

# 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 XXX.—(Continued.)

Then followed a brief history of all which the reader already knows. How, by accident, she met Florabel in the park, took her to Boston, and there a child was born, which the hapless young mother was led to believe had died in the hour of its birth.

Of how she (Inez) placed it in the orphan asylum, where a strange fate led Max to its side.

And all that had transpired since up to the time Max had found the same waif on the streets and brought her home.

What Max Forrester endured as he read the startling letter through to the end, words are powerless to describe.

The veins stood out on his forehead like whipcords. His face was white as death itself, and cries so terrible that they startled the whole household, fell from his lips.

This little one—his child, and Florabel's! It could not be true. And yet, his own heart had gone out to the little one so strangely. At first sight he had loved the child, who bore such a marked resemblance to his lost Florabel, as dearly as his own life.

A certificate of the child's birth was enclosed; also a little note, yellow with age, in poor Florabel's well remembered handwriting, begging Inez to send for Max to come to her, for she could live no longer without him.

"You are our mutual friend, Inez," it ended. "I rest everything in your hands."

The shock was so great, for several moments after Max Forrester had finished reading, he sat like a man turned to stone.

Then he realized that valuable time was passing. The whole city should be aroused, if need be, to search for Inez Clavering and his child. His child!—his and Florabel's! How the words smote him. Yet they thrilled through his heart with a pleasure so keen it was almost a pain.

Inez had stolen the sick child from its couch at the risk of its young life. Where had she taken her? The agony of the thought was more bitter than death to endure.

The household was aroused, and in a few words Max told his mother all; then started out in search of his child.



You can tell a healthy woman by the way she dances. When a healthy woman dances every nerve and every muscle and every drop of blood in her whole body dances. For the moment she resembles in grace and easy movement a bird. That is the dance of health.

There is another measure to which tens of thousands of women are keeping step. It is a slow and solemn measure, and is the "Dance of Death." The woman who fails to take proper care of herself in a womanly way is keeping step to this measure and is unfitted for widowhood and motherhood, and doomed to an early grave or to a life of suffering. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for ailing women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs of femininity and makes them strong, healthy and vigorous. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and gives rest to the tortured nerves. It fits for widowhood and motherhood. It banishes the squeamishness of the period of suspense and makes the little stranger's advent easy and almost painless. It insures baby's health and an ample supply of nourishment. It has transformed thousands of nervous, sickly, fretful women into healthy, happy wives and competent mothers. It sends the blood, dancing to the quick step of health, through the veins of maid, wife and mother. All good druggists sell it.

"I was all broken down from nervous prostration," writes Mrs. Henry Barlow, of Lonsdale, Providence Co., R. I. "Since taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I have had more relief than from all the doctors' medicine."

A clear complexion. Any one can have it who keeps the blood pure. Constipation causes impure blood. Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation. One is a laxative, two a cathartic. Never gripe. Druggists sell them.

leaving the greatest grief behind him—the child was loved so dearly.

Within an hour the terrible loss he had sustained was flashed broadcast over the city.

A week passed by, and, as Inez Clavering had predicted, all efforts to trace her whereabouts were useless.

If the earth had suddenly opened and swallowed both her and the child, they could not have been more completely lost to the world.

Inez had laid her plans quickly, yet with consummate skill.

Raising the child noiselessly in her arms, she had hastily thrown a heavy blanket about her, bearing her swiftly from the room, and out of the house to a coupe in waiting.

"To Dr. Carrisford's, on the lower end of this block; No.—," she commanded.

The doctor was evidently expecting his visitor. As the carriage stopped, the door opened, and he came hurriedly down the steps to relieve her of her burden.

"I asked you to-day to receive a very sick child into your household, Doctor," she said.

"Here is your little patient. Ask no questions concerning her, and you shall set your own price when she is well. No one must know she is here."

"This is another of your charitable schemes, Miss Clavering, I suppose," said the doctor. "You are what I call a veritable angel among the afflicted."

A dull, burning flush came over her face, but he did not notice it.

He bowed low over the little hand she extended at parting, then turned away with a sigh.

For nearly six years the doctor had loved Inez Clavering with a mad, hopeless passion. He believed her to be an angel among women. He had received the child she proposed bringing to him all in good faith, without one thought, one suspicion of foul play.

The simple, honest doctor quite believed this to be one of Inez's charitable acts, befriending this child of some poor parents whom she had rescued from the poor house or charity wards.

He was bound up so completely in his profession and in his books that he found little time to read the daily papers, and had long since ceased taking them regularly. Thus it happened that he did not read of—did not know of—the disappearance of the child, the story of where was the newspaper printed over the loss.

Inez Clavering had staked everything upon this one fact.

Although scarcely a block separated the father and child, she knew they were severed as completely and successfully as though the whole world lay between them.

CHAPTER XXXII.

When Inez Clavering quitted the doctor's house she went directly to a small boarding house in the vicinity, where she had taken lodgings.

"I will watch and wait," she said to herself, "and see how this affair turns out."

Carefully she watched the papers, and read, with a brooding gleam in her eyes, how eagerly Max Forrester was searching for his child.

At length the affair seemed to drop out of the public mind, and she knew Max had long since given up all hope.

"I have thwarted fate itself," she would mutter. "Now he knows what a broken heart means."

At the end of the third week a strange event happened. Stepping into the modest, unpretentious parlor one day, Inez found herself face to face with beautiful, hapless Florabel.

There was a cry of surprise from both. Inez was the first to recover herself.

"Do I dream, or is this indeed you, Florabel?" she gasped, sinking down on the nearest chair.

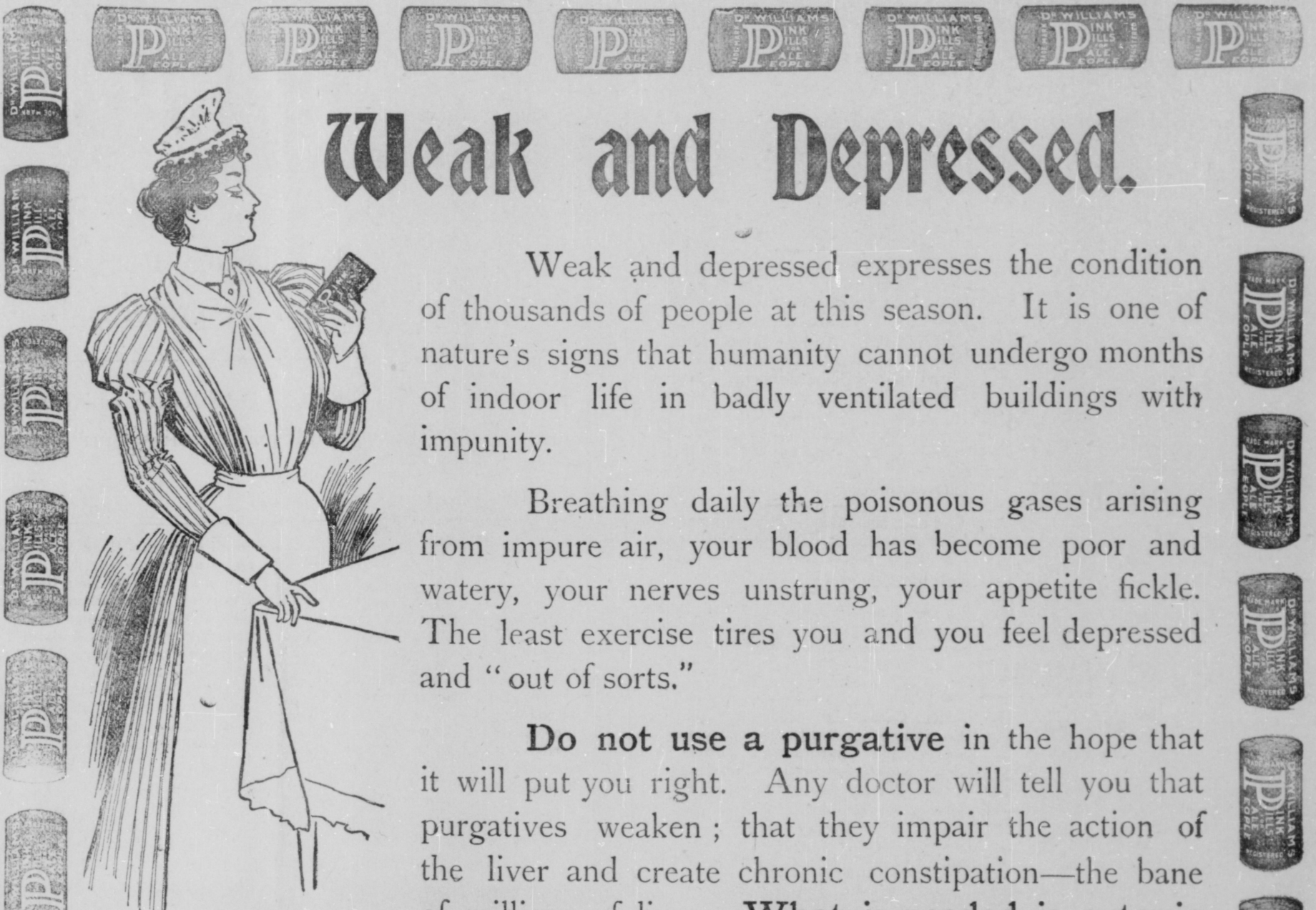
"It is, indeed, your hapless friend of long ago, Inez," she said, simply; "older, sadder, and more careworn, but still the same Florabel. Are you not glad to see me?"

"Yes," replied Inez, but her voice sounded so hard and strange Florabel looked at her aghast.

"Your coming upon me so suddenly has unnerved me a little," she stammered. "But you have not told me why you are here."

"Can you not guess?" replied Florabel, flushing slightly.

A great terror seized Inez.



RECOMMENDED BY THE LIBERAL MINDED DOCTOR AND TRAINED NURSES.

# Weak and Depressed.

Weak and depressed expresses the condition of thousands of people at this season. It is one of nature's signs that humanity cannot undergo months of indoor life in badly ventilated buildings with impunity.

Breathing daily the poisonous gases arising from impure air, your blood has become poor and watery, your nerves unstrung, your appetite fickle. The least exercise tires you and you feel depressed and "out of sorts."

Do not use a purgative in the hope that it will put you right. Any doctor will tell you that purgatives weaken; that they impair the action of the liver and create chronic constipation—the bane of millions of lives. What is needed is a tonic to help nature fight your battle for health. There is only one always reliable tonic and that is

## Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

These pills have no purgative action. They make rich, red blood, build up tired and jaded nerves, and make weak, depressed, tired people bright, active and strong.

But you must get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Other so-called tonics are but imitations of this great medicine.

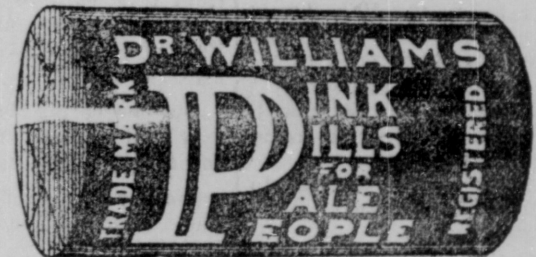
### WEAK AND DEPRESSED.

Mr. Austin Fancy, who lives at Baker Settlement, N. S., says: "During the last winter, owing to close confinement and hard work, my blood became impure. I was very much reduced in flesh, and had severe pains in the muscles all over my body. I felt tired and depressed all the time; I had no appetite and was frequently so low spirited that I did not care whether I lived or died. Necessity compelled me to undertake a little work in my blacksmith shop, but I was not fit for it, and after doing a job would have to lie down—indeed I often felt like fainting. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using a couple of boxes felt a decided relief. The pains began to abate, my appetite improved, and day by day I grew stronger. I used six boxes in all, and before I finished them I was able to do as hard a day's work at the forge as ever I had done in my life. Those who are not well will make no mistake in looking for health through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

The Genuine are sold only in packages like the engraving.

WRAPPER PRINTED IN RED.

At all dealers, or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.



"Surely, you have not so far forgotten your pride as to return to Max Forrester's arms unasked?" she breathed hoarsely, almost holding her breath in intense anxiety as she awaited her reply.

Florabel drew up her slim figure proudly, and crested her beautiful golden head.

"You should know me better than that, Inez," she said. "I would die before I would sue for his love again. I will make a confidante of you, Inez, as I made a confidante of you in that dark, terrible past."

"I am only human, remember. Let that be my excuse when I tell you I have come here just to look upon my husband's face once more. He will not know it. After I have seen him I will go quietly away again. I have tried to forget him, Inez—tear all love for him out of my heart; but, alas! it is an utter impossibility. We cannot quench the flame of love God has put into our heart."

"I have had a bitter enough life of it since that night Max and I parted," she went on, piteously, "and now a strange change has come. You remember of hearing of old Squire Pemberton, the dear old squire, my stepfather, with whom my earlier days were spent?"

"Yes," said Inez, "I remember."

"Well," returned Florabel, quietly,

"after all these years a later will than the one probated has been discovered. It seems that my mother placed with the squire a modest little sum of money, which was to be mine when I became of age. The squire invested it, and it brought him in large returns; and the fortune he died possessed of was proven by his latest will, which was found only a fortnight ago, to be in reality mine."

"I could not take it from poor Maud and Evelyn Pemberton, who had believed it to be their right so long, although they have been cruel enemies to me, and begged them to allow it to be divided up, share and share alike. This was accordingly done, and I have taken my portion, intending to go far away, so far away, no human being who ever knew me can look upon my face; but before I put the wide ocean between us I had to obey the craving of my heart—to see Max just once more. I care little enough what becomes of me after that. I came here, and secured a room, to be near his home. When the great desire of my soul is satisfied—after I have seen him—I will go away; I will take the next steamer for London."

A guilty thrill of joy shot through Inez Clavering's heart. Florabel was going away. Max would not see her. She would not make herself known to

Nothing could be better than this.

"It is the true spirit," she replied. "If he does not care enough for you to seek you, keep away from him, Florabel."

"I can but hope for the future," sighed Florabel, a quiver passing over the red mouth, tears gathering in her lovely hazel eyes.

Although Florabel waited and watched patiently, a week elapsed ere she beheld Max. A cry of amazement broke from her lips to see how changed he was. The bonny, debonaire face was grave enough now; the laughing eyes were gloomy; the broad, noble forehead, around which the heavy chestnut curls clustered, was seamed with lines of pain. What could have brought them there? she wondered. Surely, he was not mourning for her, for had he not refused most bitterly a reconciliation?

How eagerly and wistfully she

watched him as he rode by—watched with a heart on fire, consumed by burning love.

How often those dear arms had been clasped about her—those laughing blue eyes looked love into her own. And now all that was in the past; they were walking apart, as cruelly far apart as though they had

never met and loved each other so dearly.

The darkness of death seemed to creep over Florabel when he had vanished from sight; the brightness faded from the sun; the world seemed to stand still.

"I have seen my lost love," she murmured, faintly; "now I must go away."

She looked so white when she entered her boarding house her landlady looked at her in alarm.

"I hope you are not going to fall ill, Miss Dean," she said, uneasily. "You are pale as death, and your eyes shine like stars; that's the first symptoms of scarlet fever. I have cause to feel alarmed over it, for there is a case of it already in the neighborhood. A poor little child up at Dr. Carrisford's in this block, is dying of it. The most pitiful part of the whole affair is no one can be found who will nurse the child through it for love or money; it is in such a malignant form."

Florabel caught up her hat and veil again.

(To be continued.)

HUMORS, boils, pimples and all eruptions are due to impure blood, and by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla they are CURED.