

Right at Last

As for Stuart Villiers, he sat watching his companions with a rather grave air; as a matter of fact he neither saw nor regarded them. He was thinking at that moment of Descombe cliffs and Joan, the girl he had loved and lost. "Better thus," he said to himself for the hundredth time that morning. "Life is a bitter mockery; it is time I had done with it."

The count came forward. "I am afraid that Lord Dewsbury is still reluctant to withhold any apology my lord, therefore—"

"I am ready," said Lord Villiers. Fairfax and the count paced out the ground, and the two men walked to their places and faced each other.

A gleam of passionate anger shot from Bertie's eyes as he fixed them sternly upon the pale, wan face opposite him; but Stuart Villiers returned his gaze with calm, unflinching gravity.

"Now," said the count, in an undertone, as he handed the pistol to Stuart Villiers, "aim low; keep your fingers steady. You are partly shadowed by the trees," he added, in a quick whisper. Lord Fairfax took out his red silk handkerchief and walked to a little distance, so that they might see him; then, raising the handkerchief, paused while he could count three.

At that moment the two men stood with their pistols raised.

The count saw a faint smile, half bitter, half sad, cross the face of his principal, and as the handkerchief fell he noticed with horror that Stuart Villiers had raised his pistol towards the sky.

He had aimed above Lord Dewsbury's head.

An exclamation of amazement and annoyance burst from his lips as the two sharp reports rang across the plain. At the same moment a cry broke from Lord Fairfax—a cry of horrified warning.

At the second the handkerchief dropped a woman had sprung from amongst the trees and thrown herself, without a word, upon Stuart Villiers' breast.

The men stood for an instant paralyzed and motionless; then the count dashed forward to the spot where Stuart Villiers stood holding the lifeless woman in his arms.

"Great Heaven! What is it?—what has happened? Is she killed?" demanded Lord Fairfax. White and speechless, Stuart Villiers bent over her and turned her face to the sky.

It was Miss Mazurka! Bertie came up with a quick stride, white to the lips and trembling with dread and remorse.

"Who is it?" he said, hoarsely. "Is it—?" He could say no more, but stood staring from one to the other.

Stuart Villiers had sunk on his knees, holding the girl in his arms, while the count poured some brandy between her lips.

"This is an unfortunate contretemps, gentlemen!" he said, with intense gravity. "My lords, you had best seek a piece of safety; you can do no good remaining. I am something of a surgeon, and will undertake the responsibility. In the name of Heaven, leave the place—make for Spain. Lord Villiers and I will see the matter through."

Bertie shook his head. "I shall remain," he said, huskily. The count shrugged his shoulders.

"Tut, tut! This is serious, gentlemen," he said. "A duel between two men is one thing, but the death of a lady is another. Fly while there's time!"

"Hush!" muttered Stuart Villiers; "she is not dead!" and he pointed to a line of red trickling from under the sleeve of her dress.

"Thank Heaven!" murmured the count, "she is alive! Gentlemen—addressing Lord Fairfax and Bertie—"go into the city and send a carriage. Lose no time. Every moment may be precious!"

Lord Fairfax started off at a run, but Bertie still remained. The count ripped up the sleeve with his scissors, laying bare the white arm, and found the wound. After a moment's examination, he looked up with a quick breath of relief.

"A miraculous escape!" he said, in a low voice. "The bullet has grazed the flesh, that is all. Give me the brandy again. Lord Dewsbury, there is a pool of water behind those trees. Wet this handkerchief."

The count succeeded in forcing a little brandy through the clenched teeth, and bathed the poor girl's face; and presently she opened her eyes.

For a moment she turned them wildly upon each of them, then they rested upon the worn face of Stuart Villiers bending over her, and with a look that smote him to the heart, she breathed faintly:

"You—you are not hurt?" His lips moved once or twice before he could speak audibly.

"Not no! But you—why—why did you do it?" She raised herself for a moment, then sank back into his arms, and cried silently and quietly.

"I thought I should be too late," she panted, turning her eyes piteously from one to the other. "I thought I should never get here! They told me at the hotel—they wouldn't tell me anything—but I guessed, I guessed. Another moment and—and—" She shuddered.

"Would to heaven you had been another moment!" muttered Stuart Villiers, brokenly. "That bullet would have struck me, instead of you!"

A faint smile broke on her white lips. "Ah! Is that true?"

"It is true, general!" said the count, gravely. "You have saved his lordship's life."

"Really?" she exclaimed, with a laugh that was broken and uncertain. "Then—then I was not too late, after all—nor too soon!"

She rose to her feet, but still clung weak and trembling to Stuart Villiers' arm, which supported her.

"Oh, what does it all mean?" she demanded, piteously, looking from him to Bertie, who stood with folded arms and downcast face. "Why did you do it? Why have you two quarrelled?" Stuart Villiers was silent, and she turned to Bertie. "Why did you want to kill him? He didn't fire at you; I saw his pistol fired in the air. What have you quarrelled about?"

The count interposed, hat in hand, and with all the suave courtesy of an Italian gentleman.

"Let me implore the signora not to distress herself; she is weak and ill from this lamentable wound. If the signora will permit the honor of conducting her to her hotel?"

She turned from him impatiently. "Can't either of you speak?" she demanded, her eyes flashing on Bertie and Stuart Villiers. "Can't you tell me the truth. What did you quarrel about? Why did you want to kill him? He didn't quarrel with you," she asked wildly of Bertie.

Bertie raised his eyes and looked gloomily at Stuart Villiers.

"He will tell you," he said. "Well, tell me!" she insisted, turning her eyes upon him.

He shook his head. "I cannot," he said. "Lord Dewsbury knows; I do not."

She burst into a low, hysterical laugh. "You are mad, both of you," she said. "Talk about women being unreasonable! Here are two men, two superior beings, two noblemen, come out in the morning to shoot each other, and they don't know why!"

Bertie's face flushed. "Lord Villiers can tell you," he said. "He has cruelly wronged a lady, whose name—"

"Is Ida Trevelyan, of whom I know nothing," said Stuart Villiers, with bitter self-scorn.

Miss Mazurka stared from one to the other, then she leant her face on Stuart Villiers' arm and cried and laughed in a breath.

"Ida Trevelyan! Ida Trevelyan of the Coronet!" she repeated the name. "And you don't know her?"

Stuart Villiers shook his head. "But do not let us linger here," he said. "Your wound—"

"Both my wounds!" she retorted, stamping her foot. "It is a scratch, and not much of that. Don't talk about it, or I shall go mad. And it is Ida Trevelyan you were quarrelling about, and you don't know who she is?" she demanded of Lord Villiers.

"No," he said, glancing at Bertie coldly, whose face flushed red and fiercely.

"Lord Villiers may not know her by that name," he said. "But if he remembers the lady whom he induced to leave her home and fly with him to London, and who left him—was snatched from his clutches—"

"Oh, hush, hush!" cried Miss Mazurka, turning to him, then putting her hands upon Stuart Villiers' breast imploringly and soothingly, for he had gone white as a ghost and was trembling. "Don't say a word more. Do you hear! You—you owe me something, Lord Dewsbury, and you can pay it that way—by holding your tongue. There is a mistake, do you hear?"

"A mistake?" muttered Bertie.

"Yes," she said, vehemently. "A mistake! I tell you so, and I can prove it, but not now. And I never will unless you promise both of you to hold your tongues. As for you, Bertie, you have been fooled, and so has he. And I will tell you by whom some day, and I will tell you not a word will I say unless you part as friends."

"A mistake?" said Bertie, hoarsely. "What mistake can there be? I know the lady—I have left her only a few days ago—"

"Hold your tongue!" she screamed, furiously. "There, go away! Go home and wait till I send you word. You can't refuse. You nearly killed me, didn't you—and you owe me something!"

Bertie looked from one to the other with deep agitation.

"There is some mystery I—I can't fathom," he said, candidly.

"There is," she said, quickly. "But I can fathom it, and I will—when I please. And I don't please now. I won't say a word! There, you two make friends, or—or—she burst into a hysterical laugh—"or I shall faint again."

"Anything to prevent so dreadful a calamity!" exclaimed the count, who had been looking and listening in amazement, and more than ever convinced that the English were all mad. "Lord Dewsbury, Lord Villiers, you have exchanged shots; your honor, my lords, has been vindicated. I echo the desire of the signora that you do shake hands."

"Look sharp," said Miss Mazurka, as if they were two schoolboys. "If I don't keep my promise, and make it all plain to you, why—why you can fight over again, you know."

Lord Bertie came forward and extended his hand.

"If I have done Lord Villiers a wrong—" he said, gravely, anxiously.

Stuart Villiers took his hand and held it for a moment.

"Thank you, Dewsbury," he said, his voice broken and low. "I can say that you have. If you know all—but I speak not to have been my wife"—he paused for a moment, struggling with his emotions, then went on slowly, impressively—"she is dead."

"Do you hear?" broke in Miss Mazurka, sharply, and frowning at him significantly. "She is dead! Now, not a word more!" For Lord Bertie, staring with astonishment, was opening his mouth to speak. "Go to the hotel. I've something to tell you, when it suits me, that will open your eyes far wider even than they are! Oh, here's the carriage, and my maid at last!" she exclaimed.

Stuart Villiers assisted her in, and

offered to go with her, but she shook her head at him.

"No, I want to be alone and think. My head's in a whirl, and it all depends upon me. You go home and wait till I send for you."

And with a glance, half tender, half impetuous, she drew up the window, and the carriage started.

Bertie had gone, and the count, whose head was in quite as confused a whirl as Miss Mazurka's, packed up his pistols and surgical instruments, humming an air from "Lucia di Borgia."

"A most extraordinary finale," my lord," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "No doubt you know what it is all means, but as for me—"

He raised his hands to denote utter bewilderment.

Stuart Villiers shook his head. "No," he said. "I can wait. I can rely upon my lady."

The count interposed, a magnificent creature, and kissing his hand in the direction the carriage had taken. "Ah, that is the wonderment of your countrywomen, my lord. So quiet, so dove-like in repose, and yet when the moment calls they soar like eagles. Your lordship is a fortunate man, and to be envied."

Stuart Villiers shook his head. "The lady is my friend—no more," he said, biting his lip. "What she has done was prompted by friendship."

"Oh, yes; a certainly, no doubt," said the count, with polite incredulity. "Well, my lord, I congratulate you on the possession of such a friend. I go now to my house. If your lordship should require my poor services again in the matter, I am at your lordship's service," and he raised his hat.

Stuart Villiers held out his hand with a grim smile.

"Thank you, count," he said. "I am very grateful; but I do not think either Lord Dewsbury or myself will require to exchange shots again."

"Ah, well," murmured the count. "When there is a lady in the case, one never knows where it will end," and he tucked his cane under his arm and walked off.

Stuart Villiers, left alone, paced up and down in the shadow of the trees for some minutes.

Why had Miss Mazurka returned to Monte Carlo, and what mysterious communication had she to make to him?

Who was this Ida Trevelyan, who seemed to be mixed up with his fate in this strange fashion?

His anxiety respecting this brave girl who had thrown herself between him and Lord Bertie's bullet would not permit him to ponder over the mystery.

The best thing he could do was to return to the hotel and see that she had medical assistance.

He walked back quickly, and went to his rooms to send a message to her, but as he rang the bell the footman brought him a note.

It was from Miss Mazurka. "I am going back to London by the next train, and you must come with me. I've seen a doctor, and he says I am all right. I'm resting, and too tired to talk."

He sent word by her maid that he would do whatever her mistress wished him, and gave instructions to his man to prepare for the journey.

It might be only a whim of hers, this sudden return to London, and he desired that he should return with her, but the least he could do in acknowledgment of all that she had done for him was to obey even the slightest of her whims.

Perhaps in London he should learn the clue to this mystery.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. It was the evening before the wedding. The last touches had been put to the modest finery; the breakfast, as modest as the bridal apparel, had been ordered; Emily, robbed of a carriage and six horses and a procession of stage supers, had consoled herself by decorating the room and ordering a washing basket full of flowers, and at last everything was, as she said, ready for the rising of the curtain.

She herself was in a state of suppressed excitement, which threatened to demonstrate itself any moment, and she declared that, unless she had a real good cry before the ceremony, she should never be able to go through it.

"I shouldn't mind so much if I were going to be married myself, dear. The difficulty of the part would keep me quiet; but it's the thought of looking on and seeing you married that upsets me. I ought to have been your mother; I could not have felt it more if I had."

To all this Joan responded with a quiet smile, and sometimes a tender caress. She herself was as quiet now, on the eve of the momentous day, as she had been all through; indeed, as Emily said, she was too quiet.

A subtle kind of gravity, that deepened almost into sadness, seemed to have settled upon her, and now, as she stood beside the window and looked out at the street, there was that in her face which no man would care to see in the face of his bride.

In truth, as the hour approached which would make her the wife of Mordaunt Royce, she found herself shrinking from it with a feeling that was as nearly like dread as anything else.

Twenty times a day she told herself that the man she was going to marry was too good for her; that he was generous, clever, and that he loved her, and that she was a senseless, ungrateful girl not to return that love.

But though she reproached herself, she could not coerce her heart. It would fly back to Descombe and the memory of the one man in the world who had won her heart.

Stuart Villiers had wronged her, had tried to work her the greatest injury a man could work a woman; and yet—ah yes!—she loved him still!

Not even Lord Bertie, noble to the core as he was, had succeeded in dispelling the memory of her first and only love, and now, on the eve of her marriage with Mordaunt Royce, she communed with herself and knew that she had no heart to give him, that Stuart Villiers had stolen it from her bosom, and that it was his until death, though he had held it only as a toy to be cast aside and trampled on when he was tired of it.

To-night Mr. Harwood, who was considerably flustered by the preparations and Emily's excitement, and the fact that he was to play an important part in the next day's ceremony and give the

POISON THE BLOOD

Dr. Hamilton Clearly Explains Certain Health Facts You Ought to Know.

In the first place let us clearly understand the causes that lead up to bad bowels.

The stomach muscles grow weak; then indigestion creeps in. Soon the contents of the stomach turn sour and ferment. This decayed food matter brings on constipation and poisons the blood, just the same as the putrid contents of the stomach would spoil water if it were added.

It is admitted that certain poisons taken into the mouth cause death, and it is just as certain that the poisons absorbed into the blood from sluggish bowels will quickly destroy health and vitality. Therefore, by allowing constipation to run on, you are just as surely poisoning yourself as the person who takes strychnine. You are also bound to suffer from breath so vile as to make you disgusting; to suffer also from sallowness, pimples, boils, constant headache and stomach distress.

Although numerous remedies are in the market for constipation, stomach distress, headache and bowel complaint, yet no one compares in power to cure with Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandar and Butterbur. By aiding digestion and building up weak stomachs to a condition of health and vigor, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are bound to restore your lost or failing strength in a short time. If you are sick at your stomach, if you lack appetite, if your color is bad, your blood poor, your strength run down—then you need Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and they will surely cure you—quickly and permanently. All dealers sell them, or Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box. By mail from the Catarthozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

bride away, had asked Mordaunt Royce to come and dine with them on this the last night of Joan's spinsterhood.

Emily had prepared a nice little dinner, the last, as she said, piteously, that they would eat together for some time, and Joan told herself that tonight at least she ought to throw off the dark shadow which clouded her and show a smiling countenance to the man who had paid her the greatest honor a man can pay a woman.

A knock at the door roused her from her reverie, and Emily came in.

"I thought you had gone to bed, dear!" she said, running up to her. "Dinner is ready, and Mr. Royce is embarrassed, dear, you can't think!" and she laughed. "Men always dread the ceremony so! I once heard a man say that he would rather be made a Mason twenty times than go through the wedding ceremony twice! Well, I must say they generally look awful idiots in their frock coats and patent boots."

Not mind, that Mordaunt Royce would look an idiot at any time. Come, dear, there is such a nice little dinner, and father is all in a flutter to begin!"

Joan put her arm round the tiny waist and went downstairs.

Mordaunt Royce came forward. Emily's words occurred to her. He did look anxious and almost nervous. His face, never very highly colored at the best of time, was paler than usual, and there was an expression of watchfulness and abstraction in his eyes, which she had never seen before. He took her hand and kissed it, and for the moment his eyes lit up with a bright light.

"Am I early or late?" he said. "I was afraid I should be the latter; but I have been busy making the last preparations."

(To be Continued.)

SHE WRITES PULAYS TO REACH HEARTS.

This is the Princess Troubetzkoy, better known as Amelie Rives, who writes novels while her titled husband applies life to canvas with paint and brush. She's just had two plays produced. This inspired her to say to an interviewer that "love is the biggest truth in the world," and men it, too, even if someone has said it before. Anyhow, she writes to the heart rather than to the head. "I do not wish to write plays to make people think miserably about miserable things. I want to write plays that will make people tender, make them happier and make them sweet," she says.

NO GOSSIP. (Baltimore American.)

"Our new neighbor must be a very suspicious character."

"Why so?"

"She employs a maid who is deaf and dumb, the mean thing!"

Shiloh's Cure

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OF RHEUMATISM

Now, Damp Weather Starts the Pain, But the Trouble Lies in the Blood.

Spring weather is bad for rheumatic sufferers. The changes from mild to severe weather, cold, raw, damp winds following mildness start the aches and twinges, or in more extreme cases, the tortures of the trouble going. But it must be borne in mind that it is not the weather that causes rheumatism, the trouble is rooted in the blood—the changeable weather merely starts the trouble and to cure it is through the blood. The poisonous rheumatic acids must be thrown off and driven out. This is a solemn medical truth every rheumatic sufferer should realize. Remedies and outward application may give temporary relief, but they never did and never can cure rheumatism. Any doctor will tell you this is true. The only way to reach the blood, the only way to cure it, is through the blood. The poisonous rheumatic acids must be thrown off and driven out. This is a solemn medical truth every rheumatic sufferer should realize. 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