

# Right at Last

"And if we don't, the public will," said Emily. "I wonder how it is," she added, with her head on one side, "that everything you put on seems to become you! Now that color would try half the women I know, but it seems as if it were made for you—"

"Please turn Miss Montresor out, Mrs. Jones," said Joan, "or she'll turn my head!" and Emily ran out laughing. Mr. Giffard came once, but said little beyond, "A great triumph before you tonight, Miss Trevelyan!"

"Or a great failure!" said Joan. "But no, I will not fail, for your sake, Mr. Giffard," she added, with the smile which won people's hearts more than anything else about her.

The house could be heard from where she sat, patiently waiting, and she recalled the night when she had sat and waited in the same fashion. But then she was a nobody, and now she was—Miss Ida Trevelyan.

The orchestra commenced, and the actors in the first scene were called. Joan did not make her appearance until nearly the end of the first act, and she stood at the wings and watched. One of the best romantic actors of the day had been engaged to play lover to her, and he received a pleasant welcome from the audience, which encouraged the rest. The house was crammed; Joan thought that she had never seen so full before, and certainly never with so brilliant an audience.

Presently her time came. She gave just one glance, womanlike, at the small glass that hung at the wings, then glided on. There was an instant's pause—the audience was struck dumb by her beauty, and more than all else by the exquisite refinement of her presence—then there came an ovation. She paused for a moment, inclined her head slightly, and with a slight tremor in her voice went on with her part.

She was playing carefully, takingly, but she was reserving herself. The drop went down amidst considerable applause, and they wanted to call her before the curtain, but she refused.

"No," she said. "Let me wait until the end. They may be sorry that they have called me if I go on now and fail afterwards."

There was nothing else to do in the first act.

She went down, and changed her dress to a fresh, bright morning gown, and went on in the second act.

It was in this that one of her opportunities came. Her lover was led to believe her false by his disappointed rival, the villain in the piece, and Joan was called upon to display indignation, tenderness, despair, all, as it were, in a breath.

For a time she played with reserved force, as if called, then, at the proper moment, not a moment too soon or too late, she "let herself go."

The words seemed to spring from her parted lips like flashes of lightning, then melt and glow like fire, and lastly to waft as the first sign of the devastating storm.

The house listened and watched, spell-bound and enraptured. This was acting which they had not seen for many a year, since the past and gone queue of comedy had faded from the garish lights and left until now no one to replace them.

Her voice fascinated them, and the pale face, glowing with genius and reflecting every emotion proper to the difficult part, stole upon their hearts and moved them now to sympathetic wrath and again to tears.

As the drop fell, leaving her alone upon the stage in her misery, a loud roar of approval, admiration, awe, delight, rose from the excited house, and it did not cease until Mr. Giffard led her almost by force, before the curtain.

Then, after bowing over and over again, she glanced up at the box in which Mordant Royce sat.

He was sitting there now, his face was pale and set, his arms folded across his chest tightly, his lips drawn together as if with suppressed excitement.

He had watched her with his passionate love heightened by admiration into a fever. He could have killed the roaring pelting house that dared to applaud.

He was jealous of every eye that rested upon her, every lip that spoke her name. The theatre seemed stilling and choking him.

He could bear it no longer, so great were the pangs of jealousy which mingled with the passionate love with which he watched her.

To share her with those fools—those idiots! He would not, could not endure it much longer. He would force her to marry him before the week was out.

Half choking he rose, and almost fighting his way through the crowd that thronged the refreshment saloon and lobbies, he went into the open air.

That evening Bertie had arranged to join a small party at the club, but before he had received a note saying that his host was going to the Coronet to see the new play, and that no doubt Bertie would like to go also, therefore the dinner was postponed.

Bertie didn't mind in the least. There was one thing he enjoyed more than a dinner with "cards to follow," and that was going to the play, and that was a quiet evening at home, where he would be free to take out his portrait, and setting it over the mantle-shelf, smoke a cigar and gaze at the beautiful face.

This evening he dined alone, and dismissing his man, lit a cigar, and unlocking the cabinet, put the portrait in its accustomed place.

He had got into the habit, unconsciously, of talking to the lovely face as if she smiled down at him, and as he leaned back in his chair and looked up at it he murmured:

"Well, beautiful one! I wonder what you are thinking about tonight! I wonder why you always smile so sadly! Yours is an unhappy life, I know, for all you smile so bravely. I suppose you would laugh outright if you knew all that I have said to you; if you knew that the young man was idiot enough to fall in love with you because you look like a girl he once saw for half an hour and then lost sight of forever!"

"Would you laugh, though, or would you pity! There is a tender heart behind those soft, half-smiling eyes of yours, my queen, and perhaps you would pity! Only for half an hour I saw your living likeness, and then she vanished out of my life like a dream! I wonder where she is now? Could you tell me, if you could speak, my pretty one? Sometimes I think you know more about her than you tell! Why are you so like her? Who are you? What is your history? Ah, no, you won't speak, will you? Not you. You will only smile and smile at the young fool who lost his heart to the girl whose face is so like yours, sweet one!"

"And yet I'd like to know where she is; whether she is alive or dead, miserable or happy. I'd give something to know that! I hope she is happy!"

"Poor child, she was wretched enough when I parted from her! So wretched that she could not endure to face me, even me who saved her! What brutes men are, the best of us, where women are concerned! But what a fiend Stuart Villiers must have been to plot the ruin of that beautiful girl who was so like you, my picture, that I have fallen in love with you, with your sad, smiling eyes, for lack of her!"

He nodded and smiled at the sad eyes, and puffed at his cigar for a moment in silence, then he rose with an impatient, self-mocking sigh.

"What a fool I am becoming! I am rapidly taking leave of the small amount of sense nature bestowed upon me! What would the fellows say if they knew that I had fallen in love with a picture and spent hours talking to it! I must break myself of this idiotic habit, my dear creature. You must go into the cupboard and—and remain there; I'll lock you up for a couple of months and see if I can forget you and her whom you are like! Yes, that's my only chance. In you go! Good night!" and taking the picture down from its perch, he locked it up.

"For two months!" he said.

Then he began to stroll about the room, presently he yawned.

The evening was young; hours and hours stretched between him and bed; he didn't feel inclined to go to the club; besides, all the men had gone to see the girl at the theatre whom all the world was raving about.

"Go on!" he exclaimed. "I'll go and see her myself." He rang the bell, and his man helped him into his overcoat, and he strolled down to the Coronet.

He noticed as he entered that there seemed to be a great deal of bustle and excitement about, and he went up to the box office and asked for a stall.

The man in charge laughed respectfully.

"A stall, my lord?" He knew Lord Bertie, as did most people. "There hasn't been such a thing to be had for the last fortnight."

"Oh," said Bertie. "Well, it doesn't matter."

"I daresay you might find standing room, my lord," said the man; "but the drama is half over, all but the last act. A tremendous success up to now, my lord; tremendous! Never saw anything like it. They say that she's the greatest actress on the boards."

"And who's she?" asked Lord Bertie, carelessly.

The man stared.

"Why, Miss Trevelyan, my lord!"

"Oh," said Bertie, "well, give me a stall, or something! I don't suppose I shall stay longer than five or ten minutes."

Bertie got his ticket, and walked in. The stall-keeper shook his head.

"There's not an inch of room here, sir," he said. "Go upstairs, sir, you might find standing room in the circle! If you make haste you'll be up before the commencement of the last act."

"Comes here every night," continued Bertie.

The man smiled with respectful knowledge.

"Yes, my lord, most every night. He is here to-night, leastways he was, but he's gone out. He'll be back directly, sure to be."

"No matter," said Bertie, "put me in that. I am a friend of Mr. Royce's, and there is plenty of room."

The man led him to the box, and Bertie made himself comfortable.

The act commenced, but Royce had not returned.

Bertie, thinking more of the strange fact that Mordant Royce should visit the Coronet every night than of the play, leaned over the box edge and watched the scene.

In this set the villain of the play, who has, or thinks he has, the hero and Joan's lover in his power, offers to free the hero if Joan will give her hand to him, the villain.

The play was well written, the scene a strong one. Joan did not make her appearance for some time, and Bertie was trying to make out what it all meant, and get a clue to the plot, while the well-dressed villain was indulging in the soliloquy which stage villains, whether well or ill dressed, always indulge in, when Joan, in a plain black dress, with her face worn by poverty and sorrow, came upon the stage.

A faint roar of welcome, instantly suppressed, greeted her, and Bertie leant forward to look at her, for she had come on upon his side of the stage and was not easy to see.

"You here!" she said to the villain, and at the voice, more than at the face, Bertie fell back as if knocked down by a sudden blow.

Merciful Heaven! It was the picture come to life! It was the beautiful girl who he had seen in the room above Stuart Villiers!

For a moment his brain whirled and the blood rushed to his face, then he laughed.

"Mad indeed!" he muttered. "I've got to the pass when I take a girl to the stage for her! I had better choose a comfortable asylum while there's a chance!"

And he leant back and would not look at her, just to cure himself of his mad craze.

But as Joan went on speaking, and her voice continued knocking at the door of his memory, his face grew paler and his breath came quicker.

He took up his glasses, every man as he had done when first he had recognized her in the same way, and with trembling hands held them to his eyes.

Slowly, surely, the fact—not to be laughed away, not to be argued out of existence—bore in upon him.

The girl on the stage, Ida Trevelyan, was the girl he had saved from Stuart Villiers, the girl who was like the picture locked up in his cabinet.

He dropped the glasses; he was so near the stage that he did not need them, and keeping behind the curtain, watched her with feverish, burning intensity.

She was playing magnificently, but he took no note of that. It was his talking "double Dutch" and dancing a cellular-flap, it would have been all the same to him.

The house lung enraptured upon every word; they sat there with breathless interest, while the villain tempted her; and when at last, maddened and tortured by his insidious sophistry, she raised her hand and struck him across the lips, the huge audience rose at her with a wild roar of approval and delight.

The play was stopped for a second or two; Joan stood firm, making no sign. She would not take any notice of the applause in the middle of the act, and after a second or two the play proceeded.

Bertie watched, stuned and bewildered.

This magnificent, beautiful creature, with the men and bearing of an empress, the helpless, tearful girl he had rescued from Stuart Villiers! He could scarcely believe his eyes, his ears! And yet it was true. He could not be mistaken.

Suddenly, as he sat, his gaze riveted to her face, he saw a thin streak of misty vapor rise from one of the wings opposite him.

He watched it absently, unconsciously for a moment or two, then, as it grew in size and density, his attention woke to it.

## Lands for the Settler

Large areas of rich agricultural lands, convenient to railways, are now available for settlement in Northern Ontario.

For full particulars regarding settlement duties, colonization rates to settlers and free land guides write

THE DIRECTOR OF COLONIZATION  
Parliament Buildings,  
Toronto.

Then she shook her head. "I am lost!" she said. "Save them! Make them keep their seats!"

As she spoke a tongue of flame shot out towards her, and seemed to touch her.

Bertie, with a cry of warning, leaped on to the edge of the box, and, jumping down, seized her in his arms.

"Come!" he said. "Come, or you are lost!"

She struggled with him for a moment or a minute—which?—then she let him take her in his arms and carry her off the stage!

CHAPTER XXXIII.  
Joan struggled for a moment or two in Bertie's arms, still calling to the people to keep their seats and all would go well; then, in sheer desperation, he raised her to his shoulder and rushed to the wings.

There he was met by a sheet of flame which seemed to stretch from end to end and bar his progress. He turned and made for the other side, but a wing had fallen across and here again was a barrier.

At the back of the stage the flames were rapidly making their way round, and columns of smoke rose and floated towards him.

He glanced frantically at the front of the house, but the sight presented by the struggling people, madly endeavoring to force their way through the exits, made it evident that to carry his burden in that direction meant death, or at least broken limbs.

There was nothing for it but to make his way through the back of the stage before they were enveloped in a fiery and deadly ring.

He knew that Joan had fainted by the deadness of her weight, and her quivering, and he felt almost glad, for if she had still struggled time would be lost and their escape hopeless.

(To be Continued.)

## SHE CURED HER HEART DISEASE

When She Cured Her Kidneys With Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Henry J. Jacques Found a Speedy Relief for All Her Troubles, and Now Enjoys the Best of Health.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 21.—(Special.)—Heart Disease, one of the most serious of disorders, is, as a consequence, easily cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, as the experience of Mrs. Henry J. Jacques, of this place, attests.

"My heart troubles me all the time," said Mrs. Jacques in an interview, "and I knew what terrible results might follow. The fact that my limbs would swell and my back ache led me to believe that I also suffered from Kidney Disease. I determined to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I bought four boxes, and before I had finished the third box the swelling was gone, my back was well, and my heart no longer troubled me. I am now in the best of health, and I owe it all to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Heart Disease is one of the troubles that come from unhealthy kidneys. They fail to strain the impurities out of the blood, and those impurities are bound to affect the heart, which is the engine that propels the blood through the body. To cure Heart Disease cure the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills; to prevent Heart Disease keep the kidneys toned up and healthy by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

CONCRETE STATUE.  
Memorial of Black Hawk 48 Feet High and Three Years in the Making.

A concrete statue of the famous Indian Chief Black Hawk has been erected in the State of Illinois. The statue stands above Eagle's Nest, across the river from Oregon, Ill. It has been in process of making three years.

The statue's great size, forty-eight feet, without counting either the difficult base or the natural rock foundation, 29 feet high, on which it is placed, puts it on a scale with the Goddess of Liberty, in New York Harbor, and the great statue of the Liberator on the New England coast.

The third and greatest claim to fame is that it is built to be permanent. It is believed that it will outlast the Sphinx, the Pyramids, and even the stones of the Sphinx, says the Cement Age. The sculptor was Lorenzo Taft. Mr. Taft had noted the remarkable time-proof qualities of concrete in ancient European structures, and there came to him his great idea for the means of making an enduring statue.

With this process in mind, it was not long before an adequate subject presented itself. For thirteen years he had his summer home and studio at Eagle's Nest, on Rock River. Standing for the hundredth time at the highest point of the cliff, and looking south at the land and river, he never failed to remember that it was from here that Black Hawk was finally driven out of Illinois.

Black Hawk, chief of the Sacs and Foxes, fought on the English side in the War of 1812. He saw sooner than anybody else that the whites would take all the Indian hunting grounds from him. He tried everything, from war to treaties to check the whites' advance. As he grew old he became more attached to his home along the Rock River and fought against removal to the Iowa reservation by the government.

## JOSEPHINE'S WILL.

Napoleon's Divorced Wife Did Not Blame Her Husband for Ambition.

Count Leopold Pille has just published in Italy the text of the will made by Josephine de Beauharnais, the first wife of Napoleon. This document has hitherto been unknown as the original disappeared from Malmaison the day after the ex-Empress died, in May, 1814. An authentic copy remained in the hands of a Corsican named Fabrizio, from whom it has passed from father to son until to-day it belongs to Paul Fabrizio, an Italian Senator, who has given a copy to Count Pille.

The will is a profession of faith by Napoleon's repudiated wife rather than a disposition of her property, of which it speaks only vaguely. She declares that she has always believed in God and religion despite the efforts of Bonaparte to destroy her faith. She does not blame her husband: "If he was an unbeliever and atheist the fault lies on the vile courtiers who by their sycophancy made him believe there was no supreme being above him. They have made him a god, how then could he retain any Christian humility?"

The ex-Empress swears, before God and the Bourbon royal family that she was innocent of the Duke d'Enghien's death. She did all she could, she declares, to save the unfortunate prince.

She recommends her children, Queen Hortense and Prince Eugene-Napoleon, to the kindness of the Bourbon family and concludes by expressing the hope that the Emperor will come to recognize how great the difference was between herself and Marie Louise, for whom he sacrificed her.

MRS. HARRIMAN TO WED A COLONEL.

New York club and society gossip reports her engaged to wed Col. E. R. Bacon, a well-preserved bachelor of sixty. Neither has given out either denial or affirmation of the report.

A NEW OCEAN GIANT.

About once in a decade a new fleet of ocean liners is launched, setting a new standard for size, luxury and safety at sea. The great ships which are thought to express the "last word" in boat building are suddenly found to be dwarfed by their new sisters and relegated to second place. Always the new fleet, now under construction, surpasses all the great ships that have gone before. Scarcely has the world become accustomed to using the Mauretania as a synonym for the ocean liner, than two greater ships, the Olympic and the Titanic surpass all of her dimensions. Now comes the greatest of all ocean giants, the Europa, of the Hamburg-American line, which is larger than any of her predecessors.

With increase in length, beam and tonnage, comes a corresponding development in the luxury of equipment. We can no longer call the great ocean liners floating hotels, since the new boats offer many more attractive and novel features than have yet been attempted by any builder of hotels. They have even more comforts than any palatial home.

The supremacy of the seas to-day, in black and white, stands thus:

Vessel	Length	Tonnage
Mauretania	700 feet	32,500
Olympic	860 feet	40,000
Europa	900 feet	50,000

The acute attack usually begins suddenly and the pain attains its full severity at the beginning, growing gradually less in the course of two or three days or a week.

In the chronic form there is almost always some soreness and aching in the affected muscles—worse in raw, damp weather.

The internal treatment is the same as for rheumatism of the joints, which is another argument in favor of the belief that the two forms are essentially the same and due to the same cause.

The pain may be relieved by dry heat; the old-fashioned treatment of lumbago by ironing the back is good, although a hot water bag or a hot brick will do just as well, without the disturbance that the movement of the iron causes.

Perfect rest is essential and this may sometimes be secured by bandaging the affected part snugly. From the Nautical Companion.

SOME ROYAL TOYS.

The little Crown Prince of Russia recently sent to Pu Yi, the baby sovereign of China, a toy railroad that is perfect in every detail. Little engines carry beautifully fitted express, accommodation and freight trains over three-quarters of a mile of toy track. Miniature stations, block signals, switches, everything that goes to make up a complete modern railway, are included in the little czar's Christmas gift that now occupies a large part of the gardens of the royal residence in Peking.

The toy cost the Russian Government \$25,000. In return for what is one of the most beautiful playthings that have ever been made, the baby Pu Yi sent to the "boy czar" a trained dwarfed elephant and a collection of curious Chinese playthings, among which were Chinese marionettes no bigger than the ordinary tin soldier, dance queer dances, and act out Chinese fairy tales. Miniature jeweled ivory men-o-war sail about on a little glass sea, that by some ingenious arrangement reflects shore lines and clouds, sky and trees, for all the world like a real harbor.—Christian Herald.

TEST OF CALM REPOSE.  
(Buffalo Express.)

"Is your husband a sound sleeper?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"I should say he is. Why, he never wakes up when the neighbors come home in a taxi, and I can hear them every time."

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TRICK THE LAWYER.  
Client—So you think that if I take the matter I've stated to court I shall win? Lawyer (scenting a big fee)—Unquestionably. I am prepared to guarantee you will get a verdict in your favor.

Client—H'm! Then I don't think I'll go to law this time. You see, the side of the case I gave you is my opponent's.

## THE AVERAGE WOMAN NEEDS MORE BLOOD

Nerves Easily Irritated, See Worries Over Little Things.

To the woman in the home—the woman closely confined to the house either through household duties or the care of children, or both—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a positive blessing. The average woman has too little blood. Her nerves are easily irritated; she worries over little things, has severe headaches and backaches and is sick most of the time. With the woman who uses Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the condition is different. She is always well and the care of her children or her household duties is a real pleasure. This is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enrich the blood and bring bounteous health and strength. Here is proof. Mrs. Fanny Shepherd, Girvin, Sask., says: "I am the mother of a large family and am worn out, weak and irritable. I kept going to my doctor about every six weeks, and he would give me something 'to keep me going a little longer.' But it was like winding up a clock. I soon got run down again, and although life seemed hardly worth living, I did not wish to die because of leaving my little children. I continued like this for some years, but at last summoned up enough energy to strike out a new departure and got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had only hoped these would help me, but to my surprise, before I had been taking them long I began to feel like a different woman. I still continued taking the Pills for some time, and any woman need wish to be. Once more I would enjoy life thoroughly, and have done so ever since. I never need a doctor now and my health is bright and cheerful. I still always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to anyone who in my opinion needs a tonic of any kind."

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.

TREATMENT OF SORE MUSCLES.

Different Forms of Muscular Rheumatism—Where Rest Is Essential.

Many physicians think that the soreness and aching in the muscles which are usually called muscular rheumatism are really not rheumatism at all, but neuralgia. For this reason they prefer to call the affliction by its other name, neuralgia, which means nothing more than muscular pain. It probably belongs, nevertheless, to the indefinite group of diseases called rheumatic, for it occurs frequently in persons who have other rheumatic or gouty troubles, or in whose family these affections prevail; and it is excited by the same things—exposure to cold and damp, or, for example, overfatigue, indiscretions in eating or drinking—that are believed to bring on an attack of rheumatism in the joints.

Any or all of the muscles may be the seat of myalgia, but those most commonly affected are the muscles of the neck, of the shoulder and of the loins. In children it often takes the form of stiff neck, while in persons of middle life the muscles of the loins are not infrequently attacked, constituting what is known, and dreaded by those who have had previous attacks, as lumbago.

When the chest muscles are affected, or pleurodynia, the pain may be so acute as to simulate pneumonia or pleurisy.

The chief symptom of muscular rheumatism is pain in the muscles affected, and usually very severe when the parts are at rest but sometimes excruciating on attempted motion. A light touch may be painful, while deep and firm pressure gives relief.

The acute attack usually begins suddenly and the pain attains its full severity at the beginning, growing gradually less in the course of two or three days or a week.

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Shiloh's Cure

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