and

ever liked work but he to get well as soon as she sould do the work and let him hunt, therefore he due papage foot for her, for that was their great remedy for female week-

> Dr. Pierre neer the same rootcalled Blue Cohosh-in his "Favorite Prescription" skillfully combined with other agents that make it more effective.

worn out, who suffer ar or irregular interplis, r dizzy at times, skould e, temperance, herbal etor in active practice years ago. Now sold by lets and liquid, as Dr. Prescription.

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-"I cannot say enough to completely down and out. meh discouraged and was when I began taking the mand the Golden Medical selicines put me ori my feet he only real relief. Being a ended Dr. Pierce's Medicines the 'Pavorite Prescription.' here my fact the being the 'Pavorite Prescription.'

S HOSPITAL

old School in Newe Street.

in Newgate street. and sadred to the men-Lamb, Samuel Taylor was built on the West Horsham occuclous buildings, grouped d the wind-swept play-tuck-shop and plenty of then go to Newgate I realize how the Blue pered." Thus did the ofly, the past and pres-Blue Coat School. It carse, No one who trave glorious playing fields st's Hospital can fall to poott that the Blue Coat d. prospered. And yet, w. Christ's Hospital is Blues who have served

kaged in making history, past few years, with its made much, the great s Hospital still centres street. It does so, pertreet. It because years in Newgate street The famous buildings, cloisters pale" of Coler-the Hall, the Counting ematical School have not to other uses." They away, and so are preas the school left them. I fact, Christ's Hospital changes. The authorited to pull down a building so was obvious. Erasmus Smith School. idly with Lamb, Colerwars pulled down in 1790. ing erected at the ex-Smith, John by name. r justly remarks, it was not John's building that / ed the inestimable adery sensible, though at very severe master, the owyer"; there Charles othing, because his maseilde, "was engaged in levee, when he should ding on us." and there grammar seemed always

nti's with an air of inefwenty years ago, taking rmous value of the site eet, and considering ai? one with the proceeds of nothing of the manifest untry, secured the royal great change. Christ's ced with better grace. ight have been expected. the exodus had been acto West Horsham. years before this hap-1552 that the boy Kin ildermen and six Come a hospital for fathe not find meat, and learning, and offic-

me place." Fellde "lan-

is cane as if it were a

our eternal Dominuses

w house, whilst a hunlodged out in the coun-ince that time Christ's regulations, been carry. that is left far behind. to-day, as it has main-g, its proud position as

highest thing that man



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"We are going to have a shower," As he spoke a wave—the sea was said Clytle cheerfully.

'Yes," he said succinctly. "If you'll be so good as to stand up one moment, I'll help you on with these.' "Oh, but I could not," she protested:

'you will have nothing!" He knelt on the stern-seat and got the tiller between his knees. "Quick, please!" he said.

us in a moment, and you will be wet arough. "And you-" She hesitated, but he had begun to slip the thick, stiff to the spirit that rose within her, and coat on her, and with a shrug of the Jack glanced at her with admiration shoulders she obeyed. The wind caught | and surprise.

the sleeves and blew them away from her, and he had to take her arms and tingly. The cap; you must put it on, or your hair will get wet."

Laughingly she took off her hat, the his face, and put on the sou'wester. "There are some strings," he said.

He did not wait for permission, but tien the strings under her chin. His eyes were fixed on the knot he was making, and his lips were drawn tightly, so that he looked almost angry and sullen, and his fingers shook, as, necessarily, they touched her warm,

smooth neck. "Thank you, thank you," she said in a low and hurried voice. "I'm sure Leannot get wet with these things on; it would be impossible." "Keep her out a bit, please," he

said gently, as she sank back and took charge of the tiller again. "Far enough? How the wind howls!" she said cheerfully. "I have never been on the sea in a storm." "And I wish you wern't now," murmured. "I must have been blind

not to have seen it coming on!" "What does it matter?" she said, through. How dark it has become. It of the thing to me! I am wet through "excepting that you will get wet

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running with almost incredible wildness, considering the short time it had had to get up-struck the boat and sent a heavy spray over her; and the next instant the rain drove across them with the force of a blow. Clytie shook the water from her face and laughed; and she laughed again when he next wave caugh surth in his anxiety. "It will be upon drenched the beat from bow to stern. Her eyes were sparkling, the rare color was glowing in her face, her lips were apart as if to give free play

> "You are not afraid?" he said unwit-"Afraid? No!" she retorted, with

a smile. "There is no danger, is

there?" Jack responded to her smile. "No. wind blowing her hair almost across there is no danger-while we keep out here," he said, as quietly as he could in the roar and crash of wind and "Can you tie them? Will you let wave. "Of course, we cannot go in." "Oh, I understand that," she said; "but it will not last long."

> Jack could not refrain from casting a glance at the sky. "I hope not," he said. As he spoke, he wriggled out of his shooting-coat

and wrapped it round her feet. "No: I certainly will not permit you to do that!" she said, with a sudden rush of color to her spray-wet cheeks.

"Please take it back and put it on immediately." Jack shook his head. "You must

getting cold, and-and you are not "Not strong!" She opened her eyes on him and laughed as she hrust the driving rain.

coat away. "Why, I am as strong as a woman could be." "Mollie says not, and I won't risk it," he said, still more resolutely. "And, besides, what on earth's the use

enough about you as it is, Miss Bram-She let him replace the coat round her, and said no more. But even in the stress of the moment she noticed that he had spoken of Mollie without the formal, respectful "Miss."

of times before. Don't add to my re-morse by refusing to take as much care of yourself as you can! I feel bad

"I am afraid we shall have to keep her farther out," he said presently. We're getting the back current of the wind here, and there are some rocks. Quick!" he commanded sharply, but ealmly; and he leaned forward and

seized the tiller. Unwittingly his strong hand had closed on hers, and she felt all the force of his as he pressed down on her own. If she had been nervous, which she was not, the strength of the hand that seemed to almost erish hers would have given her confidence. She stretched her fingers when he had released them, with a sense of protection, of assurance, and glanced at his face with a strange light in her violent ey. 3 There was silence for some

time, then: "Oh. Mollie!" she exclaimed, not loudly, but he hear her. "That's all right," he said quickly. "They will think we have waited ashore, at the Head, until the storm

"Of course," she assented with a smile. "Besides, she is not nervous, and takes things that would send some girls into hysterics quite calmly." "The Bramley pluck," he comment-

ed absently. She looked at him with a curious expression.

'Are we far enough out?" she ask-

She had to raise her voice; and its caim. ringing note sang intoxicatingly in his ears. Intoxicatingly, because, like most strong men must be, ne was exhilarated by the storm, and her clear unwavering voice was like that of a fellow spirit calling to him, stirring his emotion. He nodded; he could not trust himself to speech. They could not see the coast-line now; the ind-driving rain had blotted it out; nothing was visible but the great waves surging round them and ever and again breaking in white spray, rendered dazzling by the surrounding darkness, over the boat and falling in a sheet of wet down the all-protecting

"It is magnificent!" she said, in her full, round voice; "but it is lasting longer than I thought. Where are we going?'

oilskins that enveloped Clytie.

"Toward Labrador!" he replied grimly. "I'm a pretty kind of man to be trusted with a young girl—lady." "Oh, come!" she retorted, with a laugh, as she dashed the water from her eyes. "You are not Prospero, you know; you didn't raise the storm, Mr. Doug!as!"

"No; but I ought to have seen that it was coming," he said bitterly. "I ought to know the coast by this time. it's not the first time I've been caught in a southwester. Why didn't I look at the sky? Why did I let let you come? Are you getting wet?"

"I am as dry as the proverbial if I do get wet, what does it matter? As for you, you must be drenched-

The cry was wrung from her by a flash of lightning that, for a moment, made visible the huge waves through

which they were plowing.

"That means that it will soon be over," she said, as if apologizing for her involuntary exclamation. "Oh.



how wet you look!" She taughed ruefully as she leaned forward, sweeping the water from her eyes. "The worst is to come," he

frankly; for he knew that nothing could daunt her spirit. "I must lower the sail, or we shall have it torn to ribbons. Give me the tiller. Your keep it," he said resolutely. "It is hands must be numbed."

He dropped the sail, and seated himself beside her; sheltering her as well as he could from the wind and the "Strange," she said, close to his ear,

"but I haven't felt so so happy for a long time. I suppose we women all like excitement, Mr. Douglas; and this is the most exciting moment I have ever usa. where are we now, I wonder? I fancy—it is only fancy, of already, as I have been some hundreds course—that we have passed Withy-

"No," he said. "We are nearly opposite it. Are you wet? Have the rain and the spray drenched you?"

"No," she replied. "I am sure I am quite dry. but there is a pool of water in my lap, I think I will tilt it out." With the audacity of inexperience, she rose before he could stay her; a huge wave caught the boat, and she was thrown, hurled, against the side. She struck her head on the gunwale, and slid a limp and helpless form at

his feet. Jack caught at her and lifted her to his breast. In doing so, he released his hold of the tiller and the boat swung round broadside to the mountainous waves. For an instant they were in deadly peril; but, with one arm still encircling her, he regained the tiller and put the boat headways to the billows, and the peril was averted. She hung on his arm like a lily, her face pressed against his breast, her eyes closed, her lips apart as if her spirit had passed through them for the last

Jack lost his head. He pressed her to him, calling on her name in the accents of the strong man in anguish. "Clytie! Clytie! My dearest, my darling! Oh, God, I have killed her!" A faint thrill ran through her; the crush of his embrace sent a still warmer glow racing along her veins. She sighed and, insensibly, nestled closer

"Clytie!" he cried hoarsely. "You are safe. 'It is all right! I am here-Douglas, Wilfred Carton—oh, my iarling, you are hurt—hurt!"

He pressed her to him-it was all he could do-and murmured, still hoarsely, encouragement; and presently she opened her eyes and, with a little shiver, stirred in his arms.

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"What has happened?" she asked. 'Are we wrecked?' "No, no," he responded fervently, eagerly. "We are all right. A wave caught you—you were hurt. Oh,

Clytie! She moved slowly, not too readily until she had slid-there is no other word that will adequately describe the movement-from his arms, and sank into the seat.

She was silent for a moment, while he watched, devoured, her with his ardent, anxious eyes. She could see them through the mist, the darkness of the raging storm. "I-I must have fainted," she said. 'Something hit me."

"You fell against the side of the boat," he said, hoarsely. "Are you he was near her, why he had thrilled hurt-in pain? If only I had some at the sound of her voice; he loved brandy!

"I am all right," she said, in a very quiet, still voice.

"Thank God!" he brethed, devoutly. 'I was afraid-no, I'll take the tiller Sit there." He placed the cushion for her at the bottom of the boat. "The storm is passing; there is a streak of light in the west. You are sure that you are not hurt?"

"Quite," she said; and she lay almost at his feet, her head pillowed on her arm. He could not see he rface; if he had been able to do so, he could not have failed to have seen the exing; her breath—and how he listened to it!—came as regularly, as softly, as child's.

The moments passed, and with them chapter. the storm—one of the most sudden and wild that even that coast had ever breeze. Jack raised the sail and bitterness. Supposing he were to go bone," she replied cheerfully; "and, made for Withycombe. Clytie lay to her and say: "I am Wilfred Carton; quite quiet; she seemed to be sleep- I have been masquerading as Jack miles from Islesboro, is a little is-

> It was not until they swept into Withycombe harbor that she stirred. and, sitting up, said: "Are we there?"

"Oh, you poor dear!' 'exclaimed Molie, as she flung her arms round Clytie. "You wicked girl! And you, Mr. Douglas! How could you let her go to sea in such a storm?"

."Yes: it was my fault. Miss Mollie! said Jack, remorsefully. "By George, we were on tenter-

hooks!" said Lord Stanton. "We came on here by the road."



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"Got her get Miss Bramley home as ndingly.

As Clytic turned, with Mollie's arm round her, she looked over her shoulder at his drenched figure, but she said nothing.

She was silent until they reached the farm. As Mollie slipped the oilskins from the slim figure, she exclaimed: "Oh, you poor dear Clytie! Such a storm! You must have been terrified

you weren't afraid!" for Clytie had laughed strangely. "Yes," she responded, with a little shiver; but with her eyes lowered, as if she feared Mollie's loving scrutiny. 'I was afraid; and-and I am afraid

"No wondert' 'exclaimed Mollie. "It was awful! There, get into bed! They the fishermen-were saying that Jack Douglas must have been a marvel to have faced such a storm and lived through it. Does your head ache?

"No." said Clytie, but she might have added that her heart did. For certain words, spoken, cried, amid the roar of the storm, still rang in her ears.

CHAPTER XV.

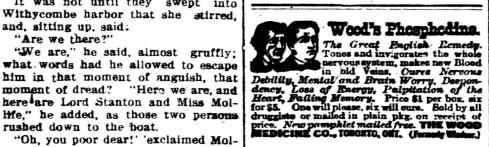
He loved her! He had not realized the fact until he had held her in his arms, had feit her heart faintly beating against his, in that moment when death seemed hovering on the edge of the storm; when, in a greater storm than that which raged in the heavens, a rush of pity, of love, of agonized anxiety swept over his spirit and bore away the barriers of prudence, and tore aside the veil of ignorance and doubt

as to his own feelings. It had smitten him, this love of his, the first time he had seen her on his return-had it not, indeed, existed in those far-off days, when they played as children together?—and it had been growing, growing ever since. He knew why his heart had stirred at sight of

What was he to do? he asked himself, as he paced up and down the jetty that night, long after Withycombe had gone to rest, and no sound broke the stillness save the splash of the now calm water against the walls of the jetty, and the mournful cry of an owl up among the trees on the heights.

Surely no man was ever placed in so unfortunate a position! If he had fallen in love with one of the Withycombe maidens, he would have been free to tell her, and to have borne her away to the far-away land, to Parraluna, in which he had made a secure habitation and a home; to have remained "Jack Douglas" and lived contentedly, happily, to the end of the

But he had fallen in love with Miss Bramley, the girl to whom his father experienced. The sky grew clearer, had left his fortune and the estates the waves sank, the rain ceased and —unless he, Wilfred, married her. The talk of the community and if it were the waves sank, the rain ceased and unless he, whiled, married, ma ing; her breath - how he listened to Douglas, a fisherman, a common man; land known as Mark island, owned by it!—came as regularly, as softly, as a and I love you!" Would she not jump to the conclusion that he was wooing



her because he could not obtain the estates, the money, without doing so?

money. like him. To her he must seem just olated and help was needed badly. a workingman, a workingman with Mrs. Collamore, full of pluck and rather more cleverness and better determination to get help, went to manners than those with which the the Player summer home. There she workingman is usually endowed. He managed to set agoing the electric had been wearing a mask; but she dynamo by which the place is lighted. had been just her own incomparable She turned on every light in that self, a beautiful woman of infinite big house and put on also a red light. charm, of irresistible lovableness. He lit another pipe, biting hard on

the stem, and took another quick, feverish stride up and down the jetty. she had not heard the words that escaped his lips at the moment he held her in his arms, crushed her, pityingly yet passionately, to his heart. If she had done so she would, of course, have shown her indignation, her resentment of his presumption. Jack did not know that a woman can conceal her feelings with a perfection of and nine men went ashare. TShey art which is born in her, with that made their way to the lighted house capacity for concealment which is the and there found no one. Groping birthright of her sex. He did not know, or, knowing, remember, that a frightened by the sudden uprising of woman, the veriest girl, can smile a flock of turkeys fro ma tree. hen when she is racked with physical pain, they came upon the cottage in total or turn an apigram while her heart is wrung with anguish; and he was convinced that she had not heard his passionate declaration of love, his confession of his real name. Of course, she had not heard the wild words which had burst from him; she must have been insensible when he uttered them; for she had shown no resentmeat when she had come to, had not overwhelmed him with haughty disdain, or treated him with the coldness of outraged pride. No; her eyes fad met his steadily, almost kindly; and they had worn a grateful expression when they had rested for a moment on his as she went up the beach. (To Be Continued).

Sound Proof Council Room.

The apartment at 10 Downing street, where the meetings of the Bri tish cabinet are held, is a solid and plainly furnished room, 15 feet long and 20 feet wide, fitted with double doors, through which no sound can reach the keenest listening ears.

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The following would be almost unbelievable if the facts were not the ticipants. In Penobscot bay. Preston Player, a State street broker of Boston, and he there maintains a big summer place. The keeper in Ralph Collamore, of Lincolnville, who in the winter, with his wife and two children, makes his home on the is-

land in a little cottage. On Wednesday, January 23, he took he boat and started for Islesboro. Three hours were taken in making the trip of three miles by water. He came back and upon landing and pulling the boat up onto the shore on Mark island he pulled the boat over onto him, pinning him down and breaking his leg. His wife kept look-Of course, she would refuse him. And ing for her husband's return and finhe would rob her of Bramley and the ally, attracted by his groans, found him pinned under the boat. She is a Jack, with all his faults, was not a frail woman but with him hanging vain man, not a coxcomb; your strong onto his injured limb, she managed man rarely is; and it did not occur to drag him up to the cottage. There, to him, for a moment, that during with the aid of a leather wallet and their fairly frequent intercourse of sticks she set the leg the best she late she might have grown-well, to could. There they were practically is-

The lights were run all day Thursday and not until 5.45 Thursday afternoon was the light noticed at Dark Harbor. Telephone calls were sent to It was evident, he told himself, that the naval station and the tug Zizania started to Dark Harbor to see what was the trouble. Dark Harbor was reached about 9.30 Thursday night. There no one knew what was the trouble at Mark leland. The Zizania cut her way through the ice, in some places 8 and 10 inches thick, for three miles to the island. Captain herman darkness with the door open but no signs of life about. Going in they found the courageous little woman asleep, the injured man half asleep and both children slumbering. The tug went back to Dark Harbor and there found a doctor who was brouight back to Mark Island. Zizania remained at Mark island until four o'clock Friday morning when the injured man was attended to .-Bangor Commercial.

Big Bill for Highways.

The staggering total of \$263,069,610 is the amount that will be expended on highways during 1919 by the U. S. National Government and the different States. Texas heads the list with an appropriation of \$25,000,000; Illi-nois and Indiana vie for second place with \$17,000,000 each.

