Bar assesses and a second and a s The Planter's Daughter **OR FATE'S REVENCE** By MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON

Author of "A Waif from the Sea," "Her Brightest Hope," "Wayward Winnefred," etc.

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CHAPTER XIX.

the villa. He had failed signally in his mission, he dreaded to face his constituents and admit how thoroughly he had been routed, and consequently he yielded to a certain sense of cowardice. But the loneliness of the night and the ferocity of the storm nothing daunted him; indeed, they conspired favorably to assist him in shaping his plans for the future, afforded him time and freedom to chink.

Once a dim concelousness of being tracked assailed him; not that he positively heard a footstep; on the contrary it was merely that indefinable sense of a human presence, that peculiar power which a watching eye possesses to rouse a sleeper from deep unconsciousness. He heeded it so far as to turn and look behind him; in fact, he paused until a recurrent flash illumined the sodden road. but he saw nothing but the dripping branches swayed by the soughing wind. Had he taken the trouble to retrace

his steps a short distance and glance in at a darkling gateway, he would have found the man, Camille, crouching there, waking to continue upon his mysterious errand.

The sound of the doctor's footfall upon the steps of the villa was the signal to sttract Lucian Courtlandt to the doorway followed by Claire. The radiance of a lighted hall fell out upon Gresham's face and dripping form. Ere a quory as to the result of his mission could be framed. he exclaimed, cheerily, addressing Claire:

"Come, come!. You are violating my erders by remaining up so late. You should be anugly in bed and out of this Yoa

miserable dampness." "But, doctor," pleaded Claire, "how could you expect me to rotire without seeing you? What have you to tell us?

What says the poor woman?" "I have to tell you that I am drenched to the skin and can't be expected to stand here shivering." he answered, with a forced hugh; "as to the 'poor woman,' I have merely to say that you have seen her for the last time; she will trouble you no more. Now, away to bed with you, and permit me to retire."

With an involuntary sigh of relief, Claire went towards the staircase, but paused and returned to the doctor.

"You were gentle with her, were you not?" she asked. "As gentle as a lamb," came the men-

dacious reply.

And ao poor Claire rotired with a lighter heart than she had borne in her bosom for many a long day. Scarcely had the hem of her flowing robe vanishat the bend of the staircase than Greefinth laid his hand upon Courtlandc's arm, whispering:

Come with me into the library. Instantly the transitory look of relief upon the young husband's face vanished and he turned deadly pale with appre-bension. The door being closed, he faltered:

Well, what is it, doctor? You have failed?" "Signally," was the curt reply.

"Well, out with it. What is it?" deanded Courtlandt, despairingly.

ed, transfixed with amazement. A night-Gresham lagged on the way back to lamp burned dimly in the empty fireplace. feebly illuminating the chamber, across the threshold of which Claire lay prostrate in a dead swoon, the train of her snowy white robe solled by the imprint of a muddy boot. Martha Dunn, enden ly awakened from a surreptitious map, was starting from her chair in dire alarm, while, strangest of all, little Leon ant bolt upright upon his pretty cot, star

ing in amazement upon the bystanders. "In heaven's name, what has happen-ed here?" burst from Courtlandt's lips. "Never mind what has happened," swered Greeham, as he stooped to raise his stricken patient; "order out your carriage and go to that woman. Do as I bade rou, if you have any consideration for this poor creature!"

CHAPTER XX.

"Where is my child ?" The words were pronounced in a low, sibilant tone, like the hiss of a venomous reptile. To speak truly, the voice of Sylphide Couramout in that supreme moment betrayed less of maternal anguish at disappointed hope, than of suppressed fury at being ballied in her revenge.

At the sound of the returning footstops of her emissary, she had darted from the lounge, upon which she had flung her weary, waiting body, with the colerity that a swallow wings its flight from its threatened nest beneath eaves; she had recoiled a step, having thrown open the blinds to admit Camille, and stood waiting for his reply, her delicate hands clenched until the nails penetrated the flesh.

"I haven't anything to say," replied the man, sullenly, prepared to face the worst; "I haven't got the child-that's all." "Why not?"

"Because I saw her."

"Saw-whom?" "My young mistress-Mrs. Courtlandt.

"Shut the blinds," che said, merely, and tell me how it happened."

She crossed to an easy chair beside the table that occupied the middle of the room; but instead of seating herself she stood leaning upon its back, waiting for him to speak. With the slow indifference of a man woh feels himself hopelessly

condemned. Camille fixed his leaden eyes upto her with a dogged defiance burn-ing luridly in their dark depths. "There ain't much to tell." he began, modily; "I did my best; I stole in at the

library window like a thief; I got uprtains and into the nursery, where I found the boy salesp. She came to the door a minute later-and, great heaven! shall I ever forget the look she gave me?" "You're a coward!" panted Sylphide;

"why didn't you kill her?" "I tried it once," he answered, dar-ingly: "and I don't propose to do it again.

raised the house with a shrick, and fell down at my feet. Then I got out." For a moment or two slience reigned the apartment, broken only by the

slow drip, drip, drip of the eaves, and the occasional thunder, which now boom-ed and rolled away in the distance. At last Sylphide Couramont 'spoke, as it may possess the sum to-morrow-so da-

"No, no!" he exclaimed, placing the wespon upon the table with a ring, and moving away, but suddenly pausing to ask, "how do I know that you would stand to your agreement? What security have 17 It isn't likely that you carry "You think not?" she retorted, tri-

umphantly; "I am happy to be able to in-form you that I have twice that amount about me at this moment!

Camille recoiled aghast.

"Ten thousand dollars!" he gasped. "See for yourself."

She took from its resting place behind a sofa, a small leathern satchel, and extracted from it a mass of bank notes, ound with a narrow strap of paper.

"Is there ten thousand dollars there?" "Yes, ten thousand dollars. It means farm, a tranquil life and happiness.

Setzing the revolver, the man exclaim ed, wildly:

"Direct me! What must I do?" "You know well enough; it is but the work of a moment. In a few hours you can be far from here and in safety."

"Conceal those bills!" cried the wratched victim; "they damie me, farcinete me, make me mad!"

She broke the band, and flaunted the crisp leaves before his eyes. "Look at them well!" she persisted;

"they mean fortune, well being, happi-Dess.

"In heaven's name, don't you under-stand me?" he shrieked, fairly beside himself. "Don't you see they tempt me to kill you?" "Me!"

She recoiled half way across the room,

palpitating with terror. "Yes, you!" he hissed. "And what do I risk? You have signified your intention of committing suicide to-night, and I think you can guess that I had far eather make the money by killing a wretch

like you than by assassinating an honest woman! "Oh, no, no! You will not, dare not-I

will summ "Silence!"

He took deadly aim. She sprang toards a door opening upon the hall of the house.

"Help, help!" "Hush, I tell you!"

There was a sharp report of the revolver, a piercing scream, succeeded by a heavy fall and for an instant, the dimly lighted room was obscured by smoke. Flinging aside his weapon, Camille sprang to the side of his victin, knew down, and tore the fatal fortune from ber cramped fingers. Ere he could rise, there came a crash at the blinds, and in a flash, Lucian Courtlandt stood within

the room. "You have killed her!" he exclaimed, paralyzed with horror.

"Yes." came the desperate retort, "I have killed her, as she bribed me to kill your wife. I failed with the poison, and didn't see fit to fry lead. Well, I'm ready to take the consequences!

Another sun is setting, and upob the vine-hung plazza of the Newport villa, Lucian and Claire sit side by ride. For some time silence has folded its

wings above them, after the recital that he has given her. "Claire," he naks, at last, "can you

accord her your forgiveness for all she has done to you?"

"How can you ask that, Lucian?" Fie mormurs. "I am unworthy even to forgive. Let heaven forgive her if she has sinned." Then, after a pause, she looks up at him, tearfully. "But, Lucian, can you forgive me for my unjust suspicion of you?" she asks, tremulously. He takes her in his arms and kisses

her for the first time, tenderly. "If you are unworthy to forgive." he whispers, "how unfitting am

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WRITES MRS. KANE, OF CHICAGO.

"I have failed! I did not half under

stand the person with whom I had to deal. She has worked herself into a most unmanageable frame of mind, and is prepared to do anything."

'What said she?'

"Everything but the right tiring." "What does rhe insist upon?" "The custody of her child."

Lucian Courtlandt's face darkened and he sank upon a chair.

"What are we to do?"

Grosham indulked in another of his aggravating emiles.

"She proposes to kill herself unless you come to her within an hour," he replied.

"The hour must have elapsed."

"Yes, by fifteen minutes," answered the doctor, conculting his watch.

Courtiandt rose quickly and fixed both his hunds firmly upon Gresham's arm. "Do you think it possible that she can

have made good her threat?" he breathed.

"Bah!"

Lucian Courtlandt turned away with an air of deep despondency. He paced the room, frequently passing his hands agitatedly through his hair, while his pallid lips framed inarticulate words. Presently he returned to Gresham and abruptly exclaimed:

"I know not what to do. You must di-rect me. What must I do?"

"You must see this woman to-night." "To-night!" gasped Courtlandt, in dismay; "see her to-night? To what end?"

"There is but one way of adjusting this dreadful complication. You must make a concession.

"What concession ?"

"Hor child. It is Fate's revenge."

Whatever anguished reply Lucian Courtlandt might have made was sent flying into the realms of the unknown a shrisk, distant but distinctly audible to the two men.

The door was flung open, and with one accord they burst into the hall to find it wrapped in Stygian darkness, and while they paused an instant bewildered, a rushing sound as of feet rapidly descending the staircase greeted them; the out-er door was violently slammed, then all eras silence.

At the door of the nursery they paus

were to herself. "Fate shall avenge me!" she muttered: "I will have my child!"

'You can apply to him, since he's com ing here."

"Who is coming here?" she demanded in a startled way. "Mr. Courdandt. I overheard the doc-

tor tell him it was bent he should." Again there was a momentary silence. at fhe end of which she glanced up at him cunningly, as she said:

"Whatever I may effect through an interview with Mr. Courtlandt, bear in mind that I am indebted to you for noth-

ing." "I have done all I could." he retorted. assuming his sullen air again; "more than I ought to have done. I confess I want the money. But even had I succeeded you wouldn't have profited by it, since r. Courtlandt no longer loves you. "I am well aware of the fact," sh Mr.

replied, defiantly; "but understand that he said to me on the day we parted, When Claire has ceased to live, I sweat to you that you shall have your child again, and that I will return to you." Were she dead, whether he still loves me or not, he, being a gentleman of his word, would render me my child, and give me the refuge of his name, for I am free now. Do you comprehend? I am free, and yet everything slips through

my fingers. Everything that by right belongs to me I lose through her. And why? Because you have no courage, hecause you are a coward!

He met the torrent of her disdainful wrath with patience.

"You forget," he said, "that she took arsenic enough to kill twenty women. Since she is still alive, it is heaven's will that she should be."

"Had you employed other means," she She rejoined; "look, a weapon like this!" raised the little revolver and balanced it in her hand, adding insinuatingly, "if you had used a weapon like this, you would have secured-you can still secure the five thousand dollars, if you will!"

She forced the little gleaming instrument of death into his hand, uncom ly thrust forth in a covetous attitude; but he seemed unaware of what he held,

since he only murmured dreamily: "Five thousand dollars!"

And so the night falls with a great peace, and rests upon them like a benediction.

(The end.)

to It Is Written.

Young Lady (in book store)-I would like something in the way of a novel that is really interesting.

Proprietor-Something on the romantic order or something realistic? Young Lady-Which would you rec-

ommend? Proprietor-Oh, it's merely a matter

of personal taste. In the romantic novel the hero and heroine marry in the last chapter after all their troubles are ended and live happily ever after, while in the realistic they double up in the first chapter and then their troubles begin.

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"It seems to me," he mused, uneastly, "when a man gets rich quick there should be some kind of a sanitarium where he could go until he acquired the taste of olives and learned how to pronounce chauffeur correctly."

Bad Advice.

"The bookkeeper came around and asked old Flint about getting married. Old Flint encouraged him."

"Old Flint must be a great friend." "No; an enemy."

"But didn't you say he encouraged him?"

"That's just it. You haven't seen the giri."

Different Brands.

Jack-I hear you are going to marry Miss Prettyun. Permit me to congratulate you on your excellent taste. Tom-But the engagement is off. I'm not going to marry her, or anyone else.

Jack-Indeed! Then allow me to co gratulate you on your good sense.



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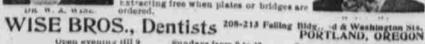
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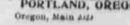
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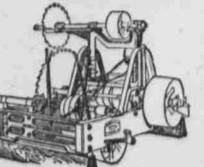


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