aids. she, with a sigh. CHAPTER III. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up with a glist'ring grief
And wear a golden sorrow.

with a glance at Kenrick that brings him closer to her. "We know that well, and so

"That will do, Simpson, you can go, says Lady Verner, slowly. The maid gives a last pull to the white velvet train, and a last appreciative glance at the beautiful face of her mistress, then

moves toward the door. "Your fan and your gloves are there, my

lady," she says, at the last moment, point-

to that they had never regarded each other as anything but friends and cousins. But now-well-an injudicious word had been ing to a small table. She had followed hen mistress downstairs to the library with her cloak and other things.
"Very well. Let me know when Sir Gaston is ready." now—well—an injudicious word had been dropped by an injudicious member of the family to the effect that a marriage between these two cousins would be both romantic and advisable, and after that civil war arose within the land. Lady Carysfort is what Artemus Ward might safely have termed a "numerous" aunt, all her brothers and sisters having most incomided.

reach from floor to ceiling at either side of one of the cabinets. Long and carnestly she gazes as if her mind is filled with some strange thoughts.

"Beauty is a useless dower," she says at

last, with a quick sigh, as if having arrived at a conclusion. She raises her hand indo-lently, and pushes one of the diamond stars in her nut-brown hair a little deeper into its soft resting place.

The lamps fall full upon her, the long glass gives her back her reflection. Such a reflection! It would be difficult to imagine anything more exquisitely lovely than the face that now looks sadly back at its still sadder reality outside. The soft, yet brilliant hazel eyes, the charming mouth that assuredly was formed for laughter, though assuredly was formed for laughter, though little laughter has it known, the broad, low brow, the delicate nose the clear, pale, healthy complexion, all form a whole scarcely to be equaled. The brown hair, tinged with gold here and there, is dressed

as they came, the first responsibility—the child Rhoda being given to her when she was about 27—shortly after her own marriage with Lord Carysfort. Naturally Rhoda is the responsibility best beloved.

"The fact is, Brenda, we are just discussing poor Rhoda."

"Oh! Rhoda!" says the girl. The mocking, teasing smile fades from her face.
"Nothing," anxiously, "nothing more?"

"No. We were merely saying how inconceivable it is, the manner in which Sir Gaston has made away with his money. He is now comparatively speaking a poor her long plain robe revealing the beauty of her neck and arms is of dead white velvet. her neck and arms is of dead white velvet.

She turns from the mirror a little impatiently, and sinks into a chair. It is true, she tells herself, that Nature's dower has been of little service to her. Nature made her lovely, and her loveliness has gained her nothing, save bitter regret and censeless misery, and a vain, vain longing for a freedom that never will be hers.

Beauty—not half so great as hers—has

"Not half so inconceivable as the speed money," says Miss Bowen, who could un-doubtedly have given her aunt points.
"What has he done with Rhoda's fortune, ch? They re only married two years, and now \* \* " " she pauses abruptly.

compliments."

Lady Verner turns somewhat sharply.
"These" is a delicious bouquet of the very

from whom to receive them. As associate of her husband's and—no, certainly not as detestable as he is, in any way; but yet a man to be distrusted—to be careful about.

And of late—

but with dignity.

Of late he has been too much en evidence.

This knowledge seems to flash upon her now for the first time, and slowly the blood mounts to her white brow. And with it comes another thought—a second revela-tion: "Who has thrust him upon her at fete and dance and garden party—who?"
As if feeling half suffocated, she lifts her hand and presses it against her throat. She would have liked to get up and walk about

Yet he has favored the intimacy—he, her husband! A step outside brings her to the more immediate business of her life. Almost unconsciously she has shrunk back into her chair as if away from her own thoughts; but now she rouses herself and, standing, gives a little sweep to her train, and reseats herself—all in one moment, as a woman can when her heart is afire-with

She is indeed the very personification of indifferent beauty when Sir Gaston enters

feetly loving, that she forgave me afterward." Lady Carysfort seems entirely oblivious of the fact that her own temper is so perfect that it would be hardly possible for anybody to keep up a quarrel with her.

"She is like that to one she loves," says Brenda. "But not to all."

"That is her charm! Not to all. And she loves me, I think."

"You know it, auntie."

"You know it, auntie."

"A model of punctuality as of all the other virtues," says he with a sneer.

His face might almost be termed perfect, could but the terrible lines that vice had painted there have been rubbed out of it. He is a well set-up man too, broad shouldered, and stalwart; just at this moment, however, he is scarcely to be seen at his best. His expression is lowering and malignant, and a devilies ancer curls the corners of his lips. It is only furtively, as if the sight of her pale pure beauty is hateful to him, that he glances at his wife. There

IT MAY BE A LAST WORD BETWEEN US TWO.

well dowered, Lady Carysfort is conscious of a good deal of mental strain in her deal-

mother when she was 12-she is now 19.

Never was such mortality known. But Lady Carysfort, herself a widow at 40 and childless, had accepted all responsibilities as they came, the first responsibility—the

is now comparatively speaking a pool

Carysfort, anxiously.

"She—there is difficulty about her dress-maker's bill," says Brenda, in a low tone, and reluctantly, yet as though she cannot refrain from telling her sad story.

There is silence for a moment. Kenrick

"And yet," says he fierily, addressing Lady Carysfort, "you would refrain from suing for—"

Lady Carysfort raises one of her white

"Even now," she says.
"What I want to know," says Brenda,
"is what has become of the £30,000 Rhoda

had when she married that-unpleasant

short laugh.

"Spent it!

"What, indeed?" echoes Kenrick, with a

"Is that an answer?" demands his cousin;

"really, Gerald, 'that girl' of yours will have a bad time of it when she wants to

know anything."
"What girl? You know right well,"

angrily, "there is no girl."
"I-I'm afraid be has spent it," inter-

"Yes! No wonder you are shocked, Brenda, darling. It is terrible—it is scan-dalous, but I am assured he has dissipated

Another silence.
"And she married for love?" said Miss
Bowen in a solemn tone.

"It is true," says Lady Carysfort. "She was infatuated. When I heard the news of her engagement I hurried back from Italy, but I was too late. She would listen to nothing. She was a child and believed the world a perfectly clean, sweet, blank sheet of paper on which Sir Gaston had never yet

written his name. This idea was impressed

upon me by the fact that she used to say to

me: 'He must enter Parliament—he is so clever, so charming, it is a pity the world should not hear of him,' and the world all the time laughing in its

posed Lady Carysfort hastily.

with which he has made away with Rh

"Yes, my lady."

Left at last alone Rhoda Verner turnes up some of the lamps, and regards herself deliberately in one of the long mirrors that

rather in the Greek style, the high and heavy coils behind studded with diamonds;

Beauty—not half so great as hers—has brought some happy women love, and peace, and joy. Even plain women have drawn to themselves all these—and yet she—

Oh, no; it is worse than useless going into it again. One does it so often, so often! And always to the same end—tears, and hatred, and a futile longing for revenge.

At this moment Simpson enters the room again. Lady Verner had risen impulsively the second before, angered by a mist within her eyes, and now stands with her back to the door. "Well, darling? Do go on," says Lady

> "If you please, my lady," begins Simp-"Sir Gaston, ready—so soon?"
> "No, my lady. But Lord Wyvis' man has called with these; and his lordship's

rarest exotics.
"Flowers," says Lady Verner, immova-bly. "You can put them over there." bly. "You can put them over there."
"With your fan and gloves, my lady?"
"No. Over there," pointing to a table at the farthest end of the room.
She frowns a little when the woman has gone. These flowers are becoming too frequent. And Lord Wyvis is hardly the man tron when to receive them.

And of late—
She pauses, and her frown grows heavier, and a certain haughty expression changes entirely the expression of her lips. It is, plain that though the face is gentle and loveable to admiration, it can still be firm and resolute. At this moment she looks like a woman who, if put to it, could emerge from any situation not only triumphantly. from any situation not only triumphantly,

the room, but her strength seems to have forsaken her. Oh, no! It can't be true. It would be too base, too brutal, even for

as unconcerned an air, as though her very soul is not racked by hideous thoughts and

the room.
"A model of punctuality as of all th

is something in his whole air suggestive of the idea that in her he finds the one creature on earth most distasteful to him. That he bears her a grudge is plain. That he would gladly be rid of her he has long since ceased to deny even to himself. Her beauty had never had an attraction for him, her youth and innocence bored him. Her fortune for the most part he had squandered; she is therefore literally of no possible use to him; and besides, she stands in his way! "We shall be late," says Rhoda, taking no notice of his jibe. She rises leisurely, and moves across the room to where her fan is lying on a table. His shifting, roving eyes follow her.

eyes follow her.

"Shall we? I dare say Lady Baring will manage to exist without us, until we get there." there."

Here his glance falls on the flowers Simpson had brought in some time ago.

"Wyvis, again!" said he, with a little light wave of the haud toward her, and a lighter laugh. To Rhoda's ears, with that new terrible doubt just freshly waked within her breast, there seems to be a diabolical satisfaction in it. "Very attentive, 'pon my soul."

"If we are going out to night it had better

"If we are going out to-night it had better be at once," says Rhoda, still very calm.
"There is no such mad haste, and n

"There is every reason. I promised Lady Baring, for one thing, and—" "Lord Wyvis for another!" "Besides which, it is advisable to be seen in public with your husband occasionally, especially at this time. All you saints can

reason, if it comes to that, why we should

that purpose "I am quite willing to believe you do

"I am quite willing to believe you do not know what you are saying," says she in a low tone. She has grown very white, and has laid her hand upon the table near her, as ir with the object of taking up her gloves, but in reality to steady herself.

"I'm not drunk," says Verner coolly.
"I'm afraid I can't let you comfort yourself with that thought. I know right well wint I am saying."

"Then say no more," says she. "Come," making an effort to move, "let us go."

"In a minute or two. Surely, Wyvis can spare you to me for five minutes: and I want to admire his flowers. White! Like your gown! Like yoursel!! A suggestive bouquet!"

has been drinking, but he is quite sober enough still to know what he is doing, and to follow out the set purpose that has been growing in his mind of late. "Here, take them," he says, flinging them on to the table near where she is standing.

"I do not want them."
"No? You will tell me next, perhaps, that it was not Lord Wyvis who sent "I believe it was he." The faintness is

laughs loudly.
"You are genius itself!" cries he. "You bonest know the value of truth. Open, honest, unblushing truth. You never blush, do you? Your face at this moment is as white as death. Why so white, I wonder? Afraid of anything? You have nothing to be discovered, have you?"
"You must be mad," says she in a low tone, still controlling herself.

her, and she flashes round at him, her large eyes blazing. "You say you know! saw him to-day. How do you know? Was it you who sent him here? Was it you who told him that I should be at home this afternoon?"

surely be alone. You told yourself it would be damnatory evidence against me if people heard that, when I had told all my friends I was going into the country to see an old cousin, I had stayed behind to receive Lord Wyvis! You did tell him!" Something in the feverish passion of her eyes compels him to the truth.
"Well, and it so," says he with a glance at her full of hatred. "Did I not show myself kind? Was I not considerate to him?"

a last word between us two."

"Oh, don't hurry yourself on my account," says he. "Take your time! I'd finish the season if I were you before trying if life is worth living—with him."

"You must be jesting!" says she slowly. "It is some horrible jest; yet I think you mean something." She moves closer to him. "What is it you mean?" asks she, her dark eyes, frightened now, fastened upon him. "You—you believe nothing bad of me in your soul, whatever you may say. You know me as—as—" family, \$I a last word between us two."

say. You know me as—as—" family, "I am, yet you hint of me things you dare not say; you speak words that spell ruin to any woman. What is it you mean?" "Hah! you have come to the meaning "Your meaning? Yours? Gaston! you know what you are doing?" She is close to him now, her long velvet train sweeping the ground behind her, her small and shapely head thrown back, haughtily upheld in this hour when he would will-

dance to dance-in Park and Row he is your shadow. Do you think I am the only one to notice it? You would brazen it out, of course—what woman wouldn't? But already, I can tell you, you are the talk of the

me?"
He makes a movement as though he would have struck her. She looks at him. There is dignity and defiance mixed in that strange glance. With her heart breaking she still has courage given her to uphold herself and pass unscathed, untouched, through this horrible seene.

"The carriage has been a long time wait-

[To be continued next Sunday.]

be wise in your generation, I see. Do you really think it will save appearances if I enter a room with you? That it will make you more respectable? By Jove, if so, it will be the first time I was ever used for

He takes it up, and examines it with de-He is growing brutal now. It is plain he

dving away from her now, and with a long, deep breath she regains mastery over herself. She pushes the flowers from her.
"You believe? Not sure, eh?" His

"You believe? Not sure, ch?" His smile is odious.

"Quite sure," replies she, with decision.

"Well, he has taste," first with a glance at the flowers and then with a glance at the fall of abominable meaning. "He evidently knew," looking her over, "what to send to match your gown."

"You are wrong for once," says she, her voice full of disgust. "He could not possibly have known the color of my gown."

"Couldn't he? Not seen him to-day, then?"

"Yes; I saw him, certainly." Sir Gaston "Yes; I saw him, certainly." Sir Gaston

"I am afraid you won't be able to go upon that either. I have many who can swear to my sauity. And so didn't tell him what flowers you would like to wear to-night? What flowers would match your white gown and your whiter soul? Eh?"
"No!" Suddenly all her control deserts

"Pe silent!" cries she, with sudden fierceners. "Let me learn the worst. You met him at your club, and told him to come here! You betraved the fact that I should

"A word, Gaston," says she. "It may be

neath his feet. neath his feet.

"I know what you are doing; which is more to the purpose," returns he, infamous to the last, though his eyes fell before her clear and scornful gaze.

"Think!" says she. "Think, before it is too late." She puts out her hand and lays it on his arm, but he shakes it off vehemently and makes a step backwards. This does not seem to hurt her; she is too accustomed to discourteousness from him to performed to discourteousness from him to perform the state of the state of

does not seem to hurt her; she is too accustomed to discourteousness from him to notice so small an action; but once again fear overtakes her. What is he going to do?

"Would you poison my name?" cries she.

"Would you make the whole world believe me vile? Oh! Gaston, consider! You married me! You took me from a happy home! Was it to destroy me, soul and body?"

"Her impassioned air, her voice, low, but thrilling, half frightened him. He thrusts her from him.

"Stand back! None of your acting," says he, savagely. "Do you think I don't know what I have to go on? Wyvis is here day after day—he follows you from dance to dance—in Park and Row he is your

"It is false!" She shrinks from him with horror. "You do mean it then," says she faintly. "Is this your plan to get rid of

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Sir Gaston follows her sullenly.

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