

# Saved From the Sea

She laughed, and blushed, and looked very pretty; but if she could only have seen into his heart, hers would have throbbed with jealous anger indeed. She fancied herself desperately in love with handsome Pale St. Maur, and was beginning to resent attentions to any rival. Of the extreme and undeniable beauty of Christine Errington she had secretly been jealous for a long time; and it was that which now made her, in the course of the very first week, fix upon her as the horrid woman who no doubt would like to catch rich Mr. Orde's heir.

"It's she who flirts," she told herself. "Widows are so bold and impudent: I always thought uncle was deceived in her. I believe she meant to win him, but she saw it was useless. If the girl, alone in her own room, stepped before the cheval-glass. 'Yes, she is very handsome, and men will gather about and flirt with anybody good-looking in a country-house, and of course it is as safe to amuse themselves with her as if her husband were alive—a penniless chap—er, an ex-ship's stewardess—bah! absurd! They are all men of family and fortune; how could they dream of anything but pasture? And St. Maur must marry to please his uncle, or he'll lose the fortune! Mrs. Darnley hinted what the old gentleman wished plain enough, planning admiringly at her own image. 'And I could only get that woman out of the way, I should certainly have what the dear fellow calls a walk-over. But Uncle Roland wouldn't believe anything intangible. Hat he has never asked to see her marriage certificate, or even where she was married, I do believe may, I'm sure of it! Why, she might be anything—and if I could find out any deception or flaw in her previous credentials, Uncle Rolo would not keep her. She has been with some shady enough people, I can see—' (Oh, Miss Blanche!)—such as the gambling Neapolitan princess; and then that Madame Racotier is not our sort at all. I wonder if she knows anything of Mrs. Errington's antecedents? It is very strange that she should be so an fait at even the most gambling games—even poker and euchre! The only thing is, she is so frankly open about it, she might so easily have put on ignorance. Well, I shall give Mr. St. Maur encouragement—dark fellow—he is so proud that, because I am an heiress, and he, after all, dependent on his old uncle's will—he might not choose to—come forward. There he is now with Uncle Rolo, smoking their cigars. Ah! what is he talking about, I wonder? Perhaps about me! Now, there is his Indian valet with something white in his hand!'

Rahmnee approached the two gentlemen, saluted, and presented a letter to his master. "What! a post in, Rahmnee—at half past one!" said Falconer. "Yes, sahib; local post, the postman says." "I see—yes—from Staffordshire. Thanks, Rahmnee."

The Hindu salaamed again and retreated toward the house; but as he neared it his keen black eyes caught sight of Blanche at her window, and they glittered suddenly. "Ah! Rahmnee, see!" he muttered. "Rahmnee know pink-white missie watch the sahib; but he no care you—ah, yah, no! The beautiful mem-sahib is his missie, and you—snake—snake—tiger—ugh!"

"Don't stand on ceremony, St. Maur, pray," said Dr. Clifford. "Thanks. The letter is, I see, from my uncle."

He opened it out. As he read, the haughty brow contracted, as his companion saw. "So the battle is fairly begun," said St. Maur with a scornful laugh; "and it will be a tough one; and, as far as I am concerned, I give them my honor: no yielding of one inch."

"Have they struck, then, actually, or do they only threaten it?" "Turned out on strike yesterday. They held a meeting some evenings before, listened to the mischievous agitators who are swaying them, and finally made a demand for an increase of 8 per cent."

"Absurd, when all commerce is so depressed," said the doctor, "and iron no better than other commodities, is it?" "No; it is very dull, and could by no possibility bear such an advance. Indeed, it would be working the mines at an absolute loss. Of course, my uncle refused the demand. Result, a strike."

"And the end?" said Clifford, watching the other's face. "The mouth, every line, settled at once into that ruthless look of which habitually there lay only indications. 'I know what the end will be, if old

Will Orde puts the fight into my hand," he said. Clifford smiled. "So do I, I think—their defeat or yours. No; I will say broadly, a tragedy."

"You may say my murder, if you like, as you meant," said the other, coolly; "for it may come to that, if there should be riotous over it. They know I will never yield; and when my blood is up and steel and lead handy, the leaders at least carry their lives in their hands. I shouldn't be too particular if any man goes for me, I assure you. Mind you, doctor, I fully believe our own men would have gone on well enough if left to themselves; but they're worked up by socialistic agitators, and for them I, for one, have no mercy. If there is rioting, I'll spare our men where I can—as ignorant, misguided fellows—but those who have misled them, I'll shoot down like the scum they are, if they come within range of my revolver."

"Ah! in a fight, you mean?" "Yes; in a fight, or riot—call it what you will. I should be an especial mark for the malcontents' violence, too, you see; for they all know what I am on the subject, and that I am an ugly customer in their way."

"Whew-w!" went the doctor. "We must hope it will tide over quietly." Falconer shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "I'll tell you this," he said: "William Orde, Sir Arthur Channing (I expect his will follow), and another owner near Grass-Rowdon, will presently offer an agreement—arbitration, or a reasonable advance in wages, if even the trade can barely allow it. If that is accepted, well; if not—he set his foot down—it will be war to the knife."

The sonorous boom of the luncheon bell rang out from the house, and both threw away their unfinished cigarettes and went into luncheon. Part of the letter its recipient had kept to himself. "I hope, dear Pale, that you are making way with that charming little blue-eyed maiden. You know how much I wish it."

This he kept for his wife's eyes only, when he saw her alone—when! "I must soon!" he muttered. "My darling, I must—I must! I cannot bear this much longer—Heaven, I will not! Rahmnee shall manage to give her a note to meet me one night in the copse; it is impossible by day anywhere."

CHAPTER XXII. "Robinson," said Kenton Morley, one fine August morning. "I am going to take a few days' holiday."

"Sir!" exclaimed the old clerk, pushing up his spectacles in the utmost surprise. "Fact!" returned his master, nodding. "My valise is in the passage; I'll wire you directly I have an address; if any one calls (which isn't likely), merely say I'm away for a week. Whistle me a hansom, please, now."

Half an hour afterward the money-lender stepped into a Northwestern train with a ticket in his waistcoat pocket for Nest Hill, shire, which was in due time reached; and the traveller betook himself to an inn, bespoke a room, and ordered dinner, which proved a good, plain meal, and when the landlady came to remove it, the guest told her so. Then he asked a question: "Is Nest Hill House far from here?" "Well, sir, it is a goodish step to walk—quite two miles. Did you wish to go there?"

The man's sense of humor was touched. He smiled. "I, my good friend? I don't look much like calling on such swell people, I think; and some of them would stare to see me there. My question was an idle one of a stranger's curiosity. It is owned by Major Addison, isn't it?" "Yes, sir; and a very nice gentleman he is, too; and Mrs. Addison likewise."

"Oh!" said the guest, reflecting on the inaccuracy of speech of the uneducated. According to the good dame, Helen was "a nice gentleman."



HER IDEA OF FARMING.

"Yes, Mrs. Askem, I dearly love tending the grass. I'd like to be a farmer and have 160 acres to cultivate."

"Oh, Mr. Mowery, but just think of the care 160 acres of lawn would be!"

Up in the next minute the party swept up to the hostelry, eight or nine of them, with a groom and the Indian in attendance, and almost before he drew rein, Falconer had leaped to the ground, clinging the Arab's bridle to Rahmnee, little dreaming of the pair of keen, eager eyes that were watching him for a sign, rapidly scanning the woman for the one he called wife.

"Ah, Jove! that superbly handsome woman, reining in her restive horse under this window—never that blue-eyed doll who has just frightened!" Turning quickly from Blanche the instant she touched terra firma, St. Maur was at his wife's side—no one quite near, all talking, laughing, hoofs tramping—only those sharp, kindly eyes and ears above, unseen, unsuspected.

"My darling—my Christine!" he said, low and passionately, and lifted her from the saddle. The money lender leaned back in his chair with a softening of every rugged feature and line that it seemed scarcely the same face. "Your darling—your Christine!" he repeated. "Yes, she is that, and will be in literal truth your Christine. What prophetic inspiration made them baptize her that beautiful name, I wonder? But she should surely go back to the man; she'll do more with him at his side, and it is her right place."

Ay, with the honor that was her due, but not under the upas shadow of shame. The hall party had evidently been out for a long ride, and stopped for tea and chemist; the solitary man above could hear them in the large private parlor below his rooms, and as all the doors and windows stood open, could hear not only the pleasant, lively voices, but much of what was said.

"Frank," came often in the soft, musical tones Kenton Morley knew so well—sometimes Mrs. Errington, or Miss Leroy—the listener wondered if that was the blue-eyed doll. Presently there was a move below, and Major Addison's deep, resonant voice gave the order to the landlord to have the horses brought around. Men, women and horses now reappeared—a goodly sight indeed, the Indian's pictures—figure standing like a dark statue between his own horse and his master's fiery Arabian.

"Mrs. Leroy, are you ready?" said St. Maur, as Blanche turned toward him the moment the white palfrey she rode was brought. He could hardly avoid the question. "Forward mink!" muttered the on-looker. "Oh, thanks, yes."

Blanche was not a featherweight; for though not above the middle height, she was more of the robust than slight build decidedly, nor had she much spring. Falconer raised her easily to the saddle, however, put the snaffle into her hand, and affecting not to hear something about her glove, bowed, and turned to see if Christine was still afoot.

Yes; she was talking to the hostess, and just putting a cluster of honey-suckle into her button-hole. "Thank you, belle madame," said the audacious Pale, coolly, taking it and placing it in his own breast. "You meant it for me, I am quite certain; permit me to replace it," and gathering another, he deftly fastened it in the button-hole. "You thief!" said she, laughing. "Not at all; exchange is no robbery, is it, Mrs. Benshaw?"

It is a pity, but now, such a handsome young man, too!" "The dame looked up, courtesying, all dimples and smiles. "Lor' bless him—yes, sir; it's just his fun and impudence—the nicest gentleman, sir, that can be; that's Mr. St. Maur, sir; he's been all over the world, they say. He's a great friend, I think, of the major and Mrs. Addison's. No wonder, sir, he's such a favorite—and he is, too, that's certain."

Who knew that better than the money-lender himself and he sighed again. A week later he returned to town. What took place at Nest Hill after that he learned later, and then Kenton said to himself, sadly: "The pity isn't—the pity isn't, Iago!" (To be continued.)



SUIT OF LINEN AND EMBROIDERY.

Simple linen suits are often beautifully finished with cuffs and collar of deep-toned linen. With these suits are worn belts of varnished leather in the same rich color. Broad flat hats of coarse straw are worn with linen dresses and suits, and are trimmed about the crown with a circle of roses to match, over a broad band of velvet.

Snakes are unpleasant reptiles and most ladies would get very much excited if they knew there were three or four in the house. Yet snakes are cleanly and most kinds are harmless, but the house flies you allow to live in your kitchen and dining rooms are probably loaded with germs of infectious and deadly disease. The remedy is found in the constant use of Wilson's Fly Pads during the summer months. No other fly killer compares with them.



PICTURE HATS STILL LEAD.

This broad-spreading hat of black straw is faced with black satin and turned up sharply in the back. It is mounted with a deep shaded gray feathers, which are fastened at the back and droop forward over the crown.

USE OF ALUM IN MICHIGAN. State Chemist F. W. Robinson, of Michigan, in an interview some days ago stated that many baking powder companies have for months been turning sodium aluminum phosphate as one of the ingredients used in the manufacture of baking powder, which when sifted down was nothing more or less than alum. [This he claims will soon be used by many of the States as an entering wedge to prohibit the use of that substance in baking powder and many other food-stuffs. Michigan has no law preventing the use of alum, but there is a stringent law against the use of substances in foodstuffs that are injurious to the public health. According to the Pennsylvania decision alum is classed as such, and action may be taken in Michigan to prevent the sale of baking powder containing it.]

A Snake in His Hair. The hair of the Indian yogis or religious mendicant owing to long years of neglect becomes matted together in a fashion more easy to imagine than to describe and certainly could not be brushed out. It is of very great length and when allowed to hang down trails on the ground. One night one of these yogis was sleeping under a tree when a snake worked its way into his tangled coil, and he had quite a difficult task to get rid of it in the morning.—Wide World Magazine.

## ANAEMIA'S VICTIMS

Can Find New Health in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Anaemia is simply a lack of blood. It therefore follows that the correct treatment for anaemia is one that increases the blood supply. That is really the only treatment that can possibly be successful. The symptoms of anaemia are easily recognized. Paleness, listlessness, the failure of food to nourish, headaches and often in women and girls backaches, faintness and palpitation of the heart. To restore the blood supply to its normal quantity and quality Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be recommended with confidence. First because they are known to have cured thousands of anaemic people—the highest possible commendation. Secondly they actually contain the ingredients that combine with the food and oxygen to make rich, red blood, without which no man, woman or growing boy or girl can be healthy.

"Mrs. E. M. Bell, Red Deer, Alta. says: 'When I came to Alberta some years ago, a young girl I had been suffering for a couple of years from anaemic blood. Doctors had done everything for me that could be done, but to no purpose. The doctors said I could not live, but that a change of climate might prolong my life, so my father brought me to Alberta. For a short time I did seem to improve, but soon became as bad, if not worse, than before I left Ontario. I could not walk upstairs, walk on the street, or stand in a room for more than a few minutes without fainting. Life was a burden and I did not care whether I lived or not, and had given up hope of getting better. It was at this time Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my attention, and a supply was got for me. After I had used the second box I thought I felt some better, and I continued taking the Pills until I felt like a new person. I could walk, ride a bicycle and skate without the dreadful pains in my limbs I had before experienced, and in every way I was enjoying better health than ever before in my life. Now, whenever I feel the need of a tonic I turn at once to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am constantly recommending them to my friends.'

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

## Complexity of Modern Stage.

The installation of a complete telephone system for the stage of the New Theatre in New York city illustrates not only the variety of uses to which the telephone is put, says The Scientific American, but also the vastness and complexity of the up-to-date stage. The stage telephone system has nine stations on the stage and 25 floor stations, with two switchboards or central stations. Through these central, inter-communication with the other stations may be had. From one of these central stations the technical director controls the operations of the stage hands, while the other board is the stage manager's station. The regular stations are placed in the prompter's booth, the electrician's booth, the stage galleries, and one is located near the orchestra leader. Calls are made by operating push buttons from either of the central stations, and they serve to flash a bull's eye signal or to operate a banner, depending upon which of two buttons is pressed. The theatre is also equipped with a telephone system, used for carriage calls.

## AN ORGAN FOR 25 CENTS A WEEK

We have on hand thirty-five organs, taken in exchange on Heintzman & 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 Thomas, Dominion, Karn, Uxbridge, Godrich and Bell. This is your chance to save money. A post card will change for full particulars. Heintzman & Co., 71 King street east, Hamilton.

## The Daisy.

I love roses. But, oh! you daisy! You're a peach, all right. You're a heart of purest gold. You've a halo of the snowiest white. You've plenty of dash and exquisite grace. Myriads of you transform fields into milky ways. You linger coquettishly, even flirtatiously near the very roadside. And again you coyly cling afar back fairly in the woodland's shadow. Years ago your name became a synonym for all that was fascinating. Ages ago, you daisy (chrysanthemum leucanthemum), of the thistle family, you were chosen by Macgregor for the love-me-love-me-not test, and you stand ready to help out anxious maidens to this day.

## THE ONEY-PLEA.

(Cleveland Leader.) Western Judge—Hoss chief, you're found guilty by the jury. Hoss y' anything to say as to why I shouldn't soak y' the limit? Prisoner—Well, judge, it wasn't your hoss I stole.

Zam-Buk is the best remedy known for sunburn, heat, redness, eczema, sore feet, stings and blisters. A skin food!

lines this has been the arrival of really the sorting demand for mer drygoods is brisk, evidences it will continue to have some talk in the West, but so far not been sufficient to cause much alarm. Full trade is even more account of the season prevailing. Orders for drygoods have not as yet appeared. It would appear nothing but a tremendous fall season.

Victoria reports say business continue active. Some reasonable lines and sorting lines are being collected, too, movement over those of Delveries of produce prices fairly steady.

by Chance Sees His and Saves Him.

Arthur W. Ship... address as Detroit, experience on C. P. R. had it not been for a... he might have been

having lunch in the... did not see the... until the last coach... the waitingroom door... bled on to the handles... reaching the step, but... a sleeper, the door ran... of the lower step, and... foothold. The door was

drop off, as he knew the... coaching a bridge, so he... and waited. Five miles from London, particular, the colored... into the vestibule, and... of the man's face

AT STORM and Its Mother's Arm Broken.

July 4.—A terrible... over this second... at 5 o'clock. It struck... tremendous force. Auto... lumber piles and... and carried in all di-

Mr. George Poff, who... of here, his... buildings being com-... Mrs. Poff had her... flying in the air in... her infant son, but... could reach the cradle... the child, causing a... the parish priest at... returned from a trip to... missions at Trossachs and... here, brings news of the... of twelve years, ending during the severe... which passed over south... last Thursday night. ... also tells of some ex-... while staying with Har-... Wednesday night. A... came up, and about... struck the porch of the... on fire, but by quick... were extinguished and... a house in the vicinity... was lifted and carried... a young man alone in the... being badly injured by... on the head by the gasoline... is almost a complete