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DR. AYEPS

FLORABEL'S LOVER

By **LAURA JEAN LIBBEY**

Author of "When Lovely Maiden Stoops to Folly," "A Broken Betrothal," "Parted by Fate," "Parted at the Altar," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Florabel was a dependent of her stepfather, Squire Pemberton. His daughters hate Florabel, and when the Squire dies, order her out of the old home. Max Forrester a rich young man marries her and introduces her into his family the members of which disapprove of his marriage, as they wanted him to marry Miss Clavering, an heiress.

CHAPTER XIV--(Continued.)

Slowly Max drew from his breast pocket a pencil and memorandum.

"What is the name of this firm whom you have wronged, and who are hunting you down?" he asked, abruptly.

Arthur told him, also the amount of his defalcation.

"You stand clear with the world all save this?" Max asked.

"Yes," replied Arthur.

"Then, for Florabel's sake, you shall walk amongst people a free man once more. I will send the firm a check to cover the amount. Leave me; I cannot look upon your face, remembering how you left my darling so heartlessly at the mercy of the world. Go!"

He would listen to no thanks, no regrets.

"Go!" he said. "You have brought about all the trouble between Florabel and me. Never let me see your face again."

"I swear to you I will reform. The time shall come when Florabel will have no need to blush for me," declared Arthur. "Let me prove my gratitude for what you have done for me by trying to find her. If I were to put a personal in the daily papers, asking her to come to me, she would do it."

Max eagerly caught at the suggestion.

Despite all their efforts they could find no trace of Florabel. As Gerald Thorndyke had said:

"If the earth had opened and swallowed her, she could not be more completely lost to the world."

The golden summer waned; the first fall of snow heralded the approach of winter. Where was Florabel? Max wondered, with a deep groan, as he stood watching the blinding snowflakes. Ah! had he but known.

Inez Clavering had heard the wonderful story of poor Florabel's complete vindication with a beating heart. Her hopes were dashed forever now in regard to Max's applying for and obtaining a divorce from Florabel.

That would never be now; but she should take a terrible revenge upon Max because she could never win him. She could separate him and Florabel forever.

Inez Clavering had secured a boarding place for Florabel with her old nurse, Mrs. Burgoyne in Boston a

There is no more inspiring sight in the world than the picture of the stalwart young farmer and his rosy-cheeked wife starting out to fight the battle of life.

There is no reason why all such couples should not live long, happy, healthy lives. Much depends upon the wife herself.

To some extent, she must be a jack of all trades.

Her husband must be a little of a blacksmith and a little of a harness maker

and a little of a veterinary surgeon as well as a farmer. It is the same with the wife. It is a long way to town, and she must have a handy hand at many things. It is possibly many miles to the first physician, and the farmer's wife should be able to see that every member of the family is kept in good health.

If the young farmer's wife is wise, when her husband shows that he is out of sorts, when he is suffering from biliousness or torpidity of the liver or indigestion, she will not permit him to neglect these disorders, but will have at hand Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This wonderful medicine is not a cure-all, but as most diseases have their inception in a torpid liver or a disordered digestion, it is a cure for a great many of them. It makes the appetite keen, the digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and the nerves steady. It cures all malarial troubles and rheumatism. Medicine dealers sell it, and keep nothing else "just as good."

The farmer's wife may frequently save the life of her husband or that of one of her children by owning a copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It tells how to treat all the ordinary ills of life and how to care for serious accident cases while awaiting the arrival of a physician. It contains 1008 pages. It used to cost \$1.50 a copy; now it is free. For a paper-covered copy send 31 one-cent stamps to cover customs and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth binding, 50 stamps.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and biliousness. They regulate and invigorate, stomach, liver and bowels. Honest druggists do not recommend something else as "just as good."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"He will not come! he will not come!" groaned Florabel, turning her white face to the wall.

She grew so alarmingly ill by midnight that the doctor was sent for in all haste.

"I will leave you now," said Inez, in a whisper to Mrs. Burgoyne. "If any great change should occur let me know at once."

The first streaks of early dawn were piercing the dark clouds of the night sky, when Mrs. Burgoyne hastily entered Inez's room.

"You told me to awaken you if any great change occurred," she said. "I have come to tell you that the beautiful stranger has a lovely little daughter."

"I will go to her at once," replied Inez. "You remain here and take a little rest. I will take your place by the bedside."

A few moments after Inez reached Florabel's apartment the doctor left. Florabel had fallen into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Inez drew her cushioned chair close to the couch and sat down, watching, with frowning brow, the sweet little face turned toward her on the pillow.

"I shall always hate you," she muttered, turning abruptly away.

Suddenly, as she sat there, the greatest temptation of Inez Clavering's life came to her—a temptation that made her faint and dizzy, and almost cry aloud in horror, for it led to sin.

The child would surely be the link which would draw these two estranged hearts together. Ah, if it had but died!

"I could not stain my hands with its life's blood, but I could take it away," muttered Inez. "Place it where she could never find it. She would not know but what it died."

The thought of Florabel being happy in the future in the love of husband and child drove her to madness.

"It shall not be," she cried. "It must not be."

Inez Clavering lost no time in acting upon the horrible thought that had taken possession of her. Hastily robing herself in a long dark cloak which she found in the wardrobe, and snatching up the child, and wrapping a thick shawl about it, she hurried out into the street.

Ah me! what a terrible snowstorm! How the wind shrieked and moaned around the street corners as it tossed the great white flakes madly about.

The snow was so deep Inez found difficulty in crossing the pavement to

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—woman whose soul seemed bound up in glittering gold.

"You must see to it that she writes no letters which you do not mail; and those you are to send secretly to me, telling her, of course, from day to day, there has been as yet no answer."

These had been Inez Clavering's strict instructions, and the woman carried them out to the letter.

Twice a week Inez—who, under the guise of friendship, was Florabel's bitterest foe—went to Boston to see Florabel, for she was very ill now.

On this snowy day Inez had gone to Boston to see Florabel, for the old nurse had written her before midnight in all probability the crisis would be past.

Florabel held out her little white hand to her as Inez approached the couch, with the most wan, pitiful smile that ever was seen.

"Is he with you, Inez?" she murmured, in a fearful whisper. "Did you tell him how ill I was? and would he not come?"

"I told him," replied Inez; "but he made no reply as to whether he would come or not."

"He must come! oh, God! he must come!" cried Florabel, starting up, and wringing her hands wildly. "I am going to die, Inez," she wailed, piteously. "I am sure I am. When the dark shadows close around me, let his face be the last I shall see. Let me die with my head on his breast. Oh, Inez, I cannot rest in my grave, no matter how deep they bury me, until I have seen him."

"I will telegraph him to come on at once," assented Inez.

All through the long hours that followed, Florabel was asking:

"Has he come?"

The answer was always "No."

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a passing coupe which she had signalled. The earth seemed buried in a winding sheet of snow.

"To the orphan asylum," said Inez, drawing her thick veil more closely over her face, as she stepped into the vehicle.

The driver sprang to his box, touched his horses with the whip, and away they flew through the gray dawn of the early morning.

Bidding the driver wait for her on an adjacent corner, Inez made her way on foot to the orphanage. Early as the hour was, the busy bustling matron was up and about.

Inez was shown into the reception room, where the matron soon came to her.

"I am here on quite a delicate errand," said Inez, flushing, as she unwound the shawl, adding, without a tremor or a blush at the terrible falsehood that burned her lips; "I found this on our doorstep this morning, and not knowing what to do with it, as I am a poor woman, I have brought it to you."

"Poor little thing!" exclaimed the kind hearted matron, taking the little creature in her arms. "What a horrible night for it to be left on a doorstep! I wonder you did not find it frozen to death. It seems to me the vengeance of God ought to follow a woman who so wrongs a helpless little child," she said, feelingly.

A deadly pallor shot over Inez's face, but she vouchsafed no answer.

After the usual formula was gone through with, baby was received into the asylum, and Inez Clavering, with a sin on her soul that the angels up in heaven must have wept over, took her departure.

(To be continued.)

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