'TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

"Oh, Henry, forgive me!" she exclaimed, with deep emotion. "You cannot leave me like this. I know I have been bad, wicked, deceitful, in every way, but, oh, forgive me. I know well you would never marry me now; and"—lowering her voice—"neither could I ever marry you having once shown you my heart; so there can be no misconception about that. But if you knew everything — how wretched I was, how hopeless, how essential it was that the money should be procured, how terrible it was to me to have to borrow it, and how just and right a thing it seemed to me to give you myself in exchange, having no other means of repayment—you might, perhaps, pity me. Could you only have seen into my heart, you would have read there how real was my determination to be true to you to make you a good wife, and love you eventually as well as I loved that other."

She broke down and covered her face with her hands. And Lyndon, who had never yet learned the art of being consistently unkind to anything, felt his wrath and wrongs melt away together, while a choking sensation arose in his throat. To see Mildred cry was to him the nearest pain and misery the world could afford. What was he that he should be the cause of tears to her?

He forgot all his own deep injuries, and taking the pretty golden head between his hands, he drew it down upon his breast, where she began to cry right heartily.

"Mildred, how could you do it?" he whispered, presently, in a broken voice. "Had you hated me, you could have done nothing more cruel. Child, did you never think of the consequences?"

"I know I have behaved basely to you," sobbed Mildred. "But I never thought that this would be the end. All might have turned out so differently had—had this day never been."

"I shall never cease to be thankful that this day did come," he answered, earnestly. "Better to wake from a happy dream in time than rest unconscious until the waking is too late. Bitter as it is to lose you now—and no one but myself can guess how bitter that is—would it not be far worse to discover that my wife had no sympathy with me, no thought akin to mine?" He paused for a moment, and then he said, sadly. "It seems a hard thing for me to say, but yet—oh, Mildred, I wish we had never met."

"Is there nothing I can do to make it up to you?" she asked, despairingly.

"No, there is noting," he answered, regretfully; "all that could be said or done would not obliterate the past. You are crying still, Mildred," raising her face, and regarding it mournfully; "are you very sorry then for your work? And yet a few plain words would have prevented all this. Tell me—when returning the money, which you insisted on doing after your grandaunt's death, why, then, did you not honestly speak the truth? Was that not a good opportunity?"

"Oh, how could I do it, then?" she asked, turning away her head with a little shiver of distaste, "that would have appeared so detestable in your eyes. What?" she exclaimed, accept your kindness gratefully when I was in sore need of it, and then, when I had no further want of it, to throw you off without the slightest compunction? Surely you would have thought that a very unworthy action."

"Still it would have been better than this," he answered, gloomily, beginning to walk slowly up and down the room, while she stood, weaving her fingers restlessly in and out, watching him.

Poor Mildred, the bitterness of her remorse just then made half atonement for her sin. With a heart at once affectionate and deeply feeling, it was to her the intensest agony to see Lyndon, so crushed and heartbroken, and know it was her own handiwork.

For a few minutes there was silence except for the faint sound of Lyndon's footsteps, as he paced heavily to and fro on the thick carpet. At length she could bear it no longer.

"Why do you not reproach me?" she cried, passionately. "Abuse me, speak harshly to me—do anything but act toward me as you are doing; your kindness is killing me. Not all the epithets you could heap upon me would punish me sufficiently for all I have made you suffer. Have you forgotten that I actually thrust myself upon you? That it was I who offered myself to you that fatal night, not you who asked for me? Why do you not taunt me with all this? Have I to put these cruel thoughts into your head, or is it that you are too noble to use them against a woman? If you would only be unkind to me, I think I should not feel quite so wretched."

Lyndon smiled, though rather sadly.

"I am afraid you will have to go on being wretched forever if you are waiting for me to be unkind to you," he said. "Do you know, strange as it may seem, all the displeasure I felt in my heart against you has somehow disappeared, leaving only love and forgiveness in its place. I am not angry with you now, my darling; I am only sad, and a little lonely, perhaps," he concluded, turning abruptly away.

After a short interval he came back to her side again, and went on with a forced cheeriness that in nowise deceived her.

"Hwever," he said, "of course this state of affairs will not last forever. Time, they say, cures all things. In the meantime I will get through a little travelling, I think, and refresh my memory about certain foreign cities, so good-by for a while, and do not quite forget me during my absence. And"—in a low tone—"remember, Mildred, that whatever you do, or whomsoever you marry, I wish you all the good fortune and happiness that can possibly befall you."

"Are you sure you forgive me?" whispered Mildred, tremulously. "Think of all that has happened."

"I do, with all my heart," he answered.

"And you will promise to think no more of me, but try to love some other girl worthier and better?"

"How shall I find her?" said he, a deep yearning breaking through the lightness of his tone.

"Ah, very easily," she answered; "there will be no difficulty about that. But give me your promise that when you do meet with her you will not shut your heart against her, nor consider all women unlovable because one proved false. I shall feel happier when you have said that."

"Very well," he said, "be happy then. I give you my word that, under such circumstances, I will do my best."

"And"—hesitatingly—"do you forgive me?"

"I do, indeed," he said for the second time.

"Will you not kiss me then?" whispered Mildred.

So he kissed her once again, for the last time, upon her lips, and it was thus they parted.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Denzil did not appear to recover quite so rapidly as had been, at first, confidently expected, the inward injuries he had received—though slight—telling on him more seriously than the doctors had anticipated.

Mrs. Younge had been telegraphed for on the evening of the accident, and had arrived at King's Abbott early the following morning, having elected to travel all night rather than endure the agonies of suspense, though the telegram had been very reassuring.

Her husband came with her, but, having seen his son, and been recognized by him, and comforted by the doctor's report, which was very favorable, had returned home, content to leave him in his mother's and Lady Caroline's care, who sat with him alternately, assisted by a hired nurse of the most substantial dimensions.

The third day showed their patient apparently better than on the preceding one. There had been more decided symptoms of amendment, and he had gone through the dressing of his wounds with wonderful composure and stoicism. But toward evening he grew depressed and irritable, and evinced a faint inclination to wander; whereupon the doctor looked grave, shook his head, and made certain changes in his medicine—but all to no purpose. The next day he was in a raging fever.

So another doctor was hastily summoned from London—one of the greatest men of his day—who came and went through very much the same formula as old Stubber—shook his head, looked grave, said his brother physician had done everything that was necessary, except for so and so, and so and so—took a pinch of snuff, implored the anxious mother in terms of the deepest solicitude to compose herself, and, having pocketed his fee, went back to London again, leaving them all terribly alarmed and dispirited by the pomposity of his manner.

The fifth day after the fever first declared itself Lady Caroline, having insisted on the poor mother's lying down for an hour or two, was sitting in Denzil's room as the time wore on toward evening. Bending over his bed, she noticed a certain change in his face.

"What is it?" she asked, tenderly.

"Mildred," he whispered, with deep entreaty in his tone, and holding out his hand.

"I am not Mildred, dear Denzil," said Lady Caroline, thinking that he still raved; but he said:

"I know you are not," quite distinctly; and then again, "I want her—why does she never come to me?"

Poor Lady Caroline was greatly perplexed; she knew not what to do. Had things been different, she would have followed the dictates of her own kind heart, and sent for Mildred on the spot; but, as it was, she remembered former scenes and Lyndon's recent sad departure, and did not care to take the responsibility on herself of bringing her daughter and Denzil together in such a manner.

"Mildred, Mildred!" called the sick man, impatiently, and then the little ray of reason that had come to him in connection with her face vanished, and he wandered off once more into the terrible feverland, bearing with him the name of her he loved.

For two hours he lay thus, calling, sometimes wildly, sometimes feebly, but always for her, until his loving nurse's heart was smitten to the core.

At length came Stubber, the family doctor, and seeing Denzil in this state, he regarded him silently for several minutes.

"Lady Caroline," he said, with decision, "Miss Trevanion must be sent for, be it right or wrong."

For which command Lady Caroline blessed him secretly and sent for Mildred forthwith.

She came without a moment's delay, and, even as her foot crossed the threshold, a sudden silence fell upon Denzil. He turned—the fever for a time sank conquered—while his beautiful eyes lit up with passionate expectation and fond hope.

Slowly and with hesitation Mildred advanced to the side of the bed, and then Lady Caroline went over to the window, followed hurriedly by the doctor.

What happened after that nobody knew, for Lady Caroline and Stubber, standing with their backs to the bed, and their faces turned to the chilly outer world, could tell nothing.

When at length they returned to the bed, they found Mildred pale and trembling, the heavy tears coursing each other down her cheeks in rapid succession, which are hastily brushed away as they drew nearer, her hand tightly clasped in Denzil's. He had even made an effort to hold her with the poor injured fingers, and had brought them so far that the tips touched hers.

He was quite sane now. His face, slightly flushed, was looking upward; his eyes, glad and happy, were fixed on hers, while she answered back the gaze, forgetful of all else but that he lay before her sick, it might be, unto death.

"Denzil, you are exciting yourself," said Lady Caroline, nervously.

"No, I am not," answered Denzil, his voice clear and distinct, but without moving his eyes from Mildred's; "leave me for a moment."

He waved them back, impatiently, to the window, and neither Lady Caroline nor the doctor could bring themselves to disobey the command.

But Stubber, who was becoming seriously uneasy about his patient, glancing round at him cautiously and surreptitiously, saw what followed. He said that when he and Lady Caroline had again withdrawn, Denzil looked at Miss Trevanion, and that then Miss Trevanion stooped and kissed him, not once, but twice.

This was what Stubber said, but he also added that it was his firm belief that she did it out of pure humanity and nothing more. When two minutes later, he again approached Younge, he found that Mildred had disappeared, and that Denzil was lying perfectly composed, his face turned toward the half-open door. He sighed heavily, but contentedly, and then came back to the realities of life.

"Dr. Stubber," said he, "do you know that I am better?"

"Time will tell," answered the little doctor, sententiously; "and now you must go to sleep if you wish to keep in that much-to-be-desired condition. Lary Caroline, I trust to you to let no more young ladies into the room this evening."

Denzil laughed rather rationally, and, changing over to the other side, in a few minutes fell into a sound refreshing slumber.

* * * *

Not once again during all the remainder of his illness did Miss Trevanion enter Denzil's room; neither did he ask for nor allude to her in any way, although Lady Caroline noticed the intense look of interest that came into his face whenever her name was casually mentioned.

After a week or two the remembrance of her visit faded, or came to him only as a shadow from the fevered past he had gone through, and not until the doctor had given him permission to quit his bed for an hour or so every day, to lie on a lounge in the adjoining apartment, did he venture to speak of it and try to discover the truth.

It was one morning, when he was feeling considerably stronger, and had Mabel beside his couch, reading to him scraps of poetry that every now and then struck her fancy as she glanced through the volume in her hand, that he approached the subject.

"Is your sister away from home?" he asked, in the middle of a most pathetic subject.

And Mabel answered "No," reddening a little.

"Then I think she might have come to see me before this," he said, with all the fretfulness of an invalid.

"Well, you see she has all the housekeeping to attend to, now mamma is so much your slave," returned Mabel, smiling; "that keeps her away. She always asks for you, though, and is so glad to hear of your getting on so rapidly."

This sounded rather lame, and Mabel, feeling it to be so, tried once more to resort to her book.

"I suppose it would give her too much trouble to make her inquiries in person," he said, bitterly, "every one else comes to see me except herself. Surely Lyadon could not object to that?"

"Have you not heard, then?" asked Mabel, hesitatingly. "I fancied you would have known before this. Her engagement with Lord Lyndon is at an end. He has been abroad for the last four weeks."

CHAPTER XXV.

"Mildred's engagement is at an end with Lord Lyndon!" Denzil's pale, haggard face flushed crimson; he put up his uninjured hand and brushed back his hair impetuously, fixing his eyes on Mabel the while. "What caused it?" he asked, with suppressed agitation. "It must have been very sudden. Four weeks ago, you say—why, that was just after——" He paused.

"Just after your accident occurred," said Mabel, slowly; and then she grew frightened, fearing that Mildred would condemn the remark if she heard of it, and determined to make no more admissions, whatever happened. "You are talking too much," she went on, hurriedly; "you are looking very pale. Your mother will say it is all my fault when she comes in. Lie back amongst your cushions comfortably, and I will go on with my reading.

"'We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our——'"

"No," interrupted Denzil, putting his hand hastily over the open page. "I am tired of reading." Then, with a short laugh—"I am afraid you think me a savage—do you?—and are wondering whether I have sadly deteriorated during this illness, or whether I am now, for the first time, showing myself in my real character. The fact is, I like talking to you better than listening to the most perfect poetry that could be written. Now you cannot call that uncomplimentary at all events, can you? I feel as though I had left the world for years, and, having come unexpectedly back to it, am now hearing all the strange things that have happened during my absence—a sort of Rip-van-Winklish feeling, I suppose; so I want you to educate me before I make my way downstairs. Miss Sylverton was with me yesterday, and told me of Charlie's promotion. She said nothing of her marriage, however; but no doubt that will follow, as a matter of course."

"It is almost arranged to take place next month," observed Mabel.

"Queenie," said Denzil, in a low voice, "tell me this—when did I last see Mildred?"

"It was she that saw you fall, and went to your assistance, you know," returned "the queen," evasively.

"I know that," said Denzil—"your mother told me the whole story. But have I never seen her since—in any way?"

"Oh, where could you have seen her?" asked Mabel jesuitically, and with considerable confusion, turning to arrange some flowers in the small table near her.

"It was only a dream then," murmured Denzil, disappointedly, and said no more on the subject, to his companions great relief. But the next day he tormented little Stubber to allow him to go downstairs.

"Do, doctor," he implored, earnestly; "I feel I shall never progress toward recovery so long as you compel me to remain in this room."

"And where, may I ask, do you want to go?" demanded Dr. Stubber, irritably.

He had grown wonderfully fond of his patient during the past few weeks, and could not bear to deny him anything but what was impossible.

"To the library," said Denzil, "they can wheel the sofa up to the fire, and I promise you faithfully I will not try to walk. Give me your permission, and then my mother and Lady Caroline can say nothing. I want to go down to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

MAKE YOUR MONEY WORK

And the Lesson the Small Investor Needs to Learn.

The advice of one of the large banks of the country is that every one should invest his surplus, whether large or small, in dividend securities of the best class, whether railroad, real estate or farm mortgages or public utilities, for "To keep money idle is a costly operation."

Let every reader of this article remember that with as little as $5 or $10 he can make first payment on the purchase of a first class $100 bond. Let every reader who has a few hundred dollars to spare put it in a good $500 or $1,000 bond on the partial payment plan and let it earn something. Five hundred dollars invested in a 6 per cent. bond (with the income deposited in a savings bank at 4 per cent.) will double itself in 12 years—that is, the $500 will have become $1,000 in that time. This $1,000 at 6 per cent. will earn $60 a year or over $1 a week for its possessor. Even at 5 per cent. it will double in fifteen years and at 4 per cent. in eighteen years.

The lesson the small investor wants to learn is that his money is just as good as that of the larger investor. The former has great need of being careful because he has less to spare. Learn to be a careful investor. The first thing a careful buyer does if he wants to buy a horse, a cow, a house or a farm, a bond or a share of stock is to make a careful investigation. Schoolboys may swap the jackknives they hold in their closed hands, but grown men ought to know better. The humblest investor can buy with as great safety as the proudest, for both can deal with the same bankers or brokers in these days when small lots are popular with firms of established character.

SWORDS OF JAPAN.

Religious Rites in Their Making and a Final Blessing.

That the Japanese are past masters in the art of sword making is proved by the splendid weapons, equal to those of Toledo and Damascus, which they turn out. The actual methods of sword making in Japan are jealously guarded, an extraordinary feature of the industry being the religious ceremony which accompanies every process of their manufacture. The walls of every sword making shop in Japan will be found to be covered with allegorical representations of the sword makers and the chief goddess of the Shintos.

Evil spirits are kept away by charms consisting of bits of paper and wisps of straw, while, should any woman enter the shop, disaster would certainly come to the swords that are being made and to their wielders. Consequently women are absolutely debarred from entering business as sword makers, while not only is prayer offered up before the work begins, but various religious rites peculiar to the Japanese are performed in order that the swords, when finally completed, may be said to have been well and truly laid.

Even the final processes of polishing and sharpening are characterized by certain religious ceremonies, and finally the weapons are offered, one by one, to be sword god to be blessed. This ceremony consists in placing the swords in front of the goddess of the Shintos on the wall, with an offering of sake, rice and sweetmeats, after which prayer scrolls are read and blessing upon the work is invoked.

A CLEVER TOMMY.

How One British Soldier Escaped and "Did His Bit."

Reuter's correspondent, writing from the British Headquarters, says a certain soldier is now the pride of his regiment in consequence of the skill and daring with which he extricated himself from a very tight corner. Just where the adventure happened matters not. The man was sent out on patrol duty with another. They were surprised by a party of the enemy in considerably stronger force, and called upon to surrender. They replied by firing, and killed a German, after which the companion bolted.

The unnamed hero, coming to the conclusion that a live man is very much better than a dead one, permitted himself to be taken. But his captors failed to observe that, with sleight-of-hand skill, he was concealing a grenade in his capacious fist. This he dexterously returned to his pocket when the Boches had finished rummaging his tunic.

The disconsolate-looking Tommy was borne in triumph to the German lines. For some reason he appears to have been left in charge of a solitary sentinel, whilst the rest of the party moved away. Quietly withdrawing the bomb from his pocket, but without slipping out the safety-pin, he suddenly broke from his posture of cowed subjection and brought the object down with a tremendous whack upon the skull of his guard. The German dropped like a log, his rifle and bayonet clattering to the ground.

Tommy then took to his heels in the direction of the British lines, but had not gone far when he came upon another German patrol. Challenged to surrender, he stood still, and allowed the enemy to approach him close. Then suddenly poising the grenade, he hurled it right into the midst of the little group. There was an immediate explosion, followed by cries and groans, and the gallant soldier continued his sprint, returning safely to tell the story to his cheering comrades.

HIGH COST OF LIVING.

Things That Are Mere Comforts Now Used to be Luxuries.

No economist has put enough emphasis on the fact that if the cost of living is higher now it is to a large extent because the average man is demanding more comforts and luxuries, and these must cost more. Before the days of plumbing and bathrooms the workman missed some onerous bills, but he is now ready to throw the plumbing out of the house.

Oil is cheaper for light than electricity, but people pay more for a modern light because they want the better service even at the higher prices. Workmen by the thousands have phonographs, a form of entertainment unknown until a very few years ago.

Even street cars are rather a new thing, and the poorest families spend many dollars every year for this service, which has become indispensable. Magazines are purchased now by many people who ten years ago had never subscribed for such a publication.

Thousands of articles are for sale in every department store, of which a large percentage are purchased at some time or other by the average wage-earning family.

Modern living does cost more assuredly, but it also yields more.

HEALTHY BABIES SLEEP WELL AT NIGHTS

A well child sleeps well and during its waking hours is never cross but always happy and laughing. It is only the sickly child that is cross and peevish. Mothers, if your children do not sleep well; if they are cross and cry a great deal, give them Baby's Own Tablets and they will soon be well and happy again. Concerning the Tablets, Mrs. Chas. Diotte, North Temascaming, Que., writes: "My baby was greatly troubled with constipation and cried night and day. I began giving her Baby's Own Tablets, and now she is fat and healthy and sleeps well at night." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box, from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FIGHTING NATURE.

What One Man's Patient Effort Wrung From a Desert in France.

In the southwest of France, between the rivers Adour and Garonne, are long stretches of pine woods, green all year.

Where these pines now stand was a barren waste in the middle of the last century. Spun and wind vied with each other in making the land a dry and dusty desert. Over the stormy bay of Biscay came winds that set up great sandstorms and sometimes buried whole villages. The whole region was one of hopelessness and despair. Fate was against it.

But finally there came a man who acknowledged fate only as something to be overcome. This man, one Bremontier, was an inspector of roads. He began fencing in the desert. He built a fence and behind it planted broom seeds. Behind the broom seeds he put seeds of the pine. The fence protected the broom seeds, and the broom grew. Then the broom in its turn afforded shelter to the delicate pine shoots.

Soon the pines spread, and their rough roots bound the sandy soil together. The first step was accomplished. Then canals were made to drain the wet parts and carry water to the dry.

Thus did one man by patient effort turn a dreary desert into a home for an industrious and healthy population. It was an instance of triumph over fate.—New York Tribune.

WINGS OF A BIRD.

Compared to Them Flying Machine Planes Are but Toys.

Although the bird traveler has no trunk to pack, guidebook to study or ticket to buy, still he must make some preparations for the journey.

The warbler, which nests in Alaska and passes the winter in northern South America, should not begin an 8,000 mile voyage through the air over mountains, plains and seas unless its engine is in good order and it has a proper supply of fuel.

"But," you ask, "what is a bird's engine, and where does it carry fuel?"

A bird's engine is really its wings and the muscles which move them. It is one of the most perfect engines in the world. It is simple, but strong. It works easily, but it is powerful and rarely gets out of order.

For many years man tried to make flying machines which should have wings like those of birds. But he never succeeded. He could not make even a feather! Finally he discovered that if he would make a machine that would fly he must give it wings and an engine. So he constructed an aeroplane, which has wide, stiff wings, or "planes," measuring about thirty feet from tip to tip. These wings cannot be flapped, and in themselves they furnish no power. But to them man added an engine driven by gasoline and electricity. This engine turns a long bladed propeller, which urges the aeroplane forward, while the planes support it when it is in motion.

But a bird's wing, we must remember, is both plane and engine. It gives support as well as power. It is therefore a far more remarkable machine than the one made by man.—Frank M. Chapman in St. Nicholas.

FANCY AND FACT.

Is he livin' in the trenches, a-fighting of the Turks,
And a-servin' of his Majesty the King?
With a gun that's blazin' 'ot
And the chance of gettin' shot
Any minute, any minute as he hears the bullets sing.

Is he marchin' on the desert, dodgin' twenty miles a day,
With a tongue that's big and black with 'eat and flies?
And 'alf a pint o' water
or else—maybe a quarter—
To quench 'is thirst each day, until he dies.

Is he fightin'? Is he marchin' Is he livin' in a camp?
Or is he in a dug-out, six by four?
With bombs a dropping round 'im
And artillery to pound 'im
And blow him to the Ever Sunny Shore

No! He ain't fightin' now, and he won't be for a bit,
And he ain't a-sniping Turcos from a stump.
He's a-lyin' (this 'ere Bard)
In the Isolating Ward
With the measles—and a double dose of mump!

—F.N.P. in Manchester Eng., City News.

"In screening coal the undesirable products are gotten rid of." "It ought to work that way in screening pictures."—Louisville Courier-Journal.