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HER HUMBLE **LOVER**

great personage.

"I am very pleased to see you, Lady | known that Signa's fame was establiquehess. Delamere," said the duchess. "Your husband and I are old friends, and I should have been broken-hearted if you had passed through without coming to see me! Will you sit down? Lord Delamere shall bring you some T tea," and she made room beside herself on the broad ottoman. Signa sat cown, and Hector went for the tea. There were no servants in the room, though the vestibule was crowded with the ducal liveries, with the exception of her grace's own maid, who sat at a large table and poured out the tea, which the visitors fetched for themselves. He knew the customs of the house, and went to the table for re-echoed her praises. The duke's maid a great deal more satisfaction the tea, and the duchess, looking after | verdict was very short, but emphatic: him for a moment with a strange expression which was rather sad and

wistful, turned to Signa. "And so you are the heroine of the romantic tale which has so deeply interested us all, my dear?" she said, with a smile.

"A very poor sort of heroine," said Signa.

"A very lovely one, certainly," said her grace, with a charming smile that rot-bed the retort of all rudeness. "And is it true that he ran away with you to Scotland with that magnificent pair | a week! What do they find to talk

of horses you drive about?" "Not at all true," said Signa, with a blush and a laugh. "We did not run away, and it would have been of no use going to Scotland, because they con't marry people there in the fashion they used to do. We were married in a little country church in Devonshire.

"Really!" Then she paused. "How happy you must be!" Signa did not know quite what to

say to this, so remained silent. 'And he thought that he could keep you shut up in Paris .ike-like-a little nun!" said her grace. "That was a wild idea! Why, we were all dying to know you, and should have stormed that pretty little house of yours if you had not surrendered. Laura Derwent is a very dear friend of mine, and has written to tell me all about you. And you are so happy, are you not?" in a lower voice.

"Yes, very," said Signa, frankly. "And you will hate me for interrupting your dream, and dragging you out into the cold world, will you "I shall not, indeed," said Signa.

"I think it was very kind of you to "I mean that we shall be very great friends while you are here," said her "We must do what we can -to amuse you; and as to Lord Dela-

mere he must not be selfish and wish to monopolize you. Why the honeymoon is over! According to could at once find a purchaser in Parisian custom, he ought to quite have tired of you by this time!" But she smiled curiously and shock her head

Then she beckoned to a gentleman with her far, and when he came up with a sort of hushed eagerness as if all his object and aim in life were to obey the wishes of her grace, she

"Marquis, will you see if the duke is in the room and bring him to me?" The marquis departed on his errand, and her grace introduced Signa to a dozen or so of great people, and the little chain of courtiers draw closer. It was a trying moment for any young girl, more trying still for a newlymade bride, but Signa bore her position with her usual composure and sweet self-unconsciousness, and favorable impression she created was evident in the manner

of her grace, who leaned back and smiled with haughty satisfaction. Presently the marquis returned, ac companied by an old man with a wig and a dyed moustache, and powder thick on his face, yet not thick enough to hide a network of wrinkles. He came up with a jaunty step. amazingly juvenile, and looked at the

duchess with a fine smile. It was the great duke himself. He bad been fetched away from a group of statesmen who were talking politics of the utmost importance, and there was a burning impatience in his soul, though not a trace of it was visible in his smiling face, as he waiting for his wife's commands

"Victor, come and know Lady Delamere. Lord Delamere's wife." she "My dear," to Signa, "this is

my hu-band." The duke smiled still more broadly and unmeaningly, and bowed low, then, as his vacant eyes took in suddenly Signa's loveliness, the smile vanished, and a real look came upon Without a word he approached the ottoman, those near it making room for him, and began to

And then, in an instant, it was

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The duchess laughed. You have not been amongst us long," she said, quietly, "or you would never even make the suggestion. She thinks him a god and worships himthat is all.'

The statesman bowed courteously. 'Yes? Indeed? It is strange. Delamere was always fortunate. I remember-

The duchess shrugged her shoulders ever so faintly.

"Do not," she said. "Every one has forgotten Lord Delamere's youthful sins. "And she-?" asked the statesman,

with a fine smile. "Never knew of them," retorted the iished; that the duke had set his But she was wrong in point of fact; seal upon it, and she was to be a people had not forgotten, and often, as

ious. He would hurry over his dress-

and pleasure than it did Signa. On

the night that he told her, with gen-

tle irony, that she had been a success,

Signa was dressing for a state ball.

if not purer than those of the wife of

tor was sitting in a low easy-chair.

leaning back to watch her with luxur-

your head get turned now and again,

Signa? Tell me! I like to make a

study of these things. What senti-

ed rooms? To-night now, for in-

stance, when they come round you

like the moths round the candle, any

how shall you feel?" And he laughs

"Come," he says, with an air of

some remote distance and watched shoulder.

gentle banter, "don't let your modesty

ious content.

he stood silent and preoccupied, some Lord Delamere, as he sauntered one answering a question would exround the vast salon, talking to one plain who he was, and whisper some and the other, could see the crowd of the stories of which Signa knew round the Duke and Signa grow nothing. larger, and that she had become the CHAPTER XXVII. centre of attraction; and he smiled

to each other were over. The duke himself accompanied Signa to the victoria—an honor only acwhen she had left the salon the room elaborate toilet, which afforded her side. "After all," he said, with the unreal smile upon his face once more,

days when they used to be all in all

"there is no beauty like that of a young, pure English girl." "Well," said Hector, leaning back and looking at Signa's flushed face the diamonds, which the man who He looks into her eyes and the col-

"The only sentiment on my mind at present, sir. 's-confusion!" she answered. "What a crowd of people! It was like the crush-room at the opera. And she receives them twice about?

"Each other," he said. laughing. "Poor kind of amusement, isn't it: but we are in for it now, you will

He was quite right; on the morrow came a shoal of invitations with the pack of visiting cards, and Signa reluctantly accepted one from the duchess. It was a magnificent party, a brilliant gathering of rich and beautiful women and distinguished men; but it was felt, and admitted afterward, that of them all there was no one more levely than the young English girl; and that Lord Delamere, without a single order on his black coat, save the band of blue ribbon, looked the greatest patrician amongst the gentlemen. The social softly. treadmill, as Hector called it, had begun, and from that day Signa took her place in the great social world and shone there like a bright star. It | 2 smile curves her lips. was then that she understood the meaning of the vast wealth at her disposal. At the bottom of Lord overcome your truthfulness. Tell me Delamere's passionate love for his often wondered, as I have stood at to him, and lays her head upon his I thought—blind fool that I was! pride in her, and as he was forced to share her presence with the world, took a grim kind of satisfaction seeing her at the head of it.

It was known amongst the most eminent of the tradespeople that if they had anything out of the common in the way of precious stones or articles of feminine adornment, they Lord Delamere, and accordingly Signa-found herself possessed of suits of diamonds that had been coveted by every woman in her set. Worth sur passed himself in designing costumes which should get some share of the notice which was lavished upon Lady Delamere. The head of a noble family offered his palatial mansion to Lord Delamere as better adapted to Delamere's position than the little house in the Champs, but Signa declined steadfastly.

"We have been so happy here!" she pleaded. "Don't let us leave it while we are here." And Hector had kissed her and nodded assent with a thrill of gratification.

He went with her everywhere, and stood watching her triumphs, quietly proud of them. Sometimes, as he leant against the wall of some corner, men and women would come to speak to him and speak of her beauty, and the nameless charm which did more for her win than her loveliness, which was row the talk of Paris; and he would like with his grave smile, and say tome few words, and none they in his peart.

It was, though she have it, no a dangerous pre-eminent. There we

men continually about per who won have given their twes for one were or smile of more than ordinary kindness from ner; there were men who had lost their hearts as utterly as she Frederic had done Had he been anything but absolutely pure and in nocent of even the appearance of evil, there might have been perilificor her: but her love for Hector was so obvious that like a hale it surround ed, like a glorious charm, it protected

As for him, he was almost as popular as Signa herself, and yet there was a certain reserve about him that kept most men at arm's length. It was not pride or hauteur, but a nameless something they could not understand. In very truth, his life was so wrapped up in his darling that his love was all-sufficient for him. The world was but an unreal, phantasmal atmosphere, through which she. the only real thing, as it were, moved. He used the gay world of Paris as a plaything for her, and was waiting until she tired of it to find some other amusement to take its place. The women envied her her position, her wealth, her diamonds, but there were some, and many, who in their hearts envied her her husband beyond all

"He ses no one else when she is in the room," said the duchess one night. as she looked beyond her chain of courtiers to where Lord Delamere stood, alone and silent, his dark eyes fixed on Signa, who was dancing. When she speaks he listens to catch every word, though he may be talking to some one else with the most apparent interest. There never was such devotion—never!"

"Perhaps it is a mere suggestion!" said a statesman, with a wave of his hand; "perhaps Lord Delamere is-

BABY'S OWN TABLETS OF GREAT VALUE

Mrs. J. A. Lagace, Stc. Perpetue, Que., writes:-"Baby's Own Tablets have been of great value to me and Such as you were meant to play the I would strongly recommend them queen! And all this time youto other mothers." Thousands of "Have been longing for the old Thousands of other mothers say the same thing. They have become convinced through actual use of the Tablets that nothing tery into a heedless ear!" she whis- night." can equal them in regulating the pers. bowels and stomach. driving out constipation and indigestion: breaking up colds and simple fevers; expelling worms and curing colic. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-

It is so different to the old life at Northwell-and yet how calmly you take it; if you had always had a to himself sarcastically: the quiet hours to be alone with each other The world left them but a few duke in your retinue, you could not accept the fact with greater compos- was not all unworthy the great name now, and Hector snatched every moure. What are you thinking of, Sigment of such time as something prec-

For a moment longer she is silent, ing in the evening, that he might go corded to his greatest favorites—and and sit in her room and watch the glides towards him and kneels at his then her eyes are suffused, and she

> "Shall I tell you—honestly and truly,?" she murmurs. "Certes!" he says, taking the one ungloved hand and kissing it. "I am thinking of-you," she says, She had dismissed her maid, and was and her voice thrills with suppressed

with a smile—well, are you satis—sold them had declared to be equal to, or comes into his face for a moment; but he says, with that quiet, which married beneath you." the great American millionaire. Hec- comes of intense self-suppression: "Of me, my queen?"

> his hand and puts it round her white ward him and kisses her. "Like Byron you awoke one mornneck, where it lies against the diaing to find yourself famous. I wonmonds. "Hector, I wonder whetherder how it feels to be the great planet ah! how shall I go on?" in the hemisphere of social stars. Does "Go on; tell me everything, dear," he says, gently.

"It is so hard," she murmurs. "But metn do you feel most acutely when me frivolous and-and heartless, all you are queening it in those crowded this giddy, whirling time!"

his eyes fixed on hers. one of them ready to think himself fortunate if he can hold your fan, and really happy if he can get a dance; lived in a crowd and confusion, that leave the crowd to itself!" when the duke, for whom all make seems to me, when I think of it quiet- He is silent for a moment; then he! That Mr. Bertram's trouble came which can be heard by every one, that your dress is simply perfection-Clare, and were quite alone, where the | end of it!" glittering, buzzing crowd could not

He is silent for a moment, as he presses her to his heart, and his brows are knit with troubled doubt.

"My darling!" he murmurs. "And you said nothing of this! I thought that you were happy-that, wemanlike, you enjoyed it! It is only natural that you should have enjoyed it!

"Have been longing for the old time when we were all in all to each other, and there was no duke to murmur flat-

"Great Heavens!" he says. "Whywhy did you not tell me? A word or a look could have ended if!" She smiles strangely.

not L' "All Paris says it, darling!"

"Well, be is so. Do you know why I have borne it, and gone on? No? Be.

cause you have told me to speak, dear because I wanted you to feel that I you have bestowed on me! "Signa! My child!" he murmurs, for the tears are streaming from her Proved Once More upturned eyes.

"Yes-yes," she says, swiftly, with a long breath. "You-you married me,

a mere nobody—without title or position; you, an earl, with a high place in the great world, and I-I-when the chance came to show myself worthy to stand beside you and bear your name, seized it. I care nothing for all this; I-Hector-I hate it! but I have done it and gone through it that the world might admit that you had not

Pale and steadfast she looks at him and pale and steadfast he looks down "Of you!" she repeats, and she takes at her. Then he draws her face to-"Then it was all for my sake,

darling 'he says. "Yes," she says. "If there was at that the world should deem me worthy rheumatism for two months. Dodd's to be your wife and hear your name. Kidney Pilis cured him. have often wondered if you thought Hector; nothing more. Often, when I have looked at you standing alone, with the grippe," Mr. Bertran, states. my heart has ached for the old time; "My hands and feet were tadiy swol-"Heartless. No," he says, quietly, but I have whispered to myself: 'Be len, and the doctor did not seem to be patient! The time will come when he doing me any good. My grandmother, "Yes, heartless!" she says. "Day wil say. "You have done enough! Mrs. G. Grasser, advised me to take after day, night after night, it has and we shall go away and be alone Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took one box been one rush and hurry; we have once more, he and I together, and of them, and I haven't been bothered

way, tells you in that whisper of his iy, like a mad dream. It is often like bends over her, taking her into his from his kidneys is shown by his other a dream to me when they are all arms, utterly regardless of the magni- symptoms. He had stiffness in the round me, buzzing like bees, with the ficent costume which Worth expects to joints, was tired and nervous, and music filling the air, and the lights see chronicled in the morning papers. there were flashes of light before his dazzling and bewildering, and and "Great Heaven!" he murmurs, more eyes. He had a dragging sensetion She turns, and yets her glove fall then I wake and see you standing siupon the dressing-table, her yielet lent and alone, and I wish—ah, Hecknow a woman's heart. And it is for and felt heavy and sleepy after meals. tor! if you could see my heart-I wish me that you have done all this! My Rheumatism is caused by aric acid that you and I were wrecked on St. poor darling! Well, there shall be an in the blood. Cured kidneys strain the

"Yes. Hector?" eagerly reach us!" And with a little sound "Yes, to-night shall be the last exactly how it takes you. I have that is searcely a sob, she draws near night," he says, firmly. "Why, Signa, that you were enjoying your triumphs

most intensely!"

"Ah, Hector! When they le!! me : little time for you!" she murmars. He hows his head penitently.

"I have been wrong. Forgive me Signa! We will leave Paris at once. I have noticed that you have locked pale and tired-

She smiles. "I have often been tired, Hoctor; but for this quiet half-hour I don't think & could have borne it!'

"Good heaven! Signa, we will go to-She shakes her head.

"Not to-night, dear." "Why not" he demands, gently,

She laughs, softly. "Don't you understand? This is a "And that I would not have said or great occasion, this state ball, and I looked," she says. "You have said I have told so many that I intended to have been a success. You said it | be there. Why, I think I have promised nearly all the dances.'

"Well?"—gently.
"Well!"—with a smile—"what would the world say if we did not put in an appearance?

"I neither know nor care!" he says, careless.y.

(To be continued.)

In Southampton, Ont.

THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE RHEUMATISM,

Harold D. Bertram Had Inflammatory Kheumatism and One Box of Dodd's

Kidney Pills Steared In Out of His

Southampton, Ont., Mas 24.-(Speial.)-That rheamatism is caused by disordered kinneys and that Dodd's kidney Pills will cure it is again proved by the case of Harold D. Bertram, a young man well and tavorably any time any pride in my heart, it was known here. He had influentatory

> "The doctor said my trouble started since. I am clear of the rheumatism.

uric acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the gidneys,

THE CATACOMBS.

Between Six and Eight Million Bodies Laid There

Nature has been kind to the Pala time, that hill where dwelt the shepberd kings and where later rose the tremendous palaces of emperor after emperor, clothing its scanty ruins with lavish vendure. The silence of oblivien broods over the fragments of the halfs where Domitian played with his tleas and Caligula bathed in shimmering seas of minted comes. most compelling thing upon the whole Locky mill, says Geographic Magazine, te the little stone altar chisied. Sei Dec. Sel Delvae-to the-Unknown God. This was really the shrine of the protecting delty of the city, the patron ged of Rome, and only file priests knew the dread spirit's name. It was tever written, but handed down verbally from generation to generation. because, if the common people knew whom they worshipped, may traiter could reveal the sacred name to an enemy, who might bribe the centy to forget Roma.

What a contrast! Tthe bene of the Unknown God on the pleasant hillside, in the sansweetened air, and far underground, pent in the damb chill of the Catacombs, the altarsoften the sarcounagi of martyrs-of the stout hearted who worshipped the Known God.

Originally cemeteries, perfectly well known to the pagan authorities, these remarkable vaults and galleries and chapels, 20 to 50 feet below the surface, became hiding places for the faithful in time of persecution. Siore than forty of these cities of the dead. which extend around Rome in a great subterranean circle, have been explored, and it has been estimated by an Italian investigator that between six and eight million bodies were in terred in them.

The Miracle.

Let me be thankful for the family The noon that burns to splendor when I hear

The feet of Beauty passing on her The voice of Beauty as she trembles Sweet silvery wraith, my hope and my

despair! Man's path is but a pligrimage of Seeking the ultimate star, the hidden

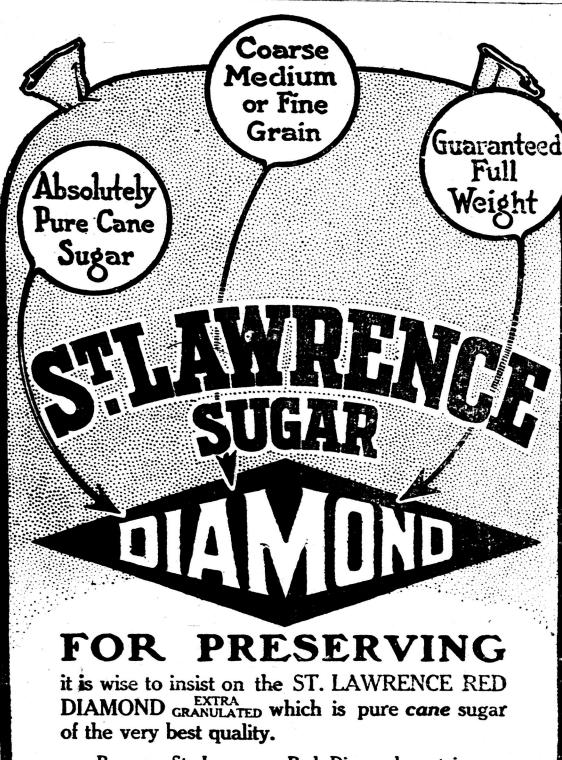
lair, And if he falters in his ruthless greed Let him remember life, the miracle-The rose of evening faint aga ..et the sky.

The slow moon's glory risen in the First love or children's 'aughter floating by-The sweep of sudden wind among the trees

Let me be thankful, Lord, for all of these! Blanch Shoemaker Wagstaff in the New York Sun.

Versatile.

"Do you know," she simpered "you are the first real actor I ever met. It must be extremely interesting to act the parts created by the master dramatism like Shakespeare and"—
"Now you're talkin', kid," he broke in "I just eat that Shakespeare's "That Why, I played in Shakespeare's "That Lynne" for two whole seasons, and part of the time I played a born in the enchants.



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