HER HUMBLE LOVER

"This is delightful!" she says, with half-closed eyes, as the door opens and Lord Delamere comes in. "I am rather grateful to the mountain torrent, Hector; I am sure the place we intended reaching to-night could not have been better than this; the room is charmingly comfortable! Come and sit down!" and she holds out her hand over his shoulder.

He comes and takes it in his, and pats it absently, but he does not sit down. If she could see his face, she—who is so keen to notice the slightest changes in its expression—would detect the air of grave thoughtfulness that sits upon it. There is a restless, almost apprehensive light in his eyes, and as he stands beside her chair he seems to be listening; then as she turns her head to look at him, he rouses himself.

"Yes," he says, "it seems very comfortable. But—I did not mean to come here. It is a pity that we did not make out our destination."

"But why?" she says, with a smile. "One place is as good as another, and better, as the Spaniard says. I think this is delightful. What is it they are cooking, Hector? It is a most exasperating smell, and I am awful hungry. Are you sure you are not wet, dear?"

"Wet? No," he answers, as if he had forgotten the storm. "They are cooking the supper. I will go and see what they have got. We shall be lucky if we get an omelette and some soup. I won't be answerable for the presence of garlic," he added, lightly, but with an effort.

Signa smiles.

"I will forgive them even the garlic," she says, nestling down again, but why should you trouble? Cannot the faithful Saunders make the inquiry?"

"The faithful Saunders is busy with the horses," he says, as he moves toward the door; then he pauses, and coming back, stands with his back to the fire, looking down at her with a strange, intent expression in his dark eyes.

"You seem very happy, Signa," he says, almost interrogatively.

"I am quite," she replies. "I don't know why. Because I am getting so well, and because—I am afraid you will be shocked, Hector, but I think there is a great deal of the Bohemian in me—this traveling and 'roughing it,' as you call it, suits me admirably. I have often envied those gypsies who go about the country in carts all covered with brooms and cradles. It is the freedom, the liberty of the life that is so delicious."

"You had better sell the Grange, and buy a hawker's van," he says, with a smile.

She laughs and colors. It is the first time he has referred to his princely wedding gift, and in some indefinite way it jars upon her.

He is silent for a moment; then he says:

"I think I will go and see how Saunders is getting on. He may want some help, and none of these good people understand how to groom horses. I remember——"; then he stops short and glances at her quickly; but the last two words of the sentence have escaped her, and, with a troubled brow, he leaves the room.

There is a long passage between the guest room and the door, and at the end of it he sees the short, thick-set figure of the landlord, a black object between the sky and the lamplight. The man turns as he hears Lord Delamere's step, and, with a bow, makes room for him to pass. Lord Delamere steps into the road, then turns, and motions the man to follow.

With a perfectly impassive face the landlord of the Mountain Goat obeys, and stands silent and attentive.

Hector stands, looking beyond him at the mountains that rise beyond the valley, half absently, then turns his glance upon the landlord.

"Do you not remember me, Hermann?" he says, quietly.

The landlord bows, with a calm smile.

"Of a certainty my lord," he says.

Lord Delamere nods.

"I though so, notwithstanding your manner."

The landlord shrugged his shoulder, and extends his hands, palms upward, after the manner of his countrymen.

"Soh!" he says, gravely. "It was not for me to push myself forward, my lord. It was for me to wait and see whether your lordship wished me to remember. If so—good; if not—well, then I forget!"

Hector takes a turn with a stern face, as if the man's secrecy annoys him, then he comes back to him.

"You understand," he says, "that it is by the merest accident that we are here?"

"The man explained, my lord," is the brief response.

Hector nods.

"We shall leave in the morning. Meanwhile——" he hesitates, his soul loathes the task upon him, but it is necessary—"meanwhile it is my wish that no idle gossip reaches her ladyship," and he waves his hand toward the window of the room in which Signa sits.

The landlord makes a gesture of complete comprehension.

"Certainly, most certainly, my lord," he says. "From no one in this house of mine will her ladyship hear anything of the—of that which your lordship wishes forgotten. Your lordship may trust me. Those good fellows"—and he nods toward the common parlor—"will be gone in an hour, and the house quiet. How should her ladyship hear anything?"

Hector stands with his hands thrust into the pockets of his traveling jacket, his face dark and troubled, his eyes fixed on the line of mountains looming against the sky.

"It is fate," he mutters, half audibly. "A week earlier or later, the road would have been open. I would give ten years of my life if we were on any other spot of the habitable globe!"

"Hah!" exclaims the landlord, curtly, but not at all disrespectfully, "your lordship troubles yourself without cause. All that little business is done with and forgoten; even here in Casalina things do not last longer than nine days and that is—oh, a long time since. Be at rest, my lord—trust to me."

Lord Delamere nods. Upon his face is the look which rested there that night when Lady Rookwell told the tragic story of his, Lord Delamere's crime, but added to it a wistful apprehension which reveals its cause as he glances at the window behind him.

"Yes—yes," he says, "there is no danger—I can rely upon your discretion, Hermann." Then he pauses for a moment, and his voice drops, as he adds, abruptly—"And she! Where is she?"

The landlord shrugs his shoulders.

"Who can say?" he answers. "In Paris, Rome, where you will. Casalina has not seen her since——"

"I know—I know," interrupts Lord Delamere, sternly. "At any rate she is not here?"

"Of a certainty, not," replies the landlord. "Should I not have told your lordship at once? Yes—yes!"

"That would have been of no use," he says, moodily. "I tell you that we were compelled to take shelter here. The horses could not have gone back to Pezzia, where we stayed last night, and there was no place but this to turn to. No matter—we leave here to-morrow early. I hope to Heaven that I have seen Casalina for the last time."

The landlord, who has only half caught the almost inaudible aspiration, bows and turns into the house, and Lord Delamere makes his way to the stables. Saunders is busy with the horses, whistling cheerfully as he dries their wet skins while his own is still wet, and he looks around as his master enters.

"They are all right?" asked Lord Delamere.

The man starts at the altered voice, which he has never heard out with a pleasant, cheerful ring, but which is now hard and stern.

"Yes, my lord," he answers. "Rather overdone; that last mile or two tried them after the day's journey; but they'll be all right to-morrow. Her ladyship, my lord," he adds, glancing apprehensively to the pale face above him—"she's not tired, my lord?"

"No—no," says Hector, and his face relaxes its sternness. "No, her ladyship is all right, thanks, Saunders. Get in to your supper when you have finished here. They will make you comfortable."

"That's all right, my lord, thank you," says the man, with true English confidence. "I know that by the condition of the stables, my lord. Stables clean, and plenty of corn for the horses, always means clean linen and plenty of victuals for the man."

Hector nods.

"I came to tell you that we start early to-morrow," he says, turning to the door—"I mean quite early."

Saunders nods, his eyes on his beloved horses.

"Yes, my lord, I was thinking that perhaps we should get a day's rest for 'em. There's no denying that they are a little overdone."

"We shall leave here to-morrow if they've a leg to stand on," he says, with so strange a harshness in his tone that poor Saunders colors, and, touching his hat, bends down to his work in silence.

Lord Delamere goes out into the night again, and stands looking into the darkness. As if in a vision he sees the peaceful village of Northwell, sees his own once deserted, now magnificent Grange; in spirit he once more steers the boat, with Signa lying at his feet, toward St. Clare. It is all a vision to him; even the gay, brilliant, bewildering Paris life; and this one accursed spot on which he stands seems the only real thing. It is here that the most tragic events of his life has occurred, a tragedy, the whole truth of which has yet to be learnt, the bitter results of which have yet to be felt. As he stands, troubled and moody, the place seems to change him from the happy, good-natured Hector Warren to the morose and sin-stained Lord Delamere.

"Fate! Fate!" he mutters once more. "It was fated that I should return and bring my darling with me. A chance word from one of these tipplers and her whole happiness would be wrecked! Would to Heaven we had braved the torrent; anything would have been better than being here!"

"Hector!" comes a voice in the darkness.

It is Signa's. He starts, and hurries to the door.

"Don't stand there, my darling," he says, chidingly; "the night air is cold."

"And so will the supper be,' she retorts, laughingly, "if you do not come in. Is anything the matter with the horses?"

"Thank Heaven, no!" he answers, fervently.

"That's devoutly uttered," she says, brightly. Come in now. What do you say to a roast pheasant as well as your omelet? We have found an inn after Dr. Johnson's heart. Come, I am fearfully hungry."

He puts his arm around her, and they go in. The supper, a luxurious one—trust a German for good living—is smoking on the table. A tidy maid servant stands ready to wait.

"Glorious! is it not?" says Signa, taking her chair. "Give me Casalina for a resting-place."

He shudders, but instantly dispels the cloud from his brow, and makes a great show of enjoying the situation.

"If only Lady Rookwell or Aunt Podswell could see us!" says Signa—"to say nothing of the Duchess d'Ornis—how surprised they would be. After all, a roving life is the one that contains the most enjoyment. You don't understand my enjoyment, perhaps; it is all so stale to you. To me it is simply delightful. What wine is that, Hector?"

He laughs.

"Pure Tuscany. I can recommend it; Hermann was always famous for his wine."

She stares for a moment, then she laughs.

"Ah, yes, I forgot. You have been here before, have you not?"

"Yes," he says, calmly, but his hand trembles as he lifts his glass.

"You must take me all over the place to-morrow," she says, with a tone of anticipation in her voice. "I am sure it is pretty. There are mountains, are there not?"

"Yes," he answers. "There are mountains, oh, yes." She looks at him wonderingly.

"Is there anything the matter with the horses?" she asks.

He starts and laughs.

"Nothing. They are rather tired, and so am I, and so should you be; you have had a long journey, my darling."

"But a happy one," she says. "Do you remember, or do you not, my saying—the day I think it was when we were in the boat sailing to St. Clare—that I longed to be in Italy? I suppose it is because I am here that I am so happy. Do you remember?"

"I remember everything," he says, huskily. "There is nothing that I forget. But come, darling, you must be tired. We start early to-morrow morning."

"Early," she says, open-eyed. "Surely not! The maid has been telling me in pure Tuscany that there is not a prettier place than Casalina: I wanted you to show it to me."

"It is not worth seeing," he says, almost sternly.

Signa looks up at him with heightened color, and a touch of pained wonder in her eyes. It is the first time in her life that his tone has been anything but gentle and loving with her.

"Is anything the matter, Hector?" she murmurs."

"Matter!" he says, with a forced laugh and a look of self-reproach. "No darling; nothing. I am only annoyed that we should have been turned out of our course. Let me give you some more wine?"

She shakes her head, still a little hurt; and he fills his own glass, and drinks the wine with an eagerness quite novel with him.

Then, as if with an effort, he dispels the gloom that seems to hover over him like a cloud and begins to talk to her, as she loves to have him talk: witty and gay by turns, with every now and then a tender word of love for her.

There is an old piano in the room—there is always a musical instrument of some kind in every Tuscan inn: and half-curiously she opens it and touches the keys.

"Play something—sing, dear," he says, suddenly.

And she sits down and, touching the keys softly, sings one of his favorite songs. He gets up and paces the room for a few minutes, then he seats himself in the shadow, and resting his head upon his hand, is lost in thought.

"I wonder how many hands have touched this dear old thing?" she says. "I wish I knew a Tuscan song. What was that we heard the other day?" and she picks out a tune slowly, gets it by memory, and begins to lilt to it. With a suddenness that almost startles her, he raises his head, his face pale, his lips compressed.

"Not that," he says. "It—there is no music in it. Sing something English."

Signa laughs softly.

"How patriotic you are to-night, Hector! Will this do?" and the clear voice soars into "Fair as a Rose." And his head goes down on his hand again. Outside in the passage the whole of the household is gathered to listen with breathless enjoyment to the sweet voice of the young English miladi, and one of the maids heaves a sigh and murmurs:

"Ah, but milord is a happy man!"

Milord, as he rises to light a cigar, looks anything but happy. With restless strides he paces the room again, until, with a half-smothered yawn, Signa leans back in her chair and looks at him.

"My music hath no charm to soothe the savage breats," she says, half reproachfully. "You look tired out, Hector."

I think I am, and yet I am restless. I will finish this cigar; but you shall go to bed, my darling," and he crosses and put his arm round her with a caress that has something of a protecting air, as if some intangible danger were approaching her.

"Very well," she says, "You will not be long?"

He shakes his head, and lighting the candle, leads the way to their room. When he comes down again, he calls impatiently for another bottle of wine, but forgets it when it is brought, and allows it to remain on the table untouched, while he falls to on the restless pacing of the polished floor.

At last he stops abruptly, and putting his hand to his forehead, as if to obliterate some painful, mental vision, murmurs:

"What has come to me? This is worse than womanish, this presentiment of coming evil! It is this cursed place. Thank Heaven, we leave it to-morrow."

Then he goes upstairs, and holding the candle above his head looks down at the lovely face with the peace of sleep lying upon it, and his face works convulsively with a passionate tenderness and awful apprehension.

"Oh! my darling!" he murmurs, hoarsely. "I pray Heaven that the hand, which, stretching out from the past, lies so heavy on my heart, may never touch you! To-morrow! Oh, for to-morrow!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

The morrow breaks with the clear sky of a Tuscan morning; the sun, keenly bright, as only an autumn sun can be, deluges the little inn, and makes white walls and yellow thatched roofs glisten again.

While Signa is still asleep, Hector has risen and gone downstairs. The black cloud of the previous evening has disappeared, as if dispelled by the morning sunlight. Early as it is, the house is still astir, and Saunders is hissing and whistling about his horses. Lord Delamere goes out to him with an eager inquiry.

"All right, Saunders?" he asks, eying the horses critically.

"Yes, my lord, I think so," says Saunders, but with a faint tone of oubt. "They are a little stiff. I'll take them out directly, my lord, and try them."

Hector nods and walks out into the roadroad. It is a lovely view, but as he gazes at it no sign of pleasure or admiration comes into his eyes; instead, his face grows grave and harsh, and he turns back hastily to see Signa standing in the open doorway. She looks a part of the morning, so fresh and bright is the lovely face, so full of youth and grace the lithe, supple figure.

"What a lovely morning, Hector! And what a pretty place! Is it really true that we shall not be able to see it?"

"I am afraid so," he replies, looking away from her. "We have a long journey before us, and must start early. Our friend, the swollen torrent, has disarranged our plans."

(To be continued.)

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THE LUSCIOUS STRAWBERRY

A Bunch of Tested Recipes for their Use,

Fo rthe Careful Housewife to Clip Out.

Strawberries grow in Alaska and Florida and Maine and Texas. They follow the pull of the sunshine from South to North across the whole country. What to do with them while in season and how to keep up supply when out of season is set forth in the following array of recipes:

STRAWBERRY POPOVERS.

These popovers make a very novel and delicious dessert, and, what is better, one that is not at all difficult to make. Beat three eggs rather light, but not quite as light as for cake, and two cupfuls of milk and beat again and then add two cupfuls of flour that have been sifted twice and mixed with a saltspoonful of salt. Now beat it again until it is smooth and pour into buttered gem pans that have been heated in the oven until they are warmed thoroughly. Bake in a moderate oven. When done they should be eaten at once after they have been split up one side and filled with slightly crushed strawberries and covered with whipped cream.

STRAWBERRY BREAD PUDDING.

Though this dish has a homely name, it is really a most delicious confection and literally worthy "to set before a king." Cut stale bread in rather thin slices and toast a light brown. Butter this very lavishly and line the bottom and sides of a pudding dish with them. Fill the dish with strawberries and heap them in as thickly as possible, placing a few crumbled pieces of toast among them and sifting sugar all through and over them. Bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour. This is delicious served very cold with thick cream.

STRAWBERRY CHARLOTTE RUSSE

Make a custard of one quart of milk, put over the fire with a cupful of sugar, bring to the boiling point and stir in the beaten yolks of four eggs. Stir constantly for a moment and remove from the fire. Dip half a dozen ladyfingers in cream and arrange them in a glass dish. Pour over them a layer of strawberries slightly sweetened. Arrange another layer of the berries. Pour the custard over all. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff and stir into them four tablespoons of powdered sugar; color with a little juice of the berries. Pile the meringue lightly over the top or ornament with a circle of large, firm, sweet berries. The ingredients of the trifle must be very cold when put together, and it is a good plan to keep the dish on ice until served.

STRAWBERRY WHIP.

Rub a quart of strawberries through a fine strainer an add powdered sugar to taste. Beat the whites of three eggs to a very stiff froth and mix this immediately with the mashed berries and put in a quick oven. Cook for 15 or 20 minutes, according to the degree of heat in the oven, and serve as soon as baked. A souffle of this kind is always more delicious if baked in a low baking dish.

STEAMED STRAWBERRY PUDDING

Make a soft dough with one cupful of milk and one pint of flour, in which has been sifted two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a little salt. Put a spoonful of the dough into well-greased cups, then a spoonful of strawberries, then another of dough. Steam for 20 minutes.

STRAWBERRY SAUCE.

Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, add gradually one cup of powdered sugar and a little lemon juice. Beat in crushed berries and serve cold, or melt the butter over hot water and serve hot.

BERRY BAVARIAN CREAM.

Mix one pint of strawberry pulp and juice with half a cupful of powdered sugar. Cover half a box of gelatine with one-fourth cupful of cold water and soak until soft. Add one-fourth cupful of hot water and dissolve and strain. Stir this into the fruit, stand the bowl containing the mixture in a pan of cracked ice and as soon as it begins to thicken, fold in one-half pint of cream, whipped stiff. Turn into a mould and stand it in a cold place. Serve with the whole berries.

Strawberry sandwiches may be offered at the tea table. Mash the berries slightly, adding a little orange juice and plenty of powdered sugar. Butter thin slices of bread and spread with the berries.

Strawberry fool is a summer day dessert. Put two pounds of ripe strawberries into a pan with four ounces of castor sugar. Cover closely and let simmer for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Put the fruit through a sieve, add enough custard to make it thick, then some cream. Stand it on ice.

The trouble with most people who fish for compliments is that they don't go deep enough.

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

A WELL-KNOWN RESIDENT OF PORT HAWKESBURY IS RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

One of the best known men in the town of Port Hawkesbury, N.S., is Mr. William Duff. He has been a member of the municipal council for 16 years, chairman of the school board, and held other responsible positions. Mr. Duff's words, therefore, can be taken as coming from a man who has the esteem and respect of his fellow townsmen. He makes no secret of the fact that he believes Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved his life, and that they restored him to good health, after several medical men had failed to cure him. Mr. Duff tells of his illness and cure as follows: "About four years ago I was attacked with la grippe which left me in a condition difficult to describe. I was attacked with general weakness, and a constant dull pain in the stomach. I became so weak that I could not walk a hundred yards without sitting down to rest. The food I ate continually soured on my stomach. My nerves were all gone, and palpitation of the heart and a fluttering sensation all through my chest, especially at night was almost unbearable. I was finally compelled to go to bed, and called in a doctor, who said my heart was affected, and treated me for that trouble. After three months attendance, and feeling no better I called in another doctor. His treatment also failed to help me, and I tried a third doctor. This one said there was nothing wrong with my heart, that the trouble was due to my stomach. After treating me for a time he advised that I go to the hospital at Halifax. On a previous occasion when I had an attack of rheumatism I had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided that rather than go to a hospital I would again try this medicine. I got a supply of the pills and began using them. In a few weeks I could feel my strength returning, my stomach was giving me less trouble, the palpitation of the heart disappeared, and after a further use of the pills I felt as well as ever I did in my life. I can truly say that I feel more thankful than words can express for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me."

You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Good Time.

Frequently you hear a rich man abused because he stays on the job that made him rich instead of spending his time gadding about the earth in search of a good time. But it is hardly fair to assume that avarice and greed prompt such action or even that it is lack of faith in humanity. Very likely the work done represents the good time for the man who stays at it after all need of work has passed, for it is certain that there are many ideas of what constitutes happiness, and the man who selects loafing is apt to change his mind in time if he tries it. Doing nothing is harder than work, and if a man has spent many years at work, learning little of play, work brings him more enjoyment than the butterfly existence.—Atchison Globe.

SHIP O' DREAMS

(Carroll O'Connell.)

Mitsy night, stars so bright,
Dusky shades afalling,
In the distance, hidden quite,
Whip-poor-wills acalling.

All around, hills profound,
Lofty and serene,
Purple mists must have kissed,
Their soft, luxuriant green.

The little flowers, with twilight hours,
Their dainty heads have drooped,
Mother Rest their slumbers blessed,
As over them she stooped.

The lake so blue has darkened, too,
And still, so still it seems,
'Tis fitting night, for fairy flight,
In my Little Ship o' Dreams.

Ship o' Dreams, Ship o' Dreams,
Tide me far away,
To the Happy Vision Land,
Bring me back at break o' day.

The Hindenburg Line.

The German General Staff reviewed the fighting on the Somme,
And summarizing the result with faces fixed and glum,
They put it up to Hindenburg with fat encomium.

The stout Field Marshal stood and scratched the corners of his head,
Where in the intermeshing cogs continuously sped,
"This thing must stop. We've got to draw the line somewhere," he said.

And where upon they started in at once to draw the line,
According to the regulations perfect in design,
In fact the Kaiser said it was without a doubt divine.

'Tis done! 'Tis done at last in strict accordance with the law,
And tooting loudly all the Teutons back of it withdraw,
The while a wondering universe looks on suffused with awe.

But now the British, nice enough, but rather stupid chaps,
Have cut it up and broken it completely spoiled the maps,
You'd almost think they didn't know the thing was there, perhaps!

—Maurice Morris, in New York Sun.

Making Amends.

A poor Turkish slater of Constantinople, being at work upon the roof of a house, lost his footing and fell into the narrow street upon a man. The pedestrian was killed by the concussion, while the slater escaped without material injury. A son of the deceased caused [illegible] to be arrested. The cadi [illegible] ntively and in the end ask[illegible]ter what he had to say in [illegible]

"Dispenser of justice," answered the accused, "it is even as this man says, but heaven forbid that there should be evil in my heart. I am a poor man and know not how to make amends.

The son of the man who had been killed thereupon demanded that condign punishment should be inflicted on the accused.

The cadi meditated a few moments and finally said, "It shall be so." Then to the slater he said, "Thou shalt stand in the street where the father of this young man stood when thou didst fall on him.

And to the accuser he added: "Thou shalt, if it please thee, go up on the roof and fall upon the culprit even as he fell upon thy father. Allah be praised!"

The legislator without statistics is like the mariner at sea without a compass.—Garfield.

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