

Saved From the Sea

CHAPTER VII.
"How rapidly time does fly!" said Dr. Clifford, the next morning, after breakfast, half lightly, half with that kind of regret which comes naturally when the meridian of life is passed, and each year must be more or less counted off the "three-score years and ten" of man's span of mental vigor. "Here is actually April upon us—six months since you came to us I my dear," turning to Mrs. Errington.

"Yes, the months go too fast, don't they?" she said, smiling rather sorrowfully, but Blanche cried out gayly: "What does that matter?—there are plenty more to come!"
"Plenty more at your age—yes, my child; but not at mine; there is a gap between fifty and the twenties, isn't there? and we cannot go over time again, you know, little maid."
"And would not, if we could," said Christine, quickly.
"Wouldn't you?" exclaimed Mimie Clifford, in surprise. "Oh, I wouldn't mind—and you are quite young."
Mrs. Errington set her lips, crushing the bitter mental answer.

"Yes, in years, and years only. You have not lived my life—your trust betrayed, your heart broken before you were eighteen, and yet still loving, living or dead, the man who has broken it."
Clifford came to her rescue, as he took up the Times, in his comical, abrupt way: "Your young bantlings crow loudly over what is beyond their ken. Instead of that, suppose we think of running off somewhere for a week this lovely spring weather; it makes one long for a whiff of the flowers—oh, girls!—all three, I mean. Easter fell too early and cold to leave town, so what say you?"
"Say? It's jolly!" cried daughter and niece, in duet.
Then Mimie exclaimed: "What fun it would be to go to some regular farm house for a week, and see butter made and cows milked, and drive them to water, and—"
"Fatten up Mrs. Errington into some approach to a matronly appearance," said the doctor, gravely, looking over his times at the tall, girlish figure before him.

The girls burst into merry laughter, in which Christine was vain to join.
"I don't think anything would fatten poor me, doctor," she said; "but Mimie's suggestion is capital, only personally I think some of her visions best left to the dairymaids or cowherds. Why, you goosey, you would run away if an old cow wagged her tail."
"And I don't believe you would run away," said the doctor, "if Satan himself faced you!"
"I hope not, Dr. Clifford. Well, then, it is to be a farm and ruralizing, I suppose; but where?"

"Ah, that is a question!" as the nigger said, remarked Mimie.
"I used, years ago," said Clifford, meditating, "to attend an old Norfolk farmer, near Carleton, one of the prettiest parts of the coast, and when your dear mother was ill I took her there once to recruit. I'll wire at once and see what can be done, at least. I'll read the paper first; and here is a sheet for you. Now, what have I here? Oh, Newman, ket first spring meeting—the Two Thousand. Bah! don't care for that stuff; but do you feel interested, Mrs. Errington?" he was laughing.
"No, I hate it!" said the woman, with quick—almost, it seemed, undue force. "I hate all gambling! Then she added, with a half laugh and more careless manner: "I suppose I am rather prejudiced; I have been so much abroad, and, at Monte Carlo especially, I have seen such ruin at the gaming tables."
"Ah! that is enough to set one against it, certainly. Well, I shall not ruin myself by backing horses at Newmarket, that's certain—no even Kingfisher, who, it seems from this is heavily backed."
"Were you ever at a race, Mrs. Errington?" Blanche asked.

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Canifton, Ont.—"I had been a great sufferer for five years. One doctor told me it was ulcers of the uterus, and another told me it was a fibroid, and I was very much worried. No one knows what I suffered. I would always be worse at certain periods, and never was regular, and the bearing-down pains were terrible. I was very ill in bed, and the doctor told me I would have to have an operation, and that I might die during the operation. I wrote to my sister about it and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Through personal experience I have found it the best medicine in the world for female troubles, and it has cured me, and I did not have to have the operation after all. The Compound also helped me while passing through Change of Life."—Mrs. LETITIA BLAIR, Canifton, Ontario.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to suffering women.

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

You can painlessly remove any corn, callus, or bunion by using Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scars, contains no acids, is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balm. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists in 25c bottles. Refuse substitutes.

POTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

ness I suggested only to get at the key-note to him. I wouldn't like to see him do that—it would be the out-and-out ruin of the fellow—cut away his only chance of reform. What evil fairy came and crossed his birth with that passion for play, I wonder?"
And that very evening the object of his thoughts was standing in a private room of an inn at Carleton and saying to Blanche: "The Nun's Farm, do they call it where these Cliffords have arrived? The game is mine, for I shall easily find some hidden vantage-place near it, and watch, hour by hour, day by day, and if she goes out alone, follow her—if not before she leaves them"—the ruthless lines about the handsome mouth deepened. "I will take other means to gain my end, for by Heaven I will gain it!"

CHAPTER VIII.
"Well, girls, what are you going to do this afternoon?" said Roland Clifford, a few days after their arrival at the Nun's Farm. "I am going to ride over the farm with Farmer Knowles, and you Three Graces will, I suppose, go to the beach again and explore the countryside."
"Blanche and I," said Mimie, "are going to stay in and see Mrs. Knowles and the maid make butter; else we shall have another chance, as she only makes it once a week."
"And you, Mrs. Errington, butter-making, too?" not you?"

Christine looked out at the bright sunshine and waving trees, rich in their fresh spring dress of green, and shook her head, smiling.
"No, indeed, thanks, if the girls will excuse me. I am not interested in butter-making when warm sunshine and trees tempt me to wander. I will go out and explore."
"Very good, my dear, only don't lose yourself. Here comes the farmer and horse," he heard them at the front door, go to it."

"I will come and see you off at the gate, then, as an honor," said Mrs. Errington, taking up her hat and throwing a crimson scarf carelessly about her as she followed the doctor through the open window on to the path.
"A flower garden with a fine carriage sweep by between the quiet old house and the road, and it was on this drive before the vernal sun had found the farmer and his horse on the road."
"You're a service, sir," said the old man, heartily. "Ah, good-day, Mrs. Errington. It's a good sight always to see the Almighty's best handiwork. I say—and that's youth and beauty, my dear."
"Youth will pass and beauty fade, though, Mr. Knowles," she said, half lightly, half sadly. "And what then?"

"What then? We've got the same heart, child! Me and my old missis ain't changed in here, and it's forty years since the parson made us one; and such a young man, I expect, either," he added, pointing a mount.
"I have lost my husband years ago," said Christine, with resolute quietness.
"Oh, ma'am, I am so sorry! I didn't know," began the old farmer, much distressed. "I thought he was just in London—only—dear, oh, dear!"
"Never mind, please don't think about it, Mr. Knowles. Now mount, both of you, and I will walk to the gate with you."

"Well, mount there, then," said Dr. Clifford, smiling. "We couldn't ride and a lady, could we, knowles?"
"No, sir, it's an honor, for the lady to come so far. So here we go—youth and age!"
She was walking at his side; but near the gate she stepped forward, and with a smile, swung it back for men and horses to pass into the open road, followed them, and let the big gate shut behind her.

"I am going for a walk," she said, as they now mounted. "Which is the best way to start off, Mr. Knowles?"
"Why, ma'am, said he, and his strong, manly voice might have been heard half a mile off, "it you head toward the beach till you come to the stile on your left, and then cross it—"
"Yes."
"Follow the tow path and go over the hill you'll see. It's lonesome, but lovely wooding and view—quite wild, and like a picture, you'll say, I'm sure. It's all on my land, and you're safe enough. That's your way," pointing eastward with his whip. "Good-day, ma'am."

"Take care of yourself, my dear," returned Clifford, lifting his hat and started off on his explorations.
But her heart was heavy as she went on so light of foot. When was it not heavy? When did the memory of the past ever slumber, or the "restless, un-satisfied longing" cease? The farmer's indifferent words had only brought the aching heart-pain into the foreground.
She went on and on, now in the open with a full view of the wide sea lying wide or more away to her right;—a vast grave of buried hopes and lives, moaning forever in its grand monotony of low for the dead it must yield up at the last great day.

There was her awesome thought as she paused at length on the hill to which the foot-track and winding green lanes had brought her; and she turned from it at last with a kind of wretch, and passed slowly into the wood, on the verge of which she had paused.
How beautiful it was, this wood, with the tangled undergrowth she had to push aside to advance! The trees, all lined with young leaves, arching high over her head, letting the golden sunshine flicker in between them as the light breeze stirred them, and making music, with the sweet cro-cro of the wood-pigeon's note, and the song and twitter of many birds chanting their praises to heaven; no sound, no sign of human life or trouble; human heart save her own, for miles perhaps; the utter solitude of nature that should have soothed this human soul alone in its midst.
But did it? Why, then, the restless impatience of the action with which the woman's slender hands pushed aside a drooping bough, and so gave herself passage into a little open space, where some winter storm had wrenched the

huge bough from a noble tree and tossed it at its parent's foot for the dry to sweep over? Why did she fling her hat upon the ground as if even that were a weight on her brow, and stand with hands locked upon her breast and head drooping, so beautiful, so pathetic, motionless, without repose—still, without peace of rest?
"I am so weary," she muttered, "so tired of life—when life is gone—! What is that?"

Christine started, and stood listening intently to the unmistakable crush of the brushwood where she herself had passed; all her masculine courage could not stay the thrill of woman-terror as she remembered how utterly lonely the place was.
The next minute a tall man came into the open space and stopped a couple of paces before her.
That form, that face, it might have come from the other side of the world, or the grave itself; it might have been a hundred years or a thousand, instead of six, and she would have known it at once.
She staggered like one blinded, dazed. "Falconer!" she whispered under her breath. "Falconer!"

His heart was beating madly, his blood was like fire, as with one step forward he had her in his arms, locked in a restless embrace—passion, remorse, shame, yet wild joy and triumph, as he felt her heart give back throbbing throbs against his own—felt the slight form in utter abandonment to him for those first moments of delicious happiness in which for her the years rolled back, and she was a girl again on her lover's breast.
"Christine—wife—come back to me—forgive!"
Then the whole tide of memory, with all its cruel weight of wrong, swept over the woman's proud soul and broken, yet still loving heart, and she started from his arms, freeing herself with a desperate movement, and stopped back.

"Forgive? Oh, it is so easy to plead for that when you have taken full license of sin, and grown a perhaps weary of the worthless companion for whom you left—abandoned—a young wife scarcely eighteen, never thinking or caring for the frightful temptations and dangers to which you exposed her in her despair, and that, too, after you had already strained her love almost to the uttermost. If I had dishonored you as you have me—if I had been as faithless to you as you have been to me—and knelt to you for pardon, you would have stabbed me to the heart in your madness, and killed your rival; and yet I—the woman—must clasp my hands in meek thankfulness that at last, because the fancy is spent, the base companion is in her turn left, and you come back to be forgiven till—the next temptation, Heaven above, do you think women have no passions, but only hearts to be trampled on and broken, forgotten, unloved?"

"Christine! No, not that—not that!" Falconer cried, flinging himself at her feet in his passion of anguish and shame. "I deserve your sternest reproaches, your bitterest words; but not that—never forgotten, never unloved, through all that miserable sin and wrong. In pity, hear me, and believe that only you, alone, from first to last, have held my heart; ay, even during those few short moments of madness, when I was in a fit of rage, and made me wild, insane insatiation, that made me the slave of a very devil. I broke with her soon as I rose to his feet now, the red blood deepening on the bronze of my face, as for one moment he met his wife's gaze—and then—then, in the bitterness of shame and remorse, I dared not return to you, whom I had so betrayed. I knew you would have gone back to your aunt, and be safe, and I kept away till the wild yearning to see you, to sue for pardon, to get you back, took possession of my soul, and overmastered shame and dread itself. I came back to England, to your aunt, and, merciful Heaven! she was dead months before, and you, my wife, my darling gone! I think my very brain reeled that day before the very work I had wrought. Then I sought you everywhere, by every possible means open to me, and month after month, in vain."
Oh, Christine, Christine, have a little, only a little pity; for, cruelly as I have made you suffer, I have suffered too; and even when, a week ago, I saw you suddenly at the Vaudeville—"

(To be Continued.)

NERVOUS DISEASES IN THE SPRING

Can Only be Removed by Toning Up the Blood and Strengthening the Nerves.

Nervous diseases become more common and more serious in the spring than at any other time of the year. This is the opinion of the best medical authorities after long observation. Vital changes in the system after long winter months may cause much more than spring weakness, and the familiar weariness and aching. Official records prove that in April and May, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, epilepsy and various forms of nervous disturbances are at their worst, especially among those who have not reached middle age.

The antiquated custom of taking purgatives in the spring is useless, for the system really needs strengthening—purgatives make you weaker. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a special action on the blood and nerves, for they give strength and have cured not only many forms of nervous disorders, but also other spring troubles, such as headaches, weakness in the limbs, loss of appetite, trembling of the hand, melancholy and mental and bodily weariness, as well as unsightly pimples and skin troubles.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure these nervous disorders and spring ailments because they actually make new, rich, red blood. 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.

"So you are in favor of protecting water power?" said the forestry expert. "I am," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "A man doesn't appreciate the power there is in water till he has had as much to do with the stock market as I have."

Deranged Kidney Action

Causes Florida Skin Blotches, Flushings.

Mrs. Conrad Schmid, Hamilton, discovered what a great many women would like to know, the cause of redness, that unlike natural healthy color suffuses the entire face. It is humiliating indeed to a refined person to always present the appearance with "dram drinking." In writing of her case, Mrs. Schmid says: "Cosmetics and local applications were quite useless. By reason of an aching pain in the back I was recommended by a friend to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills to relieve my kidneys. I discovered that failure of the kidneys to remove matter from the blood was the cause of my heightened color. Dr. Hamilton's Pills at once removed the cause of the pain and gave me a complexion that most young girls might envy. I have the most satisfactory proof that Dr. Hamilton's Pills not only regulate the organs but purify the blood thoroughly."
No other medicine will so quickly clear the skin, cure pimples, eruptions and all blemishes. For general family use, as a blood cleanser and tonic laxative, Dr. Hamilton's Pills can't be excelled. Beware of substitutes. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box, or The Catarthozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

PORTUGAL'S YOUNG KING.

Don Manuel Has Turned From Play to Work Since His Accession.

One of the questions interesting Europe at present is who will be chosen to wed King Manuel of Portugal. England has authoritatively denied that Princess Alexandra of Fife, King Edward's granddaughter, is to marry him and Germany denies that the little Princess Victoria Luise has been betrothed to Don Manuel. As for the youthful King of Portugal himself, he bothers little about brides and weddings at present.
It was in February, 1903, that Manuel Marie Philip Charles Amelie Louis Michel Raphael Gabriel, Duke of Beja, then a lad of 18 busy with his studies and schoolboy sports, became King of Portugal and the Algarves through the assassination of his father and elder brother. Since then he has reconstituted his daily life as the careless boy has become a grave young man, taking life almost too seriously perhaps for his own good. He resembles greatly his beautiful mother and has a fine, expressive face, with dark, heavily shadowed eyes and very black hair. In physique he is slight, but erect, and though three or four years ago he was accounted a delicate boy now he seems sturdy and vigorous.

The greatest love and confidence existed between Queen Amelie and King Manuel. They are more like good friends and companions than mother and son. Together they work for the State. Queen Amelie is still beautiful, though since the tragedy which deprived her of husband and son she has aged somewhat and lost the vivacity which made her considered the "most charming Queen in Europe."
King Manuel takes his duties very earnestly. He is not as dashing or picturesque as the eccentric Alfonso of Spain, but is far more serious and painstaking and has arranged his life in such a manner that no duty is neglected.

Rising usually at 7, he has early breakfast, then goes to greet his mother. After a talk with her he takes a walk in the shady park of the Necessidades Palace with his two favorite dogs, Box, a boarhound, and Tage, an Irish terrier. A little later he takes a turn with the foils or a ride, or plays a few sets of tennis. At 10 he has his bath and then begins the work of the day.
He first goes through his correspondence with his private secretary, the Marquis de Lavradio, and in this task his mother sometimes helps and advises. Then he receives professors from Lisbon and Coimbra universities and pursues his studies with them till the second breakfast, at which he reads the members of the royal family reunite.

At 2 the day's receptions and private audiences begin. These over, the King and Queen go motoring out into the country, and sometimes the King loses the car and walks, talking with the passing peasants and country folk. After dinner Don Manuel's recreation is bridges with his mother and two others till 11 o'clock. Then when all the ladies and gentlemen of the court have retired the King returns to his study and remains there working till late.

Many stories are told in Lisbon of Don Manuel's kindness of heart. It is said that in his boyhood he saw from the window a child shivering with cold and crying piteously. Immediately he threw down what he was doing and rushed toward the staircase on his way out of the palace.
"Whence goes your highness thus?" said a chamberlain who stopped him in the corridor, the young Prince, "to give my cloak to a little one who is suffering from cold."
This anecdote is as popular now in Portugal as the story of King Alfred turning the cakes for the woodman's wife is in England or the tale of George Washington and his little hatchet in America.

Dom Manuel has won the love of his people. When he presented the colors to the fifth Regiment of Chasseurs recently Portuguese ladies threw flowers in his path and little girls hand him fragrant bouquets and kneel to kiss his hands. Every time he drives through the streets an ovation awaits him.
Mending Leaking Pipes.
A method of mending a leaking lead pipe while water is running through it is given as follows by the Scientific American: The leak is made wider and very quickly pieces of wheat bread stuffed with plaster are pushed in the direction whence the water comes. The hole can then be quickly closed by soldering a patch on it.
The poetry of earth is never dead.—Keats.

VITALITY OF EGGS.

German Bird Fancier Makes Some Interesting Tests.

A German bird fancier has made a series of experiments for the purpose of determining the vitality of eggs in different stages of incubation. On the fifth day of incubation five canary birds' eggs were taken from the nest, marked with numbers and replaced in the nest, one by one, at half-hour intervals. This experiment was repeated ten times, with as many clutches of eggs. As a rule, says the Scientific American, the first three eggs replaced hatched normally and the two others failed to hatch. Hence it may be inferred that the average longevity of a canary bird's egg, taken from the nest on the fifth day of incubation, is one and a half hours. In the same way two longevity was found to increase to two days, and three and a half to four hours on the ninth day of incubation. It was discovered by accident that eggs in a very advanced stage of incubation can endure very much longer periods of removal from the nest. Two eggs, purchased as plover's eggs, in the course of an excursion, were stored in a basket, brought home and forgotten. On the evening of the following day a faint "peep" recalled the existence of the eggs, and it was found that a young snipe had hatched from one of them. The second snipe soon made its appearance, but lived only an hour. Hence it appears that the vitality of partly hatched eggs depends on the size of the bird as well as on the stage of incubation.

EVERY DAY BRINGS A FRESH PROOF

That Dodd's Kidney Pills are a Boon to Suffering Women.

Mrs. Rousseau Tells How They Cured Her After Three Years of Almost Causeless Pain.
Hintonburg, Ont., May 2.—(Special)—Every day furnishes fresh proof that the women of Canada can be cured of ailments which have hitherto seemed to be a part of the inheritance of the sex by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. And this place has a living proof in the person of Mrs. William Rousseau, of 37 Merton street.

"For over three years," Mrs. Rousseau states, "I was very ill. My troubles were painful. I suffered very much with my back. My head ached almost continuously and I scarcely knew what it was to be free from pain. I was very weak and run down. Occasionally my hands would swell up, and this, too, gave me a great deal of annoyance and discomfort. I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and very soon commenced to improve. Three boxes cured me completely. Nine-tenths of suffering women's troubles start from diseased kidneys. The natural way to cure them is to take away the cause, that is, to cure the kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure diseased kidneys."

Nurses vs. Suffragettes.
A curious performance was witnessed as a recent meeting addressed in England by Mr. Haldane, the Secretary of War. It was the International Congress of Nurses. A number of suffragettes attended, with the usual purpose of interrupting the minister. But they met their match, without noise or fuss. Will it be believed that eighteen suffragettes were present, and that they were ejected one by one without the loss of a hairpin and that this feat was done by women? The suffragette who in the hands of a policeman becomes a raving maniac of pins, teeth and nails, surrendered in a moment to a small cohort of her own sex.

The fun began the moment Mr. Haldane rose. Suffragette No. 1 disclosed her identity under a towering edifice of feathers and lace. "Why do you come here, Mr. Haldane, and—?" That was the end of her little effort. Six women in nurses' uniforms surrounded her like ministering angels and begged her to stand not upon the order of her going, but go. She went. She went quickly, without protest and without a breath. The six triumphant nurses returned without even a quickened breath. Then Mr. Haldane tried again. "Who will say after this manifestation of efficiency?" he began, but suffragette No. 2 was on her feet and waving her parasol. "How dare you come here, Mr. Haldane." Then the lady who was in the chair held up her hand.

"Nurse," she called, and a slight uniformed figure came up the hall. "Will the gallant band of women remove that lady and then fetch a constable." The gallant band of women filled the order with promptness and despatch, but their leader remonstrated that there was really no need for a constable. "We are quite ready to manage the woman alone." Two girls had already been made, and without a scratch or a tear. Then Mr. Haldane began again. "Owing to the natural timidity of my sex—" A momentary sensation at the end of the room, a gurgle, and a swish of skirts announced the extinction of suffragette No. 3. "We shall presently be able to get on with great swiftness."
"Mr. Haldane, we want to know—"
Exits Nos. 4 and 5.
"How dare you sit in the same Cabinet with Gladstone and call yourself the friend of women?"
No. 6 gave a little trouble and nursing delegates from France and Germany lent their aid to her extinction.

NO "PAPOOSE" IN HIS VOCABULARY.

(Boston Transcript.)
Teacher—An Indian's wife is called a squaw. Corroct. Now, who can tell me what an Indian's baby is called?
Bright pupil—I know, miss—a squawker.
The counterfeiter and the superintendent of an insane asylum both handle the queer.