

# Saved From the Sea

How intensely still it was as every rapid step left the little town further behind! How madly her poor heart beat as she hurried on at headlong speed, scarcely conscious of any but the one absorbing fear for the man she loved—his danger, not her own—the woman's whole being, physical and mental, was strung up to too high a tension for that; she was living a lifetime of fierce agony in that half hour.

Were those men behind her—or not even still yet—before her? Merciful heaven! was she too late?

Ha!—at last! a paling skirting the road as it took a sharp turn.

"You will see the park paling before you reach the lodge gates," Rahmnee said, "and from that point it is a shorter cut across if you can get over. The lodge-keeper will be fast asleep, and hard to wake."

"I will cross the palings!" she had answered.

And now, with breath coming in heavy throbs, almost sobs, she paused for a moment, listening intently.

"Silence, silence everywhere, On the earth, and in the air."

Then, nerved as only the desperate can be, she put her two hands on the top of the high palings, and drew herself up—how she never could have told, but that she did it, and got over and dropped on the other side into bushes, struggled through the foliage, and got on to a grassy glade.

Where lay the house itself?

She hurried forward—on through a wooded glen—still on—

"Ah! what was that gleam? Was it her fancy, or the flash of some light she had caught through the wood—the light, perhaps, from an open window? There it was again, glinting ahead in the distance. Was it the beacon of life, or was the mob there before her?"

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

And more than once in those long dreary hours it was almost despair that swept over that solitary man, so recently the brilliant and well-known reckless gambler in gay, excited Monte Carlo, where the winning passion had made its last most desperate effort for the mastery, and been beaten down forever by the mastery of love, and the sudden transition from wild Monte Carlo to the dead level of this place, and grim waiting, was surely a severe test of the strength of that love, and the depth of the man's nobler nature in which it had its roots.

There was not one regretful looking back for itself to the glittering vice left behind, though it left the past a waste, a howling wilderness, and the present and future a chaos, save for the one worshipped light of his better life—ay, of this whole existence.

He tried to beguile time and thought by reading, then with music, but all in vain. The restless, unsatisfied longing would not be assuaged, nor the wound healed, save by his darling's touch. He must pour out his whole soul at her feet—his hope, his misery, his penitence, and bitter self-reproach, all his passionate yearning for her presence, to tell her the truth, and hear her dear lips take back the words, whose stern bitterness of truth still burned his heart like fire—"I am a gambler's wife!"

He was too restless to keep still, and paced the long drawing-room, passing and repassing the open French windows, trying once more to unravel the tangled web of his position and think out the future, and again in vain.

The hard injustice of his uncle's enmity to the dead Mrs. Berenger's unknown child stood out more freshly than ever. It was unbearable, now that the real barrier was gone. It was justice that his own sins should have parted him from his wife, but not this blind prejudice.

"It shall not be!" the man muttered, fiercely. "It is maddening—maddening! Then he suddenly stopped at the mantel-piece, as he saw that the ornate clock pointed the quarter to eleven.

How late Rahmnee was! Had he lost his way, or been waylaid perhaps by some of those ruffians, far more of rubbers than sturdy beggars, who sometimes rove the country?

At that moment, standing facing the immense chimney-glass, he caught sight of a figure entering by the open window—a woman's figure—a woman's face of ghastly beauty, and wild, wide-open eyes of deadly fear.

The man swung round, and, with one step forward, threw open his arms.

"Great heavens! what does this mean? My wife—my precious wife! Heavens! are you unharmed?"

For she literally flung herself upon his breast, clinging to him in a passion of terror and relief, each breath dragged up in a deep, heavy sob, quivering from head to foot like some poor, hunted creature, even in that strong, sheltering embrace, wrapped so closely to a husband's heart.

"My darling! my life! nothing shall part us again, come what may!" he said, as Christine struggled for the power of speech.

"Bar the windows—the hours!" she gasped. "The miners are out against you! I sent Rahmnee for help! Quick! ask nothing yet! But bar up! Keep them out for a time!"

He put her on to the sofa at once, without a question yet of the mystery, took from the mantel-piece his revolver, which had lain there all the evening, put it in his breast-pocket, and went to the windows here first.

All the lower windows, and those on the floor above, were fitted with very strong shutters, iron-clamped and iron-barred; not folding shutters, but, in fact, a solid thick door, made to run back into a space in the wall, the glass window being on the inside of the room. These shutters St. Maur pulled out and barred across.

"Where there, my darling, for a few minutes, and rest, whilst I bar up every door and window still not done. I closed up all but this and a few others as soon as the people left."

answered. "You are still alive; that is all to me."

He went out, leaving the door open, and she heard him in some other rooms, shutting and barring windows and doors. Then he returned with wine and food from the supper-table in the dining-room, and bid her take what whilst he went to make all safe upstairs.

Christine obeyed, for she needed it after her terrible journey; but all the time her ear was on the alert for the dreaded sound of the mob.

In ten minutes St. Maur once more came back.

"Now I am ready for these villains," he said, with grim quietness. "We can stand a fair siege, and give them a taste of lead for supper. And now, if you can, tell me all. Ah, my darling, my one treasure!" He threw himself on the seat beside her, took her into his arms, and passionately kissed her lips again and again. "I have so hungered and thirsted for you that I feel half afraid this ecstasy of happiness is only a mad dream from which I must awake. No, no! whatever strange irony of fate has brought you here, through a peril I dare not think of, this precious form in my arms, these dear lips under mine, are real, and in safety with me, for the worst that can come is death. Tell me all now, resting here."

And then Christine told the story: how the little pointer pup, whose life he himself had saved, had destroyed Helen's lace, thus causing her own expedition to Gorst; how she had met Rahmnee after he had posted the letter, and then overheard the woman's story of the body of locked-out men who had planned to attack this house to-night, with the intention of forcing St. Maur—the being really the moving spirit in the refusal of their demands—to surrender; and if not—well, his life was at the least in deadly peril if they got hold of him.

"If," said Falc, with a smile, "and if I surrender! Why, the idiots, don't they know me better yet? I'll shoot down like jackals the first that get in! Well, dearest?"

The rest was soon told. She had sent Rahmnee to Lynton, to Frank Addison, and made her way by train; and then the terrible walk across country to warn him, to be with him in his peril, to die with him if murder were the end. "Christine, Christine, what have I ever done for you, and what is there that you have not done for me, even to this last hour?"

With that bitter cry of self-accusation he got up abruptly and paced the room for minutes, struggling against the tempest of wild emotions that racked him; and yet through all, like a golden chord, ran that one deep joy—she was here with him, her priceless love, herself, all his own; the worst barrier between them, of his own building, broken down.

He caught her wristful, troubled gaze following him, and turning suddenly, he knelt beside her and clasped his arms about her waist, as he had done that night in his chambers months ago.

"Do you remember all you said when we parted last?" he said, hoarsely. "Every burning word so terribly true, so more than deserved, that I went from you desperate, maddened with the agony of the wound. What! did I then really love a base, despicable vice better than you? My heart cried out no—a thousand times no! I had fought to keep both passions, love and sin, and you sent the high-handed amor from you to choose between the two, face to face with the stern truth he had shunned to meet—a gambler, you a gambler's miserable wife—loved less than the wretched passion for play?" you said. And, oh, wife, it was so bitter!—he hid his face in her bosom now—"because I knew in my inmost soul that you alone were first, only I wanted both—I wanted both. I was half mad all that time at Monte Carlo. The last month I wanted gold—gold to pay old debts and claim you back without breach of honor to Morley. I played as I had never yet done, I tell you, and I lost—lost night after night, till everything was gambled away but a hundred or two, and nearly all that went the last night. Suddenly I saw before me your words; yes, I did as plainly as I see you now. I saw your hand writing it. I felt that you, never absent from my thoughts, were there with me, saving me. My heart cried out to you in answer to those words spoken and written."

"I know it all, my husband," Christine said, softly, stooping to kiss the bowed head. "I saw, I heard, I was with you—whether in a dream or not, I know not, but I was there."

"Christine, oh, Christine! it was not my fevered fancy, then!" he cried, passionately. "You knew all through, then, that you were first; you knew that miserable vice is dead forever, that you are no more a gambler's wife, and never shall be again."

"I know it, my love, my husband!" With one accord their lips met as he locked her still closer, and it was minutes before either moved or spoke. It was a forecast of paradise that came to each throbbing heart in those moments—to the man's above all, an intense sense of restfulness and peace that was all new and strange to him.

"My guardian angel!" he whispered at last, and only changing to his former place beside her. "It is your strength that has won the battle, not mine. And, oh, it was so hard a fight, dear wife! The wretch was so great, the roots so deep! But it was for your sake. I left at once to get to you. I was in darkness; everything was chaos till I had you in my arms, heard your voice, looked into your eyes once more. And there is the future to be met—a debt in which honor is involved, and the means of clearing it cut off. But that part of the future must be faced out later, if we escape the threatened attack. The other part your own noble courage this night, my darling, has solved to me, come what may. Ha! ha!" At the sound of tramping feet St. Maur sprang to his feet, with an utter charge of manner and face. "They are coming at last, these miners!"

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Husband and wife both stood quite as they were.

"I fear nothing near you," she said still now, listening intently as the

heavy, irregular tramp, tramp of many feet came on, and nearer and nearer—man with flashing eyes, and staring, ruthless face that told its own tale of no quarter given or taken; the woman as cool and resolute as he was himself—as she had been in many a danger before this.

Suddenly there was a halt, then a hoarse murmur of angry surprise through the mob.

"Ah, ha!" said Falconer, with a half laugh. "You expected to find the place open, and an easy victory and you can't make out how the warning has been given."

"They are very quiet, Falconer," said he. "The lull before the storm," said he. "I guess they are enured at present, and are sending scouts round the house in search of some unguarded entry or ladders."

"Are there any, Falc?"

"Neither, so far as they are concerned. I've barred up every outer means of entry, and locked every inside door, so that if they do break in they must cut every step of their way after us. There are a few ladders, but they would not reach the floor over this, which is shuttered up. There is a fire-escape, but," said St. Maur, grimly, touching his breast, "they are welcome to try it. I should simply go on to the leads and pick them off like flies, in detail, after fair warning. I reckon they won't be game to try that, my dear. They'll go for the hail door, or one of those lower windows, with hatchets."

"I wonder if they have got firearms?" said his wife. "There are sixty or seventy, the woman said."

"I think that probably the fellows—the demagogues who have raised the wind from the first—have got firearms. One of them, Joe Smith, is sure to have some for my special behoof, because I told him, when I locked the yard-gate, that it was too late; he's the worst of the whole lot. Do you hear?—that is his hoarse voice now—their leader, as I thought."

"Come on, mates!" cried the voice outside. "The tyrant is caged, if he has got the tip. We'll give him a chance first."

"Very gracious, I'm sure!" satirically commented the "tyrant" within. "If it were not for your peril, my darling, this would be rather a lark. There is the hail bell!"

It pealed furiously, resounding all through the spacious hall again and again.

St. Maur stepped into the hall, Christine following; and when the bell ceased, there was a harsh, triumphant chuckle outside from the mob.

"That'll fetch him out—must he hear that there noise?"

Not a sound.

"They're packed before the door," said Falconer, with his soft, scornful laugh. "I'll gain time, if I can, to give Frank a chance. Jove! I hope my poor Rahmnee is safe."

"Hoarse—hallo!" cried the rough, hoarse voice outside, heard plainly through a small iron vent-grating in the top of the massive door. "Be you there, Mr. St. Maur?"

Clear and true as a bell came the high-bred, musical tones and delicate accent of the well-born man:

"I am here. What do you want at this hour?"

"Two or three on us just wants a word with you, sir."

"The fellow! To think they can tree me like a possum," said Falc.

Then aloud:

"Very well, Joe Smith! I am all attention. Speak on."

"Open the door, sir, on the chain, if you like, but so we can hear each other."

"We can hear fast enough with this door between us. One to seventy isn't quite even odds, I fancy."

Again there came that indescribable wave of sound, the fierce outcries of an enraged crowd, and one voice said savagely loud:

"Cuss the aristocrat! Hoar to his tongue! The words don't seem good enough for him."

St. Maur looked at his wife and laughed, then stopped and kissed her, tenderly.

"My dearest, how deathly pale you are, yet how steadfast and fearless."

Then he turned as some one struck the door a blow.

"What have you got to say, Joe Smith?"

"Open the door, sir, on the chain."

"Not if I know it, my very gentle friends. I am not such a fool. Speak up, if you have anything to say, or I shall decline to listen at all."

"Look ye here, then, mister, we wants to know if ye'll giv us a promise to end the lock-out, and we'll all start work. We all knows it's you as' done that job so sharp to the clock t'other day."

"On the authority of your master—yes," returned St. Maur, deliberately. "And you had full, fair notice. Sharp to time, and my word kept—that's my way."

"Will you end it, mister?"

"On what terms?"

"What you offered two days back—a per cent advance."

"Your memory seems bad," said St. Maur, coolly. "I offered that up till four o'clock; after that, a lock-out on the old wages. That was plain English, anyhow, and those are our terms—none other."

"Is that your answer to us?"

"Yes."

There was a yell of fury, and above it Joe Smith's stentorian roar, garnished with oaths:

"Is it? Then we'll smash in, and make ye sing another song for yer life!"

Haughty Falconer's contemptuous laugh rang out clear.

"I am ready for you with good powder and shot, and the first man that shows, I'll use it!"

them windows; the shutters'll crash before this, see hoak door!"

"The sensible words the fellow has uttered," remarked St. Maur, sarcastically. "Now, Frank, Frank, ride fast—ride fast—for my darling's sake! Sweetest music now would be the tramp of Darnley's troop!"

As he said that, a shower of blows from, doubtless, pickaxes and hammers, rained upon the solid, iron-girded shutters of the drawing-room with a heavy, thundering sound that sent the blood back in Christine's heart, bold as she was. She trembled for her lover—his fear was for her.

"We must retreat upstairs," he said. "In twenty minutes they'll break in there."

"Falc," exclaimed his wife, suddenly, "is there much wine in that dining-room?"

(To be continued.)

## PLAYTIME STORIES.

### THE WITCH'S FAILURE.

Under a chestnut tree was sleeping the blacksmith's baby daughter. A witch on her way to market stooped to admire the pretty babe, but the child was frightened and began to cry. That made the witch angry and she laughed horribly, saying: "I'll leave a gift for you. When you grow into a young lady your first suitor shall be stricken blind, and away she vanished."

Of course as the child grew older she had few friends, though indeed she was one of the sweetest and most beautiful of girls. All young men avoided her, so afraid were they of being made blind.

At last, however, a king out hunting in the forest passed the blacksmith's home and saw the girl sitting at her wheel spinning. He stood entranced at her beauty and dismounting from his



horse came over to the window. He asked her to marry him and go to his palace to live. No sooner had he said these words than there was a clap of thunder, terrible laughter and he was stricken blind.

Long and loud woept the girl and all the king's retainers and servants. Suddenly, to every one's surprise, the spinning wheel began to turn and sing a queer tune, saying:

In the heart of the rose  
A magic charm glows—  
If this charm you can find  
Twill give sight to the blind.

A drop of clear dew  
Makes clouded eyes new—  
This magic charm glows  
In the heart of the rose.

At once every lady set out searching for the red roses. The maiden was the first to find them and bring the healing dew to the king, whose sight was restored by the first drop.

You may be sure the spinning wheel stood in a place of honor at the castle. In fact pictures of it were graven on the shields of the king's warriors as a coat of arms.

The witch, they say, became so angry when she heard the king's sight had been restored that she stamped her feet on the ground so hard that she disappeared right into the earth and hasn't been seen from that day to this.

## GIVES CENT A DAY.

Rich Des Moines Man Makes Offer to All Iowa Boys.

To every boy in Iowa who will take a pledge to use neither tobacco nor liquor Samuel Sauerman, a wealthy Des Moines resident, will give \$1, a cent a day for three years and another dollar at the end of the three years.

At the same time he urges the boys who accept his proposition to save the nickels and dimes they would otherwise have spent for tobacco and alcoholic drinks and put them with their accounts. He has figured out that if the boys will do this none will arrive at the age of twenty-one years without having enough to take him through college or give him a good start in life.

Mr. Sauerman is reported to be worth \$1,500,000. The new organization he is perfecting to help boys is to be known as "The Trimmer Band." To demonstrate his earnestness, he has deposited in the name of "The Trimmer Band" \$2,000, which is drawing interest.

The plan as outlined by Mr. Sauerman is to take boys from the age of nine to sixteen and organize them into plants or companies of 50 to 100. He would have these boys hold monthly meetings, at which time they would discuss and be taught economy, finance and how to earn money, clean living and everything in line with industry and morals.

Each boy on joining the club will receive \$1. The boy must deposit with his dollar 50 cents, to show good faith. Starting his bank account with \$1.50, each boy will receive one penny per day for three years, and at the end of that period he will receive an additional \$1. This will give him \$12 if they have not saved one cent themselves. He urges them to save their nickels and dimes so as to be prepared to start life right.

The pledge each boy takes on joining "The Trimmer Band" is to abstain from tobacco in any form, intoxicating liquors, gambling of any kind and profane and slang language.

## Bricks From Anthrills.

Excellent bricks are made of the soil of anthrills in Central America. The natives tread it with water into a dough-like substance, which is shaped in rough wooden molds. It is then dried in the sun, and afterward baked in native kilns.

# WINDSOR TABLE SALT



"Waiter, this is better salt than we get in the States".

"Yes sir, that's what all the tourists say."

We always use Windsor Salt in this hotel. In fact, practically everybody in Canada uses Windsor Salt for the table."

"There, my dear, is a hint for you."

Now that we are going to live in Canada, we must start our housekeeping right with Windsor Salt.

Put the name in your 'want book'—

## WINDSOR TABLE SALT.

### UNALTERABLE.

(Puck.)

The cook met, at the polls, her mistress. "Here, at all events, you've got nothing on me," exclaimed the former, snuggly, but with dignity.

"Except a hat, a wrap, a silk petticoat, and the Lord only knows what else!" retorted the latter, something tartly.

"For there are conditions which no merely political revolution can ever alter."

## AN ORGAN FOR 25 CENTS A WEEK.

We have on hand thirty-five organs, taken in exchange on Eeintzman & Co. pianos, which we must sell regardless of loss, to make room in our store. Every instrument has been thoroughly overhauled, and is guaranteed for five years, and full amount will be allowed on exchange. The prices run from \$10 to \$35, for such well-known makes as Thonans, Dominon, Karn, Uxbridge, Godrich and Bell. This is your chance to save money. A post card will bring full particulars. Eeintzman & Co., 71 King street east, Hamilton.

## Making the Wireless Compulsory.

A bill has been introduced into the House of Commons by Sir Edward Sassoon, Lord Charles Beresford, Walter Guinness, Sir Seymour King, Mr. Stewart and Mr. Gwynne, proposing to make it unlawful for any ocean-going vessel, British, Irish or foreign-owned, carrying 50 or more persons (including passengers and crew), to attempt to leave any British or Irish port unless equipped with an efficient apparatus for wireless communication, in good working order, in charge of a skilled person, the apparatus to be capable of transmitting and receiving messages over a distance of at least 100 miles, by night or by day. These provisions will not apply to vessels plying between British and Irish ports less than 200 miles apart.—Engineer.

## Practically every up-to-date druggist, grocer and general dealer now sells Wilson's Fly Pads.

## Water Tanks of Concrete.

Two reinforced concrete water tanks have been built as part of a concrete block chimney in France. The chimney is 180 feet high, the diameter at the summit 7 feet 9 inches and the tank capacity is 27,000 imperial gallons. The tanks form annular rings about the stack.—London Engineer.

## Ten Sound Reasons Why You Should Buy

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