Saved From the Sea

The old clerk obeyed, and Christine Errington entered the room in which her husband had so often been. Morley rose with a deeply respectful salute, but he saw that she gave him a searching look.

"I owe you an apology madame, for the liberty I have taken," he said, drawing forward the easy chair. "And I fear that my letter must have surprised you."

"Very much, Mr. Morley, I admit," she said, quietly, as she took the offered seat, "since presumably we were unknown quantities to each other; but the world is very small, after all."

"Very, Mrs. Errington. You may, though, have just heard my name dropped by one or two of the careless young fellows you have met in society."

"Possibly," said Christine, coolly, meeting his gaze; "but I can not think how you knew of my existence."

The money-lender smiled.

"Of your existence in an impersonal sort of way I knew months ago; but I found out for myself only quite lately that Mrs. Errington was the personality I wanted. I first saw you among a riding party that came from Nest Hill House. I was at an upper window of the inn where you all stopped."

She went very white, and leaned back, but she said nothing.

"I easily learned that you were a lady living in Dr. Clifford's family in a post of trust."

"I have left that post," interrupted Christine, quickly. I left last evening."

"Left it!" exclaimed the money-lender, taken aback. "Good heavens! why? Does—do your friends know of this?"

"Pardon me," she said, haughtily, "I have no friends; and my leaving is my own concern."

"No friends! You are young to say that."

"None to whom I am accountable, Mr. Morley. Doctor Clifford did not wish me to go."

The money-lender leaned forward, resting his arm on the table beside him as he said, slowly:

"You say you have no friends. But is there not one man in the world who is more to you than all the world beside? for whom you would shed your life's blood drop by drop?"

"Mr. Morley," that proud blood rushed to her cheek and her eyes flashed, but there was fear in their depths, dread in her throbbing heart, "you are taking a strange liberty."

"I know it; yet I must say more, and trust for pardon presently. I know that the man you so care for is the one who, at that inn I spoke of, helped you to dismount, and called you then I could hear him—'his darling—his Christine!'"

The woman, woman-like, rose to the occasion, desperate in the emergency.

"Well," she said, with splendid audacity, "and what then? Is it strange that two people should love who have met often for weeks, and been a month under one roof?"

"No, not strange," said Morley, with intense admiration in his eyes, but maintaining the same manner still, "if it were the fact; but I know that years ago you were in Monte Carlo with Falconer St. Maur."

She sprung to her feet in a blaze of haughty passion and fear. What did he know? Was he trying to force her, for shame's sake, into admissions she was pledged to guard?

"Who has dared to say that to you? And by what right do you presume to question my relations, past or present, with Falconer St. Maur?"

Kenton Morley gazed on her in a wondering admiration that was even reverential.

"Grand, noble-hearted woman!" he said. "Sooner than betray by a look the secret that you believe will peril your lover's rescue from moral ruin, you brand yourself with a shame that is not yours. Forgive me for so cruelly testing the length to which your self-sacrificing love for that man will go; and it has no limit, I see, save honor itself."

She staggered back into her seat, putting her hands out blindly, dizzily.

"Ah, Heaven above! what—what do you mean?"

"That I know the whole truth from that man's own lips," answered Morley.

"What truth?"

"That you are Falconer St. Maur's wedded wife."

Oh, the sudden rich glow of light that leaped up into her eyes, into her whole face, as she started half up, her lips parted!

"He told you that? Ah, thank Heaven for that! You, at least, will not misjudge. And he must feel that he can trust you implicitly to tell you that."

"I think he does trust me as a real friend," said the money-lender, with a deep, quiet earnestness that went to the wife's heart, "as I am and will be. Your husband told me the whole sad story—not in detail—of your marriage, its secrecy, and what followed; But I asked him to say nothing to you till I gave leave, for, in fact, I meant to find you out and speak to you myself. I am a lonely, childless old man, Mrs. Errington, and I dare say a very eccentric one, but it is nevertheless a simple truth that I care very much for that husband of yours, though, perhaps," he said, with a smile that brought a rich, sofe flush to her beautiful face, "you will not wonder at that as much as he does. I always liked him, and I knew him before you did, my dear, though I dare say you never heard my name till the last few months since you met again."

"No," she said, gently, deeply moved by the old man's manner and the pathos underlying all he had said—and is not the surrest way to a woman's heart through the man she loves?—"not before he left me, but no whe has told me all about you—'Ken Morley,' as he calls you; but I had no idea, when lately I met him one night in Nest Hill Park, that he had told you he was married."

"Ah, will you let me tell you then exactly how that was before I venture further?" said Morley. "It was after the Derby day, when he came to pay me off five thousand pounds; and I think, my dear, we both thoroughly understood each other in that interview."

"Tell me all, then, dear Mr. Morley—kind, true friend indeed," Christine said, earnestly.

She never spoke or interrupted the money-lender's story of that interview when he had so entirely won Falconer's confidence, and when his deep voice ceased, only said, softly:

"Thank you."

There was a short silence; then Morley said:

"Forgive me, but was your meeting St. Maur the cause of your leaving Dr. Clifford?"

She told him yes, and how it had happened, anxious to exonerate Falconer from any blame.

"He does not even know yet that I have left at all," she added, "and I shall not tell him the—the impression under which I have left Dr. Clifford."

"But, child—child, why not have asserted that you were married?" said Morley.

"I was afraid; he is so sharp, and I feared that some after-word or suspicion might perhaps put the match to the right train. Remember, there is a jealous, silly girl in the background who, when she fails to win attention from Falconer, may, out of spite, hint that he was the man who— No, no, it is better as it is, Mr. Morley."

"Of course," said the money lender, looking down. "There is no question—forgive my plain speaking—that St. Maur has wronged you terribly from first to last—how much I can guess; but, still, that is not the question naw, I take it; you love him, and have forgiven his sins, which are many—more, you are struggling to save him from the ruin before him, to reclaim the gambler—you, poor child, the gambler's wife; and I—I only want to help you to that end in every way I can."

"You, Mr. Morley!" Christine lifted the white face she had dropped in her hands, and looked at him. "You are very kind to say that, because I believe you mean it fully—I know you do."

"Thank you, I do mean it—however, it is a question which you and I will have to talk over. One way I can see plainly—if he goes on losing, and comes to me, I shall let him have money, on the old security, of course; it's no use to drive him to desperation either by that which lies in my hands or by another way which lies in yours, and has, I feel sure, already done so."

Her face changed, the passionate emotions which the strong nature had kept under began to master complete control. She got up and walked to the end of the room, then back, pausing at the money lender's table. She knew what he meant.

"Go on; how am I driving him to desperation? And I am quite aware that for some weeks before we all left town Falconer gambled as recklessly as ever."

"I think, then, my dear," said Morley, with emphasis, "that if you mean to keep your hold over that man and save him, you must go back to him as he wants you to do; only you can make him a home and keep the daily constant influence over him—you are his wife, you ought to live with him."

"On what terms, Mr. Morley?"

He looked at her, startled.

"On what terms?" he repeated. "I don't quite take you."

"Don't you? No whisper even of Falconer's marriage must reach Mr. Orde; the disinheritance and utter ruin that would follow would be the death to my hopes of reclaiming him, the more that his honor is involved as touching your security. You know all this."

"Thoroughly, Mrs. St.—Mrs. Errington."

"And," she went on, "if we live so that those about us believe me to be truly what I am, his wife, the secret can not possibly long remain unknown to Mr. Orde. If we live in such a manner that the secret is kept, what then am I? Heaven knows I would bear even that terrible shadow of disgrace for his dear sake if the sacrifice could save him instead of giving him the death blow to all hope, all effort. He is blinded now by the tempest of passion; he can persuade himself that this will not be—that he can, will, shield me; but the moment I yield this fatal step, he will see it all, he will hate and despise himself for his act; he will despise me for submitting to the degradation of the position; he will have won me without the price of a vice laid down; the incentive, the prize I now hold out, will be gone; I should lose the hold I have of his love—his pure love—in losing the moral force that I keep in my hands now. Do you understand me better, Mr. Morley?"

"I think I do, my dear—I think I do; but, then, how was it years ago?"

"Ah!" said Christine, with a quick-drawn breath of intense pain, "that was where, in my youth and ignorance, I made such a terrible mistake, and lost him. I should be mad, indeed, with my bitter experience, to repeat that mistake, and meet the same failure. No, Mr. Morley, though my refusal at present maddens him, makes him more desperate, and even for a time sink deeper in the surging tide, I must stand firm against his persuasions and my own heart; if I fling myself into the tide with him, we must both be drowned."

"You are right ten thousand times!" exclaimed the money-lender, striking his hand on the table; "you women always are on moral points. Now, what can I do to help you both beyond what I said?"

"Nothing, generous, kind friend," she said, huskily, turning half aside.

"Nonsense, child—there is something; you cannot refer to Doctor Clifford. How are you to get employment and live?"

"Dear Mr. Morley, I can get employment again, and I have plenty of money by me to last a good time; but at present I mean to remain free in lodgings, for Falconer's sake."

"H'm! I suppose if your funds run out you would ask your husband for money?" said Morley, lookin down.

"No. I will not touch gamblers' gold!"

He had expected that answer.

"You will take mine, then!" he said, abruptly, and lifting his eyes sharply to hers.

She colored painfully.

"You are very kind, but I will never borrow—nor have I security at all."

"I want none; that is not my meaning," said Kenton Morley, rising, and coming to where she stood. "When your funds are run low you must come to me, old Ken Morley. Promise me!"

"Mr. Morley, I cannot, indeed, I——"

He laid his hand on her arm.

"My dear, nothing is done without money, and if it pleases me to give my handsome sinner's noble wife the means to keep free for his sake, that is my busines. I've plenty—got by fair commercial speculation, too; and if I am a hard old money-lender, I never was a miser."

"Ah! don't say 'hard'!" exclaimed Christine, impetuously; "it's not true of yourself; we know that."

"Your promise, Mrs. Errington. I am an obstinate old fellow," said Ken, smiling—a smile that lighted up the rugged face.

She took the hand from her arm and kissed it impulsively.

"I will come to you if I am in any need, then."

"You promise that, mind."

"I promise."

"Thank you! Ah! my dear, thank you. Now tell me your address."

She gave it. No. 4 Henry street, Bloomsbury, and Morley wrote it down.

"One thing more, by the bye," he said, as she prepared to take leave; "is Christine your only name?"

"No," she said, looking surprised. "I am called Christine Leonora—the latter is my mother's name."

"Ah! the mother for whose act you are suffering, poor child! Well, goodbye"—he clasped the little hand closely. "There are better days to come, I hope, for you and yours."

He saw he enter the hansom; came back, and, unlocking a drawer took out a blue, legal-looking document, which he read through carefully, pen in hand.

"Yes," he muttered, "this will do; a few legacies, and then half to each of them. I can fill in the blanks now with the names."

The pen moved—one blank space in the midst of the legal writing was filled—"Falconer St. Maur," it wrote; the second wrote, "Christine Leonora St. Maur, his wife."

Then Kenton Morley locked up the document again.

"That will do," he said.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Just a few days after that interview—that is, about the end of the first week in September—a brougham drove up to the house in Hyde Park Gardens, and out of it stepped Helen Addison.

"Is nobody at home?" she asked the footman at the door. "Not off to Folkestone yet, I hope?"

"No, ma'am, not for a few days. Miss Leroy is at home, and I expect the doctor and Miss Clifford in shortly to luncheon."

He opened the breakfast room door, announcing "Mrs. Addison," and Blanche jumped up with effusive greeting.

"My dear Mrs. Addison, how charming to see you again! Fancy you in town now—passing through, I suppose?"

"Caged for a whole week, I'm afraid," returned Helen. "Some horrid military business brought my husband up, and as we have a Kent visit of a week or two to pay next week, I took pity on him and came to town. Archer told me last night you were all here, he thought, so I've called, you see. All out, I hear, but you?"

"Yes," replied Miss Leroy, enjoying the delicious uncertainty of the next question. "Uncle and Mimie will be in to luncheon, so you will see them."

"Thanks—and Mrs. Errington, too, I hope. Is she not out with them?"

Now for that glory of a jealous, spiteful woman—the exquisite pleasure of traducing her rival.

Blanche pursed her mouth, looked down, and said, mysteriously:

"She has left us!"

"Left!" exclaimed Mrs. Addison, staring aghast in bewilderment. "What do you mean, Blanche? Mrs. Errington left, and so suddenly?"

"Mrs. Errington!" repeated Blanche, with a sneer that brought the indignant blood to Helen's fair cheek. "It was the only thing she could do after her conduct at Nest Hill."

"At my house—conduct! What does all this mean, Blanche? Mrs. Errington is not the woman to be guilty of any conduct deserving such innuendoes as yours."

"Isn't she?" retorted Miss Leroy, nettled, and even her fear of her uncle not proof against her spicy scandal. "You, like the rest, Mrs. Addison, have been fascinated and blinded by that lady's arts; but it is a fact that she met some man after midnight in your park; I saw her myself from a window; and when Uncle Rollo asked for an explanation, she refused any at all."

"Where has she gone to? What is her address?" said Helen, abruptly.

"I'm sure I don't know!" declared Blanche, angry and uncomfortable at Mrs. Addison's whole reception of the news.

"Don't you? Well, the dear, good doctor and Mimie will know; they wouldn't turn their backs on anybody, much less that poor young thing, whom it was impossible to help loving. Ah! here they are!"

She sprung up excitedly as the door opened, and met Dr. and Miss Clifford; and after a warm greeting and explanation of her presence in town, she went straight to the point. Blanche told her so-and-so; was it a mistake, and where was dear Mrs. Errington?

What a look the doctor gave his niece! Then quickly turned to Helen, and in a few words told her the truth in outline—only, of course, adding emphatically that Christine had preferred to leave; it was not his wish at all. He and Mimie had gone with her to her present lodgings at 4 Henry street, Bloomsbury, and should see her again before they left town.

"So shall I, most certainly," said Mrs. Addison, with tears in her eyes. "It is a very, very sorrowful story she could tell, I fear me, and an old one enough, too. She has done no wrong."

"You are a dear, staunch creature!" exclaimed Mimie. "And, oh! we do miss her so terribly, father and I! If she would only come back!"

But that was beyond hope.

Mrs. Addison left directly after luncheon, and drove straight to the address given her, and asked for Mrs. Errington.

She was shown into a fair-sized, well-furnished drawing room, and she heard the servant ap at the door of the back room, and say:

"A lady for you, ma'am."

A minute after Christine came in.

"Mrs. Addison! you here?" she exclaimed, coming forward.

But, to her utter surprise and distress, Helen fairly threw herself upon her and burst into tears.

"Oh, my poor darling! why didn't you come to me? How could she—little viper—spy?" she cried, incoherently. "She wanted to get rid of you because she was jealous."

It was some minutes before she calmed at all; and Falconer's wife, trembling with intense fear, got from her what she had heard.

"I didn't believe a word Blanche said, dear," she ended, kissing the flushed, half-averted face of her listener, "because she made you out to be bad, and that the doctor had dismissed you in disgrace; his story was all the other way, as I expected, but I should have come all the same, Christine—let me call you so?"

Christine covered her face—that beautiful, most troubled face—struggling against heavy sobs, for sometimes, when one has suffered much, sympathy is harder to bear unmoved than harshness.

"Generous hearted woman," she whispered at last, "go—leave me, for your own sake, Helen. I—I am a woman, self-condemned, ashamed, and your husband will be angry if you—"

"Angry—my husband? Why, Frank would never forgive me if I turned my back on any creature so cruelly wronged and deceived as you must have been. The moment we return from Kent, three weeks hence, I shall carry you back with us to Nest Hill—don't shake your curly head—"

(To be continued.)

Most of us would rather be entertained than be entertaining.

BEATRICE ANITA BALDWIN TURNBULL.

"Lucky" E. J. Baldwin, whose horses had a way of coming out first, was especialy fond of land and ladies up till early in 1909. Since he went back to the land at that time, leaving the ladies behind him, it isn't surprising to hear that one of the ladies, Mrs. Wm. B. Turnbull, of Brookline, Mass., is anxious to cuddle up a little closer to the land.

She's taking her pretty daughter, Beatrice Anita Baldwin Turnbull, sixteen, to Los Angeles, Cal., where the girl will fight a big court battle this fall to prove that she's Lucky's daughter, too, and to secure a third of Lucky's lemon, walnut and fruit groves. The estate has been appraised at $11,000,000, but Miss Turnbull's attorney says it's worth $20,000,000.

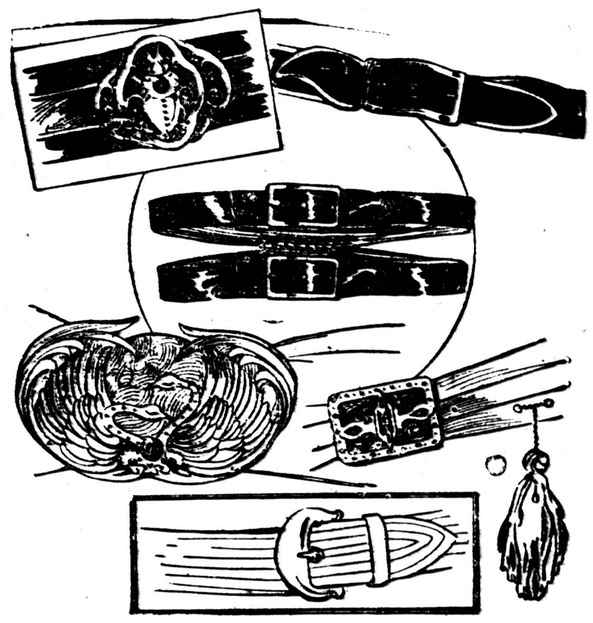
270-TON ROCK.

This famous rocking stone is in the Argentine Republic. It weighs 270 tons, and is so nicely poised that it rocks in the wind and may be made to crack a walnut, but it is so firmly placed that it resisted the united efforts of 1,000 horses that tried to pull it down the hill.

1-2-3-4 Marmalade.

Carefully peel one pineapple and put through the meat chpper. Weigh the fruit and add three-fourths the weight in sugar with one cupful of water. Bring slowly to a boil and simmer about 20 minutes or until the consistency of marmalade. Seal in glasses.

TO BE FASHIONABLE WEAR BELTS.



NEW STYLES IN BELTS.

Never were belts in such demand, and never were counters of fashionable shops so laden with belts in exquisite designs as they are this season.

If the summer girl is clever with her needle she has several stitched or embroidered and shaped white linen wash belts with pearl buckles. And she must have, of course, a narrow red shiny leather belt with leather covered buckle to wear with her middy collar and red plaid Windsor tie. And she buys a black suede belt for general wear.

If her purse holds out she has a 3½ inch wide belt of suede to match her best suit, and this belt is fastened with a most ornate buckle of metal set with semi-precious stones (probbaly glass). She looks with longing eye at—and eventually buys—a crush belt with tassel concealing a watch hook, hanging from the left side.

She sees many others she would like to own. For instance, a double one of narrow patent leather laced together at the back with silk ribbon is just about the smartest thing out in that line. And there are shaped belts of stitched pongee to wear with pongee suits, and of heavy crash to wear with crash suits, and wide crush belts of satin, moire, suede linen and even velvet that are most tempting to the belt loving girl.

Buckles are metal covered with leather, pearl, brass, gunmetal and even carved copper and silver set with stones in gorgeous colors. Some of the simpler wash belts are fastened with a trio of ordinary snappers covered to match the belt.

LIFE A NIGHTMARE

Helpless and Broken Down, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to the Rescue.

There are many who think anaemia is a trouble confined to growing girls and women, but this is not the case. Thousands of men are anaemic, and attribute their growing weakness to mental or physical overwork, or worry, and who do not appear to realize that they are swiftly passing into that condition known as general debility, and that their trouble is due entirely to the fact that their blood is watery and impure. If the trouble is not taken in time, they pass from one stage to another until the breakdown is complete, and often until a cure is beyond hope. To men in all walks of life there is no medicine so valuable as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If you feel jaded, weak or worn out these Pills will make that rich, red blood that puts vim and energy into every portion of the body. Making good blood is the mission of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and good blood is the one secret of good health and vigorous life. An excellent case in point is that of Mr. R. W. Ellis, of Balcarres, Sask., who says: "Just four years ago I was in England making preparations to fulfil the long cherished ambition of coming to Canada. My health at that time was normal, though I was never very strong. Three weeks before the time of my departure I was overcome with a feeling of general weakness and faintness which rendered me so inert and lifeless that my days were shrouded in gloom. Consultation with a doctor brought me no consolation. Debility was my trouble, and I was on the point of a breakdown. 'Canada in your condition means death,' said the doctor. 'You must have a complete rest.' A rest, however, was ut of the question, a fortnight's holiday I had and then back to earn my daily bread. The next years were a series of misery and despair, body and brain undermined with a complaint the doctor could only call debility, but apparently could not cure. Snatching holidays when I could I struggled on until the opening of 1909, when completely prostrated I was compelled to go to my parents and become a burden to them. My life was simply an existence and friends said, behind my back, 'consumption.'

"In April, 1909, I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Three months later, on July 1st, I sailed from Liverpool on the Tunisian for Montreal, full of new life, energy and hope. In this great country I am making good and I owe it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In three months they changed me from a nervous wreck to a healthy man. When doctors failed they succeeded, and I honestly believe they saved my life."

You can procure this great health-giving medicine from any dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Some Peculiar Facts.

It is estimated that constantly some three million people in the United States are ill from preventable causes.

A new electricity heated bath or lounging robe has woven into a fabric 7,000 feet of specially constructed wire to distribute current taken from a lamp socket without danger of shock or fire.

The importation of spirits, wines and malt liquors as a whole made their highest record in 1909, their value having aggregated $26,750,000 against less than $19,000,000 in 1908 and $12,500,000 in 1899.

The water in Lake Van, in Asiatic Turkey, which is about 60 miles long by from 20 to 30 wide, is so strongly impregnated with potash that the residents along its shores use it to wash clothing without the use of soap.

If allowed to roam over your house those innocent looking flies may cause a real tragedy any day, as they are known to be the principal agents for the spread of dysentery, typhoid fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis and other infectious diseases. The remedy lies in the free and persistent use of Wilson's Fly Pads.

GENERAL BUTLER.

(Montreal Herald).

The death of General Sir William Francis Butler brings to mind again the deplorablt beginning of the South African war, that graveyard of so many gilded reputations. General Butler was commander of the British forces in South Africa before the declaration of war, and he told the War Office the nature and magnitude of the task which an attempt to bring the Boers under subjection would involve. The War Office misunderstood his motives and ignored his warnings. The lesson of the ill-starred Jameson Raid had been imperfectly learned. Lord Salisbury, backed by a solid Tory phalanx, broadly fringed with Jingoism, with an obstinacy which with all his greatness was an ineradicable trait of his character clung to the War Office, and the position of Butler, a gallant, clear-sighted and experienced soldier, became impossible.

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, Goderich and Bell. This is your chance to save money. A post card will bring full particulars.—Heintzman & Co., 71 King street east, Hamilton.

Fashion's Decree.

Mrs. Benham—Hips are coming back.

Benham—I suppose that means that we shall have to move out of this flat.—Life.