

Right at Last

"Do not go," she repeated, moistening her lips and trembling in every limb.

"Ida, oh, be merciful! If I stay it must be because you bid me hope. Is that so?"

She looked at him steadily, though her lips and hands trembled like a leaf.

"I have been thinking," she said, slowly, like one in a dream, "and—"

"And you consent, you give yourself to me?" he said, with a pant, and he drew nearer to her.

"Stop; listen to me!" she said, heavily, "let me tell you all. You have asked me for my love—my love. I told you then I could not give it to you. I cannot, I have no love left to give. If I had had it would have been yours. But I have not my heart, it is dead, dead, dead!" and her voice broke into a wail.

"But if you are content—if you will have it—"

"I am content!" he broke in, passionately. "I care nothing for the past! Let it go! The present, the future, at least, are mine! Give yourself to me, Ida, and I will make your life happy, if a man can make a woman's life happy!" Oh, my darling, give yourself to me!

He drew nearer, he went on his knees to her. He was not acting now. Passion held him in thrall, and he scarcely knew what he was doing.

Joan extended her hand slowly, hesitatingly. He seized it in both of his and kissed it passionately.

"My darling," he murmured, brokenly, "you shall never regret this! Never! I am all unworthy, but I will make you happy! Yes, I swear it!"

He rose, and would have taken her in his arms, but Joan shrank from him.

"Not yet," she murmured, "not yet."

He rose, and still holding her hand, gazed at her.

"It seems all too good to be true," he faltered. "You—you are not playing with me, Ida. Say after me, 'Mordant, I will be your wife!'"

Joan put her hand to her heart and hesitated a moment, then she said: "Mordant, I will be your wife!" but she shrank back again when he would have embraced her. "No, no, not now! Go now!"

He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it twice, thrice, passionately, then he left.

Outside, in the street, he stood staring heavenwards, wrapt in a sense of wild triumph.

He had won her at last. Patience, and a skillful use of all the arts of which he was master, had made her his. And not only her, but two millions of money.

His brain whirled, and he walked along in a kind of ecstasy. But presently he came to himself and began to think of ways and means.

To carry out his plans to their fulfillment he would need money, and at the present moment his funds were running low.

He meant to give her no time to reconsider her consent. He would plead and insist on a speedy marriage. He would want money for this.

There was one person of whom Mordant Royce could get the sum he required, and that was Bertie, Lord Dewbury, and his evil genius led him to the rooms in Piccadilly.

Two or three men were seated in the room smoking and drinking, and Bertie hailed his appearance with joyous alacrity.

"Here's Royce, the long absent, mysterious Royce!" he exclaimed, as Royce entered, looking the picture of health and prosperity.

They sat down to loo, and Royce, who had of late played badly and with bad luck, seemed to have recovered his old form. He won heavily. Pontefize then proposed that they should change sides, and soon Royce won, and Bertie, now opposed to him, lost.

They played until far into the night, and then the party broke up, leaving Bertie and Royce alone together.

"I've lost to-night," said Bertie, with a laugh. "Lost awfully! I ought to have stuck to you for a partner, old fellow."

"I wish you had," said Royce, putting a pile of gold and notes in his pockets. "Can I lend you anything?"

"Oh, no, thanks," said Bertie, carelessly. "Much obliged, all the same! No, I shall pay a visit to that old curmudgeon Craddock, of Chain Court, Fenchurch street!"

Bertie sat over the fire thinking of his losses and his fast disappearing estate.

In the morning, about twelve, he drove his mail phaeton down to the city.

Mr. Craddock swung round upon his stool as the elegantly dressed figure of the young peer entered the office, and greeted him with a welcoming grin.

"Ah, my dear young lord!" he cried, "and what can I do for you?"

Lord Bertie laughed and swung himself into a chair.

"How do you do, Mr. Craddock? I never come here but I think of the money and the fly. But now to business; I want a thousand pounds."

Old Craddock opened the safe slowly, and as he did so something fell out.

It was an oil painting. Bertie stooped forward and picked it up. It was the portrait that Craddock had taken from the wall. It was the face of Joan Bertie.

He sat with the picture in his hands, surrounded and overwhelmed.

"What's that?" said Craddock, peering at it. "Oh, that picture," and he held out his hand for it.

But Bertie still held it.

"Don't know you were a connoisseur, Mr. Craddock," he said, jestingly. "How did you come by this?"

The old man granted discontentedly.

"Well, ah, that's a portrait of my own son. Give it here, my lord," he said.

"You want to be a good-looking woman, my lord," said Bertie, "think, please, will you give it to Craddock?"

GOLDS BREED CATARRH

For Terrible Experiences Show How Pernicious Should Be in Every Home to Prevent Colds.

Mrs. C. S. Sagerer, 1311 Woodland Ave., Kansas City, Mo., writes:

"I feel it a duty to you and others that may be afflicted like myself, to speak for Peruna."

"My trouble first came after a grippe eight or nine years ago, a gathering in my head a dull pain. I suffered most all the time. My nose, ears and eyes were badly affected for the last two years. I think from your description of internal catarrh that I must have had that also. I suffered very severely.

"Nothing ever relieved me like Peruna. It keeps me from taking cold.

"With the exception of some deafness, I am feeling perfectly cured. I am forty-six years old.

"I feel that words are inadequate to express my praise for Peruna."

Queen: it now remained to be seen whether she was worthy of anything higher or whether she should have to stick to playing in pantomime and burlesque.

Joan fully realized the importance of the occasion, but she was hopeful, though very quiet and reserved.

She had done all she could do to prepare for the ordeal, and like all persons who have done their best, she awaited the result with composure.

Emily ran in and out of the dressing room every now and then, much more excited and agitated than Joan, and uttered bird-like notes of encouragement.

For her own part the unselfish little maid scarcely thought in comparison with Joan's.

"You'll bring the house down, dear!" she said. "Do you remember your first night, your first appearance here?"

"I'm not likely to forget it!" said Joan, smiling.

"Well, they made row enough then, but it will be nothing to what they will do to-night; you'll see!"

"And nothing to what they will do if I fail!" said Joan.

"Bill!" exclaimed Emily, scornfully, and the dresser, as she put the finishing touch to the magnificent evening dress in which Joan was to appear in the first act, laughed in harmony.

"Miss Trevelyan only talks of failing to make her success all the greater," she said.

"No, she doesn't!" retorted Emily; "Miss Trevelyan never plays tricks of that kind. She says it because she is really modest, which you will never believe, Mrs. Jones, because you have been about theatres all your life!"

"You will make me vain enough between you!" said Joan, with a laugh.

(To Be Continued.)



Mrs. C. S. Sagerer.

WINTER ON THE SHEEP RANGE.

It's a cruel business, this range-sheep growing, cruel and hard and rough. The waste of animal life through starvation, freezing and smothering in stampedes is enormous. A few, a very few, flockmasters make provision for hard winters, but the majority do not. Let them come a wet snow, falling with lit, and snow, and perish waiting their anguish until death stifles their quivering manes. Many a man's start, many a man's all, goes this way each year on the sheep-range.—Everybody's Magazine.

SHILOH'S CURE

THREE CHOICE DURHAMS.

(Exchange.)

Senator Depew, at a dinner in Washington, resuscitated a number of senatorial "bulls."

"It was a southern Senator," he said, "who once met an interruption with the stern and lofty rebuke: 'The gentleman, like a mousing owl, is always putting in his ear where it isn't wanted.'"

"I think it was a Senator from Chicago who once declared: 'The iron heel of stern necessity dashes every hearthstone.'"

"And I'll never forget a Texas orator's pathetic cry: 'Will you stamp out the last flickering ember of a life that is fast ebbling away?'"

AN OPEN LETTER

By a Baptist Clergyman, Telling of Cures Wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Gentlemen,—It has been my intention to write to you for some time, but being busy I have neglected to do so until now.

I am a Baptist minister. Was ordained June 14th, 1867, in Cranham Baptist Church, Northumberland Co., Ont. I want to tell you in as few words as possible what I know about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was pastor of the Daleville, Que., Baptist Church in 1891 and again in 1894-5. While pastor in 1891, the Rev. John King, a former pastor, aged 74, was stricken with paralysis so that he could not help himself. He had to, or did take tablespoonful of Hubbard's every day to keep his bowels regular. I thought of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He began taking them and it was not long before he could walk again and his bowels were regular. The paralysis never returned and his bowels remained active. He died a few years ago practically from old age.

I went from Daleville, Que., to Groton, Vermont, as pastor of the Baptist Church in that place. There lived a man about two and one-half miles from Groton by the name of Neil McCrea, a Canadian. I heard he was ill, and being a Canadian, I went to see him. I found him lying in bed. He said he had no pain, but was too weak to sit up. His lips were bloodless, in fact, he was as white as chalk. I recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and gave him some. He began taking them and in a short time could see blood in the veins of his hands and in the course of a few weeks he was out watching men building a new barn for him, and shortly after that he came to Groton to church. Now I ought to tell you that the doctor of Groton (a doctor in an adjoining village) could not help him and said so. The best doctor in the hospital of Burlington, Vt., came and saw Mr. McCrea, but said he could not help him. He did not get any help till Dr. Williams' Pink Pills put him on his feet again.

Later I returned to Daleville, Que., as pastor. A young lady who lived about six miles west of Daleville at a place called Edina, sent for me to go to see her, as she had been a member of my congregation in my former pastorate. I went to see her and found a similar case to that of Mr. McCrea, of Groton, Vt. This girl was so weak she could not sit up. She appeared to be bloodless. I said to her: "It will cost you \$6.00 to get a doctor to come out from Lachute to see you, whereas you can get six boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for \$2.50." She followed my advice, took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and when some time later I saw her in Lachute, she was as well as ever, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did it all.

I have given you the facts of these three cases which came to my personal notice and I think only just to other sufferers that they should be given the widest publicity. If you wish me to go before a magistrate and take oath to the truthfulness of the things mentioned above, I am prepared to do so. I am at present engaged in evangelistic work, and have therefore not at the present time a permanent address. I can, however, refer you to the editor of the Canadian Baptist.

(Signed) T. C. Sower.

PRESS, PULPIT AND PLATFORM.

We are still waiting for an audience of musically educated people; it is our greatest need.—Miss Horniman at Manchester.

There are dunces in all classes, and dunces in the upper regions of society as well as the lower.—Bishop of Lincoln at Rawmarsh.

There is spreading about us a spirit of heedlessness, of self-will, of self-conceit—a spirit of impudence.—Archbishop of York, at Sheffield.

The proximity of extreme wealth and extreme poverty gives a sting to the contrast between the situations of the rich and the poor.—Dean of Manchester, at Manchester.

Our general education is far too much developed on the purely literary side, and our boys are brought up too much to look forward to cheap brain labor.—Mr. A. J. Hobson, at Sheffield.

When working men earn good wages they are not careful to save for times when trade is bad, because they know they will be able to get credit." said Judge Emdeh, at Lambeth County Court.

The main object of education is to prepare the youth of the country for the duties of citizenship and for giving good judgment on questions of State.—Mr. R. Blair, at the Evening School Teachers' Association.

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FIGHT ally Wounded, re the Men.

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IAN USED Pinkham's Compound

I have taken vegetable Compound during life. My for told me it good, and since g it I feel so better that I do all my work. I think E. Pinkham's Compound is a remedy for all men's ills, and it is a blessing to tell of done for me." East Long St.

Helped. I was passing life and suffering other annoying Pinkham's Veg- and my health and north mountains the sake of other an willing you letter."—Mrs. F. D. Gran-

ing through this to my following streching his pe- did not lose sight ery years Lydia's Compound, roots and herbs, and remedy for every commu- who have been cured by Lydia's Compound.

Shiloh's Cure
Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and Hoarseness.

SALMON LEAPED INTO BOAT.

A curious thing happened at Dunfally, Piltchery, during the night a few days ago. The Tunnell was in high flood and Stewart Ferguson's overman went down early in the morning to see to the safety of one of the boats, riding in the river at the end of a long pole, and about fifteen feet from the bank.

There had been a lot of rain during the night and the boat had about nine to ten inches of water in her, in the middle of which floated a fine, almost clean, salmon not about twenty pounds. It was still alive, though much exhausted, as the water had become quite deoxygenized. It had leaped into the boat during the night. The sides of the boat are quite fifteen inches above the water line. The salmon soon revived and swam away after being put into some clean water.—London Globe.

I Would Seem So.

Gyer—I understand young Seers was married last week.

Myer—Yes; he married a clairvoyant.

Gyer—Indeed! Case of love at second sight, I suppose?

LOUISIANA PEANUTS.

Peanuts are a dollar a bushel. The banks of Rustan have paid out more than \$20,000 to planters for peanuts this season.