

SPORTS

MARKETS

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HER HUMBLE LOVER

"Ah! but I do! I am no longer Signa Greyville, but the Countess of Delamere!"

"To-morrow we will pack and be off," he says, firmly. "Thank Heaven you have spoken so frankly, candidly, much as I have triumphed in your triumphs, I have often been sick of the whole thing!"

"Hector! And you never breathed a word to me!"

"My darling! I tell you I thought you liked it," she says, putting his arm slowly and reluctantly from her.

"It is the state of the season, and Signa shares the triumph with the duchess. Never has the throng of courtiers been so thick or so attentive. Every dance on her programme is engaged, and Hector, who watches her from a distance, notices that she is more brilliant even than usual."

"Don't be alarmed, Lord Delamere," she says. "She has only fainted; the rooms are hot."

"Without a word he takes her in his strong arms, and the crowd falling back before him, carries her to the entrance, where a hundred voices shout for Lord Delamere's carriage."

"Yes, my darling," she breathes. "I am so glad—so happy! The rooms were so hot!—I think I fainted!"

"Yes, yes," he murmurs. "But it is the last time, darling! Lie still! It is the last time! You have done too much—far too much!"

"She smiled and nestled closer, like a weary child, and when the carriage reached the house he carried her like a child to her room. She was very pale still, but laughed when he said that he had sent for a famous physician."

"I'm afraid not!" Signa admitted, blushing and sighing. "It is very wicked, is it not?" and she looked from Hector to the doctor with her charming smile."

"You do not think she is real?"

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man, Hector?" she said. "How should you like me to be continually in a habit, and to talk horses, as the dear duke at home talks cattle?"

"I like you as you are," he said, "but even then I suppose you should think it was quite correct, and that the horse being a noble animal, one could not be too fond of him. Take care of that corner, or we shall be all upset!"

As evening fell, they put up for rest at some wayside inn which had been forewarned of their approach and was always prepared for them; in the morning they would start off with a hearty goodspeed from a little crowd at the inn door, and so travel on steadily until lunch time.

They were very happy, happier than they had been in all the glory of her Parisian triumph; and long before they had entered Italy she was herself again.

One evening they were driving down a steep road toward a village in Tuscany; the night was setting in, there had been some heavy rains, and the stream that ran beside them was swollen from a stream into a torrent that seemed to swell with every mile it ran.

The horses had had a hard day's work, and were rather tired, and Hector was looking forward to the gathering twilight rather eagerly.

"Signa was lying in the interior of the carriage, wrapped in some heavy fleecy rug, and now and then she would burst into soft song, breaking off in the middle of a bar to put some question to Hector, or to call his attention to some object that had attracted her notice, or admiration."

"The groom—an Englishman who would have risked his life in Signa's service, and who watched over her with a devotion second only to his master's—glanced up at the sky once or twice, and then at the horses, but sat with folded arms and impassive face, until Hector, who knew what was passing in the man's mind, said quietly:

"Rain, Saunders?"

"Yes, my lord," said the man, in a low voice. "Heavily, too, I'm afraid. Shall I close the carriage for her ladyship?"

Hector nodded, and the man closed the carriage, answered Signa's question as to the time, and remounted the box.

"I'll take the reins now, my lord," he said, respectfully. "Your lordship will get wet."

"But Hector shook his head. "No, I'll keep them until we get in, Saunders. This is an awkward road here at the best of times, and it is worse with this confounded stream swollen. There's the rain!" he added, as the rain came down with a sudden angry directness. "Hold the horses while I speak to your mistress."

He got down and went to the door, and Signa, with a smile of welcome, made room beside her in the nest of furs and wraps, but he shook his head. "I'm going to take them a little farther, dear," he said. "I just dropped down to tell you not to be frightened if you hear the water rather loudly presently."

"I've heard it all along the road," said Signa. "But why should you not come in?"

"He hesitated a moment, he said: "I know the road slightly."

HEALTHY CHILDREN It is natural for little ones to be well, and with care every baby can be kept well.

"Really? I did not know! I think I was asleep, when you turned. And what place is this, Hector?"

CHAPTER XXVIII. The Mountain Goat of Casalina is by no means a grand hotel, but it is a remarkably comfortable inn.

At some of the other inns and hotels the landlords were forewarned, but though mine host of the Mountain Goat was not so, he was not surprised.

"Can't cross, I suppose, my lord?" said Saunders.

"We should be washed away like a straw," he said calmly. "We must go back."

"I'm afraid, my lord, that they couldn't reach the place we left this morning."

Lord Delamere shook his head. "No, I did not mean that," he said. "There is a road to the left; we passed it a quarter of an hour ago; we must take that. It leads to a small village, where we shall at least be able to get accommodation. Turn them gently back over those stones, Saunders."

"How to be Happy. There are two ways of being happy. We may either diminish our wants or augment our means. Hector will do the result is the same, and it is for each man to decide for himself and do that which happens to be the easier. If you are idle or sick or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be harder to augment your means."

Japanese Festivals. The Japanese festivals are easily remembered: first month, feast of dolls; for girls; fifth month, feast of tags, for boys; seventh of seventh month, the day for the god and goddess of love, Tanabata; ninth month, the feast of the moon; the feast of the moon, the feast of the moon, the feast of the moon.

The Patriot's Soliloquy. (Delivered to Lieut. Bert Hooper, D. S. O., 19th Battalion, Service Battalion, C.I.F.)

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Misunderstood. The sea-faring young man had written his mother an unusually affectionate letter.

"Niece!" exclaimed the perplexed old lady. "You may think so, but will you kindly tell me what I am to do with such a thing? I suppose I can keep it tied up in the back yard, but when on earth am I to feed it? It's goodness only knows!"—New York Times.