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NAMES.

Waiters Call

n on your pres-five dollar fee; into Greek. The

rm of mania in of equal." the t leaves on the

Then to me: hing becaused butter a piece ranslation of this would be worth red. The waiter out for an instant into the tube as

suppose Harold those flowers!

nose platter of

# HER HUMBLE == LOVER ==

"I am sorry," she says, resignedly. "But come into breakfast. In all our the map together with his hand, and wanderings there has never been stands with thoughtful brow. erisper ham and whiter cream, and-

ah, I am so hungry!" He puts his arm round her waist, get them. careless of any spectators there may be, and kisses her.

lady who used to turn with indifference from all the delicacies of a Parisian chef, and who caused a great doctor to look grave?" he says, with a

"Sometimes I think it is not," she No, it is the same Signa who munched biscuits and drunk coffee without milk out of a tin cup in the Island of St.

"Would to heaven we were there

now!" he says, unwitingly.
"Without seeing Florence" she exclaims, innocently. "But do you really? Why not go back. Hector? Do you think I should mind? It is all one to me so that you are by my side. Dear old Northwell! Yes, I could give up Florence without a sigh."

"Could you?" he says, almost eagerly; then he shakes his head and smiles. "No, we must obey the doctor and complete the cure. Let me see which is our route!

"Here is the map," she says, jumping up and unfolding it, and leaning over his shoulder "It is always a mystery to me how you find our way by it. It all looks one mass of lines and caterpillars. I suppose there are not really so many mountains as they put

"You think they are thrown in for effect?" he retorts, laughing."Hem! and his face grows grave. "What's the matter?"

"Point out the road for me." He takes up a fork and traces the thin, dark line on the map.

"It's our friend the torrent, again," he says, knitting his brows. "It stopped us yesterday, and will hinder us again to-day. We must go round there, instead of straight forward, and-I'm afraid we shal find no inn that we could stop at under thirty miles." "Oh, the poor horses!"

At this moment Saunders' heavy British knock is heard at the door. He comes in quietly an drespectfully, but looking rather grave.
"Well?" asks Lord Delamere.

"I beg your pardon, my lord, but it is a very long journey to-day?" A quick look of apprehension comes into Lord Delamere's eyes. Yes. Why?

won't be able to do it. my lord." With an exclamation that sounds strangely in the ears of Signa and the ders. man, with whom Lord Delamere's must take her and the only half-way; marked self-possession is a matter of it is twelve miles only, they will course. Hector strikes the table. "We must leave here to-day; it-it

is imperative." Yes, my lord," assents Saunders. quietly; "that I must make some arrangements. Can we break the journey, my lord, a matter of twelve or fifteen miles

tor, sternly. "If our horses cannot do miles that way." it, we must get others."

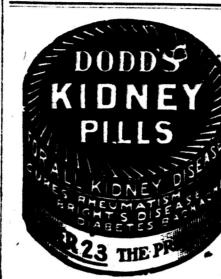
Saunders looked rather doubtful. "There is only one horse in the place; not a bad animal, take him all

Lord Delamere gets up, erushing

"Surely there are horses to be had; borrow or buy them-anything; but

"No, my lord," says Saunders, respectfully, but firmly. "Knowing "Is this the same pale-faced young that your lordship wanted to get on, made inquiries; there is only one horse, and we must have two for the carriage.

"Yes, yes," assents Lord Delamere, "Is there nothing you impatiently. Call the landlord." can suggest?



The landlord comes in with an elaborate bow to milord and miladi, but he does not help the situation much. The one horse is at milord's service: if there were a dozen horses they should be considered milord's, but there is but one; and he stretches out his hand.

"How soon can you get a couple?" demands Lord Delamere, curtly. The landlord ponders. The nearest village lies ten miles back. A man could obtain a pair from there the expense would be great.

Lord Delamere makes an impatient gesture, and paces the room for a moment. All-wonderingly, Signa looks on. To her this eagerness to leave this pretty little Tuscan village is inexplicable. Not for a moment does her memory connect its beautiful name with the story in Laura Derwent's letter; the only reason that occurs to her for his restless desire to push on is that he may spare her some trifling inconvenience, and she

"Then I am afraid the chestnut remain, when he looks up with an air "The chestnut?" he says to Saun-"It is nothing serious. have nothing to drag, and rest her for an hour or two. We could follow

and so make Florence to-night." Saunders' face clears and he nods. "I never thought of that, my lord," he says, with admiration in his tone. "Certainly. Oh, yes, that's all she "The journey is twenty-five, and wants—to go the twelve miles easy, must be done in the day," replies Hec- and rest a bit. I'd take her forty

with the hired pair and the carriage,

"Dispatch a man for the pair you sepak of without loss of time. Do religious light, Signa can scarcel, disround, but he won't run in double not let him come away without them corn anything but the dark outlines of

as a die; ask for Florence if you are as this. You know the kind. It is

"Milord is right." "You will know it by the painted sign—in case there should be no corn there it is a poor little place take a nose bag with you. Wait there till we come. I calculate for two hours' rest for the chestnut."

"Plenty, my lord, plenty," said Saunders, cheerfully. The landlord, taking up the note

with a reverent air-you want to travel on the Continent to understand the value of a Bank of England note or an English sovereign—bows and follows him out. "What a mind!" he exclaims, elevating his eyebrows, and jerking his

Saunders grins. "What, my guv'nor? Rather! You can put him in a hole that he can't find his way out of, if there is a way. say, landlord, if you were to get a few more like him to pass this way, and stop, the Mountain Goat would

hand backward.

make a fine thing of it!" "Truly, yes!" assents the landlord, with a sigh, as he hurries on.

With the same suppressed eagerness Lord Delamere comes out and watches Saunders harness the horses, and even assists with his own hands; and it is not until they have disappeared from view that he turns and re-enters the

"Well. we shall have time to do the lions, at any rate," says Signa. "Let us go at once. Hector. And she takes up her hat-a deer

stalker that has proved eminestly serviceable during the trip. Reluctantly, with a forced smile, he

they go out. The little village street, with its half dozen houses scattered irregularly on either side, is bathed in sunlight; a few peasant women, standing gossiping at their doors, cease their musical chafter to stare after the two stone seat in the porch. So they restrangers, and then utter swift words

miladi. A venerable priest, with white hair and that profound expression of serenity and peacefulness peculiar to his class, comes slowly down the street into the chapel, and stands listening from the chapel on the hill, and with reverently. There is something ina smle raises his clerical hat in paternal greeting. Signa flushes with innocent pleasure and bows, and Hector lifts his hat in acknowledgment.

"What a beautiful place." she exclaims, almost beneath her breath. "I cannot fancy anyone being unhappy here, and yet I suppose they hear the fluttering of the wings of the angel of grief sometimes."

He does not reply; with every step they take he grows more silent and moody: and once he stops and takes off his hat as if to cool his brow. "The place is stifling," he says, with

Signa looks up at him quickly. "No, no," he says, with an effort. There is the chapel-you must see

quickens his pace. They ascend the green slope and reach the chapel door; it is wide open-for in Tuscany, as in Italy throughout, religion is something more than a one-day-in the-week affair, and the weary peasant or troubled housewife can enter the dcors at any hour and find peace and con-

With the reverend spirit which always falls upon Signa when she enters a house of prayer, she goes in seftly. and stands for a moment looking into the interior, made peacefully shady by the old painted windows. Coming out of the sun-glare into the dim, I've tried him already, my -you understand?" and he puts a the carved pulpit and the great win-ten-pound Bank of England note on dow over the altar. She pauses with

solation.



show places to be entered noisily and main here another night." puts her light cloak round her, and stared at through an opera-glass; and with the feeling of awe which always

possesses her on the threshold of a sacred edifice, she stands silent and motionless. Hector looks in thoughtfully, hesitates a moment, then sinks on the main until suddenly, yet not abruptly, of admiration of the young English the solemn tones of the organ break the intense silence. It is the organist practising for the coming harvest fertival. With bowed head and hushed footsteps, Signa goes further finitely sad and mournful in the strains of music, and as she listens a strange feeling comes over her that makes the tears well into her eyes. She waits until the music has ceased, and then turns to go cut, feeling awed and soul-stirred. As she does so a young girl who, unseen by her, has been close beside her, crosses her path and goes slowly out by a door at the other end of the chapel. As she passes she looks up, without the slightest trace of curiosity, with the deepest abstraction, at the bright, lovely face, and Signa and she exchange glances. The girl's face is a heartiful one; but it is not the beauty which strikes Signa, it is the sad and some what wild expression which shines in the dark eyes. For a moment only that. It will be cooler there, and he she looks at her, then, as reverently and softly as she had entered, she goes

out and rejoins Hector. He looks up and starts as he sees the tears in her eyes.

"Well?" he says. She sinks down beside him. "Why did you not come in, dear?" she says, and her voice is like the sweet tones of the organ. "It is a beautiful little chapei! Oh! I cannot understand how some of the tourists

car stroll around such a mace in the cold-hearted, irreverent way they do? Often and often it has made me unhappy to see them." "They are not angels of goodness like my darling," he says, gently. "Shall we go now? Do you know that

you have been in there over half an hcur? "Have I! I should have stayed until the organ ceased, though it had been an hour. Are you so hot still?"

"No." he says. "Let us go back." They go back to the inn; the women are still gossiping at their doors, a group of girls are chattering and laughing at the fountain in the middle of the street: it is for all the world like a scene from an opera, and Signa takes it all in with seen enjoyment: but Hector just glances around him and then lapses into mood; self-com-

nunion only half concealed. "I have some letters to write." says Signa, as she throws ner hat down. "I want to tell Lady Rookwell about this place, and Laura-1 wonder where she is, by the way? in London, perhaps. If I could paint, I should like to paint that chapel and the village street, women and all. But I must give them a word picture."

He stands at the table and looks down at the bright face with a thoughtful eye.

"Why choose this village out of all we have seen?" he says. "Wait till you get to Florence; you will have not afraid." something to write about then. Would to heaven that we were there!"

She looks up from her writing case. "Why are you in such a hurry, Hector? Is it on my account? If so, you need not be; I am perfectly He kisses her, stands for a moment

watching her arrange her writing materials, then takes out his cigar case and goes to the door. Signa writes a long letter to Lady Rookwell, and a shorter one to Aunt Podswell, inclosing an affectionate note for Archie, and so the morning

Suddenly she hears an exclamation. ard looking up, sees the londlord, all shrugs and apologetic bows.

"Milord, 1 am sorrow itself! But I am powerless! The horses have been sent two leagues distant and cannot be obtained until to morrow!" There is a hasty, impatient retort

from Lord Delamere, a further apologetic explanation from the landlord. and Signa, throwing down her pen. goes out to find Hector leaning against the door with his extinguished cigar in his hand, and his brows knitted in a dark frown.

He turns with a forced laugh as she appears, and flings the dead cigar "Fate is against us!" he says, with

bent head-never in her life has she affected resignation. "The only hors a Signa been guilty of regarding the cathe- es in all Tuscany, as it appears, candrais and chapels of the continent as not be got, and we are doomed to re-"It is rather a pleasant doom," says

Signa, cheerfully. He looks at her, then glances at his watch.

"Pleasant." he echoes. with laugh that has a hidden bitterness. "Yes," she says. "I must add a postscript, telling Lady Rookwell how the omnipotent Earl of Delamere, who carried all before him at Northwell, was brought to bay at Casa-

"Yes. do so," he says, grimly; "tell them that not even I can fight

against Fate." "Fate in the shape of a scarcity of horses," she says, with a happy laugh. I not know how you would feel if Her light-heartedness awakens a faint response from him.

"It is evident." he says, "that it is easier to get into Casalina than out It is the first time he has spoken

the name of the village since last night, and he hesitates slightly, as if

The landlord clances from one to the other, then disappears, and pre sently a maid enters to lay the cloth. sently 2 maid enters to lay the cloth.

Signa colis herself up in a window other river in any other city in the seat, and watches her with serene contentment, and, the luncheon have contentment, and, the luncheon have contentment of the collection of the collectio ing made its appearance, is about to call Hector, when the clatter of horses' hoofs breaks the stillness. A moment after she hears the voice of the landlord in deep dialogue with another voice: Lord Delamere chimes in; and suddenly he enters with a piece of paper in his hand. His face is pale and troubled, and utterly unlike its usual grave self

possession. "By heavens!" he exclaims, "this is too much!"

"What is, Hector?" she asks. springing up and coming to his side. "Don't be alarmed my darling," he says, controlling nimself. "There has been an accident. It is nothing seriously and a tendency to be easily been an accident. at least, I imagine so and lies at the little inn I spoke of, the Eagle, with a broken, or sprained, or strained leg. he does not say which; but he cannot

"Poor Saunders!" exclaims Signa. "Let me see his note. Poor fellow! And yet he thinks only of our convenience and the horses. Is there any one there to look after him. Hector?" He has put the question to himself already, and is afraid of the answer jun., Hay, Ont., says: "I do not know. Most probably not. What is to be done?"

and looks at her. "And leave you here alone?" says, troubled.

"Oh, me? Do not think of me." You must go, Hector!"

He stands pale and hesitatingquite unlike his usual self. "But-but," he says,

leave you here alone!" "Why not?" she says, "It will be only for a few hours. You will come back, or I will follow. Hector, I am

"Why should miladi be afraid! Of a ertainty, no!" puts in the landlord Every care shall be taken of mi-

"Of course!" says Signa, cheerful ly. "I shall be quite safe-safe' what is there to harm me? Don't think of me, dear. That poor fellow may be lying there quite helpless, with no one to understand him. Oh, you must go. Hector!'

He stands motionless another mo-ment, then muttering, "Fate, fate!" be goes out. He and the landlord between them saddle the one horse in Casalina, then he comes back to

"I shall ride back on one of our ing her in his arms, "and shall not be long-at least, I hope not! Some evil genius has taken possession of us' By heaven, for half a word I would not leave you even now.'

"I shall not speak that half word, dear," she whispers. "I am not afraid to be left alone a little while. Why should I be? We should never forgive ourselves if we left poor Saunders for a moment longer than we could help! It would be desertion. Think, if we were in his plight, how he would fly to us."

"Saunders! Saunders! It is of you I am thikning!" he saye, with wild

bitterness. "And I have no thought but for you you and him," she says, gently. "Do you did not go? Good bye, Hector, my own darling!

He strains her to him, almost wildy, then, with a suppressed groan, flings himself into the saddle and gallops up the street.

(To be continued.)

#### Power of a River.

There are more spindles turned in the

### THIN-BLOODED MEN AND WOMEN

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Thin-blooded people do not remain so from choice but from indifference, in some cases form despair. People who are pale, languid, with palpitation of the heart, some difficulty in breathing and a tendency to be easily They need only the resolution to take the right treatment and stick to it until cured, the remedy that can be relied upon is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. With every dose they make new blood, and new blood means health and strength. The red cheeks, good appetite, increased weight and strength that follow the use of these pills prove their great value to thin-blooded people. Here is an example: Mrs. J. McDonald, believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. Some years ago ! had an-"You must go to him," says Signa, semia, and I did not realize the serquietiy. "You will, won't you, Hee lousness of the trouble I soon became a complete wreck. I got so weak I He pauses in his pacing to and fro, | could hardly walk. I neither ote nor slept well, and could not z) up he stairs without stopping to rest. times I had almost an unbearable pain in my back and would have to remain she says, instantly. "We must think in bed. I suffered almost constantly of him only, new. Poor Saunders; so from a dull headache and when sweepfaithful and devoted as he has been, ing if I would stoop to pick up anything I would get so dizzy that I would have to catch held of something to keep from falling. At times my heart would beat so fast that I would have a emothering sensation. My eyes were sanken and my hands and I mbs would be swollen in the mornings. I tried several kinds of medicine without benefit and my friends thought I would not recover. Then I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before long could see and feel that they were helping me. I gladly continued the use of the pills until I was completely cured and i cannot av enough in their praise, and I strongly recommend them to all run down girls and women." You can get these pills through 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.

#### Making Amends. A poor Turkish slater of Constant.

A poor Turkish slater of Constant. ple, 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 the slater to be arrested. The cadi listened attentively and in the the end asked the slater what he had to say in his defense. "Dispenser of justice." answered the accused, "it is even as this man says, but neaven 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 ed.

The cadi meditated a few moments and

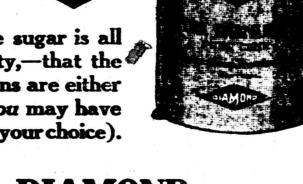
"It shall he so." Then to The cadi meditated a few moments and finally said, "It shall be so." Then to the slater he said. "Thou shalt stand in the street where the father of this young man stood when thou didst fall on him. And to the accuser he added: "Thou shalt, if it please thee, go up on the roof and fall upon the culprit even as he fall upon thy father. Allah be praised!"

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