

Mistress Rosemary Allyn

By MILLICENT E. MANN
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CHAPTER IV.

I Discover a Loss.

I tried me home. I would dawdle listlessly no more about Castle Drout; no more lie on the heath making idle dreams, as I had been doing since my meeting with Mistress Rosemary Allyn. My blood ran like fire through my veins as though I had drunk a tankard full of fiery Chianti, such as the good old Knights of Long Hunt kept for their guests. I was drunk with enthusiasm and desire—for London. Aye, London—London was the fete before which my eyes were set in adoration. London—the place where I had for the moment forgotten it—a bride awaited me. An I chose.

I was so taken with these amorous thoughts that I needed not where I was going, and so I ran into Gil who was coming round the Manor wing. The suddenness of the collision nearly knocked us both over.

"Well!" I exclaimed as he caught me roughly by the shoulder.

"Ah, you!" he laughingly said as he loosened me. "Better look where you are going methinks."

"Better look yourself, methinks," I mockingly retorted.

"Lord Waters wishes to see you," he said, now soberly.

"You have news for me?" I asked "Out with it."

"I thought so—bad news follows quick apiece; one smells it in the very air—you and I are to go to London," he admitted.

"To London! Bad news! You have made a mistake in the word, old fellow," I replied with a laugh at his face. Things were coming my way without the lifting of a finger—good enough.

"I always say what I mean and mean what I say. Wait and see," he returned.

"You are jealous—jealous because you are to be separated from the old lord, and Noel no doubt left at home to serve him, whilst you follow the mean fortunes of the young lord," I said with mock humility.

"Jealous of Noel?" he shouted back. "Not I. Lord Waters knows that my right arm is abler than Noel's in the getting of young lords out of scrapes—trust my lord for remembering his own youth. 'Sdeath! Noel would be lost in London—I say it takes a man of strength, strength of muscle and of head, to tread that hell-rake place. Lord Waters would have kept me at home as he had needed me. Why, damme! I served him when a slip of a boy, like you, I no better before he went to Granada. Aye, I served him before a woman made a mess of his life, although, thank God! I was not

from the trysting place across the brook into the linden tree as you once did."

"Yes, that is my one consolation," he said, with no lightening of the eye, but I knew that he was as delighted and excited as I was myself, despite his years. "I shall slip off some fifty pounds or more. There is nothing so good for limbering up a fat man as the looking after young sparks."

"I'll try to help you to ease yourself to the best of my ability," I returned graciously. "There may be a little pleasurable excitement for you, even with young lords."

"Pleasurable!" he echoed. "That's how one looks at it. I doubt me not but that where there are swashing petticoats there will be mischief enough brewed to suit even the blase palates of the young."

"Yes, no doubt this will bring us some excitement," I said with a chuckle, as I put my hand into my pocket to produce the slip of paper I had earned at the gambling table. I intended to recall to his mind that the few words inscribed there should give us endless sport. My pocket was empty! The paper was gone!

"What is the matter?"

"Matter—matter enough," I replied as I searched through my pockets, strewing the ground with their contents.

"Evidently," he said. "You look as if you had lost a father or an equally near relative."

"I have," I acknowledged with a grim chuckle; "a hearer—a wife."

No doubt my ruddy color did change—I was startled at first and then vexed as I saw my frolic in London dwindle away.

"What!" he yelled. "You have lost the paper won at Arnold Lodge?"

"I have," I again admitted slowly. "But you need not shout it to the world—besides Lord Felton is a gentleman of honor."

"Gentlemen of honor are rare birds these days," he interrupted.

"And—why need he know that I have it not?" I finished my sentence. "That I take it those Londoners will not be long in finding out," he said.

While Gil trumped up and down, I sat down on a bench and tried to think. I had not lost it upon the ride homeward, of that I was certain; for when I went to pay the maid for the slipper at Castle Drout I had felt it in my pocket. No doubt it had fallen out on the floor when I had thrown my coat upon the chair after stripping for the duel, or it might be that the thiefing maid had picked my pocket. I cared not a jot for it—it did not a pair of blue eyes hold me? Yet, it was my letter of credit; with it I could levy for pleasure and excite-

gone to his estate at Long Hunt in Sussex county. There he married, having previously obtained a divorce from his first wife, a squire's daughter who brought him much land and gold. What could have induced him to marry again after such a dire failure I know not. Men are inscrutable creatures; no doubt a woman's tender glances made him for the time forget his former disappointment.

I was the issue of this second marriage. My mother, a gentle creature, dying in child birth, left Lord Waters to again face an existence which had slight charm for him.

Long Hunt was not so many miles from London as the crow flies, but separated from it by sloughs, rocky hills and morasses.

The Manor House was built on a steep hill of bowlders taken from the rocky hillside. It was well nigh impregnable, and that perhaps was why in the many changes of Parliament it had been left to the indisputable rights of its original owners, when many other estates changed hands.

Only one horse road led to it. It was a road that in fair weather was only fair, but in foul an unapproachable way. The wagon must be of strong timber that could even climb to where the bridge path began; but let it rain, and it rained often in that region by the sea, the road became a river of mud. A cart trying to ascend then would be buried up to the hubs and needs be forced to stay there until spring dried up the slough.

The Manor was surrounded by many acres of forest, fen, fell and some tillable land. A village which was held in fief of some hundred souls was huddled at its purlieu and gave Lord Waters little obligation. They seemingly rendered him scant service, except at the planting in the spring time, and in the autumn there gathered together a motley, half-savage crowd—consisting of men, women and children—and they all fell to work at the husking and felling of the corn.

When the work was done, riotous fun began. Flaming torches of tarred pine were placed at intervals in the open to give light and to piece out the harvest moon. These lent a weird aspect to the glen.

A long board was spread with trenchons of steaming beef, huge piles of black bread and other edibles, and about this the people were benched. It did not take them long to lighten the table of its weight of plenty.

Hogheads of strong home-brewed ale helped wash and pack down the beef in the bellies of the men, till they were like taut drawn drum heads that a touch might burst.

(To be continued.)

DALY READY WITH IMPROMPTU.

Wit of Popular Comedian Shown in Bad Situation.

A theatrical manager of New York was talking the other day at the Players about the late Dan Daly.

"No man," he said, "ever had a stronger, finer sense of humor than Daly. In the second act of an old melodrama Daly, in the role of a poacher, was supposed to be killed. A rival poacher, after shooting him, ran off, and the curtain descended on the dead man lying alone in the center of the stage."

"The piece was playing in a small town. At the end of the second act Daly was duly shot, and the murderer duly made his escape. Something, however, went wrong with the curtain and it did not descend."

"It came down to within seven feet or so of the stage, and there it stuck. Then hoarse whispers and frantic orders, given in low, hoarse voices, sounded in the wings. The audience tittered."

"Suddenly the dead man rose. He rose wearily. He advanced to the footlights."

"No rest even in the grave," he said, in a sepulchral tone.

"Then with his long, thin arms he reached up and pulled the curtain down."

Christian Names Not for Horses.

The practice of naming horses after eminent persons is common in England and France, but in Russia it is considered disrespectful by some judges of manners. A Russian sportsman has named a promising filly Eleanor Duse, as a mark of his esteem for the celebrated actress. He is severely rebuked in the Russian papers. "If this should be tolerated," they say, "we shall be having horses called after Tolstoi and other national worthies. Nay, Kourapatkin himself will be saddled or turned out to grass. The censor ought to stop the abuse of the names of Christians. Is the holy synod asleep?" A Russian may call his dog Caesar, or Pompey, for they were pagans, and their memory is not revered by members of the orthodox church. But suppose some reckless subject of the czar should call his dog or horse Pobiedonostzeff, what would the holy synod say then? —London Chronicle.

Not a Champion.

A party of friends sitting on the piazza in a neighboring town were discussing the propriety of playing certain games on Sunday. After a while Mr. Lighthouse asked:

"Do you think it wrong to play golf on Sunday?"

"Well," quickly replied a real friend, "I think it wrong to play such a game as you do on any day of the week!"

Brewing in Austria-Hungary.

The Brewer's Annual publishes figures as to the total amount of beer brewed in the twelvemonth ending Aug. 31, in Austria, Bosnia and Herzegovina (excluding Hungary). The total amount is 19,899,174 hectolitres, or 600,000 retcitolres more than during the preceding year. The tax paid for brewing rose from 73,500,000 crowns to 76,000,000 crowns; 2,500,000 hectolitres were consumed as bottled beer, the rest from the cask.

Prices on Ocean Liners.

The tendency of prices on Atlantic liners is to decrease the cost for those who travel by steerage and to increase the cost to those who make the voyage first cabin.

Our grand business undoubtedly is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

WAS CURED RAPIDLY

RHEUMATISM IN TWO SEVERE CASES MASTERED IN FEW WEEKS.

The Remedy Used by Mr. Schroepel and by Captain Laffour in Great Demand in Vicinity of Their Homes.

In the winter of 1903-4 Mr. Schroepel was confined to his bed by a severe attack of rheumatism. His doctor's treatment proved unsuccessful, but he subsequently regained his health by means which he describes with great enthusiasm.

"After five or six weeks of helplessness and pain," said he, "during which I was receiving regular visits from the doctor, I felt as bad as ever. Just then my mother, a woman eighty years of age, paid me a visit. She had received great benefit from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she was confident they would help me. At her solicitation I gave up the doctor's treatment and took the pills in its place."

"And were you cured as the result of taking her advice?"

"Yes, quickly and thoroughly. Before the second box was finished I felt very manifest improvement, and within two weeks I was able to leave my bed and take up my neglected farm work. I continued to use the pills, however, until eight boxes had been taken, although long before that I felt that every vestige of the disease had been eradicated."

"Are there no traces left?"

"Absolutely none. For a year and three months there has never been the slightest return of the old trouble. For this happy result I and my family freely praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Within the bounds of China township, St. Clair county, Mich., there is no better known farmer than Mr. Henry Schroepel. His cure has therefore naturally attracted a great deal of attention. One of Mr. Schroepel's neighbors, Captain George Balfour, after hearing of the salutary results in Mr. Schroepel's case, decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for an attack of rheumatism from which he was himself suffering. He took eight or ten boxes and now declares himself free from the painful ailment."

It is little wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are much in favor in the community where Mr. Schroepel and Captain Balfour are so well and favorably known. They are sold by all druggists and are equally successful in curing neuralgia, sciatica and partial paralysis.

Casualties to British Vessels.

According to the board of trade returns just issued, 5,765 casualties to British vessels were reported on or near the coasts of the United Kingdom from July, 1902, to June, 1903, an increase of 447 over the preceding year. The number of lives lost was 624, a lower number than in any of the previous twenty-four years, for which the annual average loss was 1,613. The lives saved from the wrecks of 1903 numbered 2,624.

Twice-Told Tales.

Some tales never lose in the telling, and the tale of good that Dr. Caldwell's (Laxative) Syrup Pepsin will, and does do, to all poor, dyspeptic, bilious sufferers, is one of them. It positively relieves and cures all forms of indigestion, starts up the languid liver, regulates the constipated bowels, and restores the entire system to a perfect condition of health. Try it. Sold by all druggists at 50c and \$1.00. Money back if it fails.

Plan Monument to James Rumsey.

A resolution in the West Virginia Legislature proposes an appropriation of \$5,000 for the erection of a monument near Shepherdstown, Jefferson county, at a point on the Potomac where he experimented, in honor of James Rumsey, who, it is asserted, antedated Robert Fulton in the invention of the steamboat.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Diamonds Lost to Mine Owners.

Over \$1,000,000 worth of diamonds are stolen every year from the South African diamond mines.

WHERE IS FARMING MOST PROFITABLE.

Where are the conditions most favorable for the General Farmer, the Stock Raiser, Fruit or Truck Grower, where are the greatest Advantages for the Home-seeker? Government statistics prove it in the South, in the Southern Railway territory. We will tell you about it. Write for Free Publications. R. V. Richards, Land and Industrial Agent, Washington, D. C.

Algerian Cork Forests.

The best cork comes from Algeria. There are 2,500,000 acres of cork forests in that country.

WANTED—One person in every community to represent old well-known house. Good income. Send address, Donohue Co., 425 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Russia has a larger proportion of blind people than any other European country. Two out of every 1,000 of her people are sightless.

You never hear any one complain about "Defiance Starch." There is none to equal it in quality and quantity. It costs but 10 cents. Try it now and save your money.

The olive branch is the emblem of peace and the orange blossom is the emblem of war.

I do not believe Pile's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds. Jones F. Boyne, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1903.

No man's good intentions ever boosted him into the hero class.

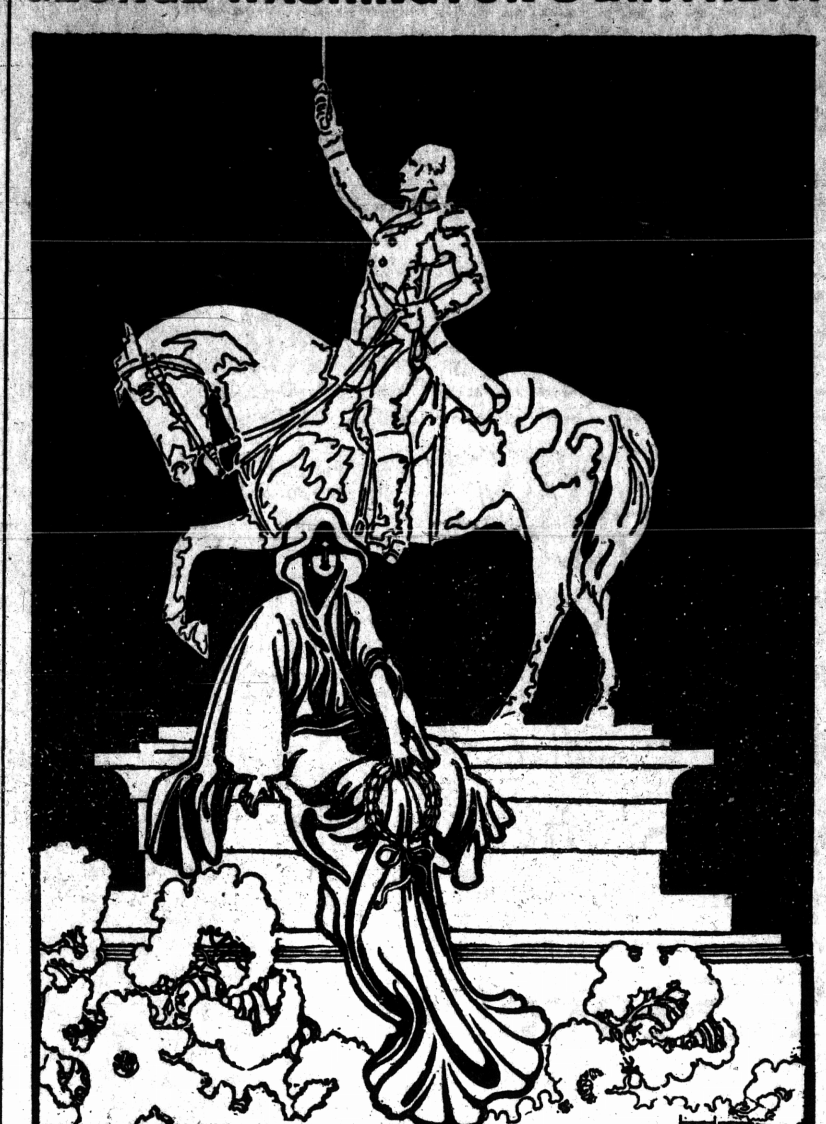
Defiance Starch is guaranteed biggest and best or money refunded. 15 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now.

Even the heaviest members of the brass band seem to blow away.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. Use an equal, Bleeding or Prolapsus. Pile's Cure will refund money if PILE OINTMENT fails to cure you in 10 to 14 days. 50c.

Don't try to keep the measles quiet. You want them to get out.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY



THE FIRST ELECTION

Party Feeling Unknown, with Washington the Unanimous Choice of the Country.

Only ten states voted at this first election. New York, although having ratified the constitution and thereby having the right to vote, lost this privilege through a bitter contest between the two branches of her Legislature over the appointment of electors. There is no satisfactory record of the number of popular votes cast at this election, nor at any of the succeeding elections until the year 1824, when Andrew Jackson received 155,872 votes; John Quincy Adams, 106,311 votes; W. H. Crawford of Georgia, 44,282 votes, and Henry Clay, 46,587 votes. Although the popular vote cast for Andrew Jackson exceeded the number of votes cast for John Quincy Adams by a little more than 50,000, the electoral college gave Adams 16 more votes than Jackson received, and Adams was declared President, to the disappointment and rage of the supporters of Jackson.

Washington's cabinet had in it Thomas Jefferson, Edmund Randolph and Timothy Pickens as secretaries of state. Pickens was from Massachusetts, and he became secretary of state in December of the year 1795.

Alexander Hamilton and Oliver Wolcott served as secretaries of the treasury during Washington's administration, while Henry Knox, Timothy Pickens and James McHenry served at different times as secretaries of war and navy.

All was not harmonious in the President's cabinet, peaceful as his election had been. Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton were not the best of friends, and the breach widened as it became more and more apparent that Hamilton had more influence than Jefferson over Washington and was able to bring more things to pass.

Washington was as unwilling to receive his second nomination as he had been to receive the first, and he was anxious to retire from public life, but again his friends made him feel that it was his duty to accept the office.

The second campaign, like the first, was without conventions, without nominations, and such a thing as a "platform" on which the party might "stand" was as yet unheard of. But party spirit had made itself felt, and there were Federalists and Anti-Federalists, to whom the name of Republicans began to be given.

But both parties were eager that Washington should remain in office, although there was an effort made to oust John Adams from the vice presidency and to give that office to George Clinton, but Adams was, as is well known, elected for a second term. Party spirit ran high. Indeed it became so violent before the close of Washington's second administration that he might well have wished himself back on his peaceful Mt. Vernon farm, leaving behind all the vexatious cares of state that must be the portion of every President of the United States.

MILL GROUND FLOUR FOR WASHINGTON'S TROOPS.

When Gen. George Washington went into winter headquarters at Valley Forge in 1777, he had very few grist mills within reach to draw supplies from. About twenty miles north of Valley Forge was the Henton grist mill, erected 136 years ago. The accompanying photograph represents

the mill as it stands at the present time. Flour of rye and wheat was ground at this mill, drawn in wagons two miles to the Schuylkill river, and floated down the stream on rafts to Washington's camp. The old mill is still grinding out flour for the farmers and chop feed for their cattle.

Washington's Will

It was when he found himself bound to accept the charge of the Continental army and to expose himself to especial risk of life that Washington framed his first will. This was done in Philadelphia, with the aid of his friend, Col. Pendleton, and it was enclosed in the one letter to his "Dear Patsy" which escaped her destroying hand.

This will was undoubtedly hastily prepared and was probably destroyed, as there is no record to be found of it. Washington's final will, dated July 9, 1799, was prepared altogether by himself, and is a marvel of clearness and attention to detail and reveals the man as we know him—God fearing, noble and generous. It consists of twenty-nine pages of closely written letter paper, and each page has Washington's signature at its foot. It is fully signed, but no witnesses' names are appended to the document, which

in every other respect is a model of thought, care and legal correctness.

Despite all the changes and chances to which it has been subjected since his death, the will of George Washington still exists and finds its place in the very spot where it was probated. This cherished heirloom of our greatest American repose among other valuable Revolutionary archives at Fairfax Court House.

It is almost a miracle that Washington's will is in existence to-day, when we consider the dangers to which it has been subjected. The paper reposed in the Court House at Fairfax, until the breaking out of the civil war, when, for what was considered its greater safety, it was carried to Richmond. When the Confederates evacuated the Virginia capital the will was left to its fate, and it was found among other ancient county documents.

To Florida Through Old Battlefields.

"Dixie Flyer" leaves Chicago over C. & E. I. at 7:00 p. m., and arrives at Jacksonville 8:40 second morning. Through sleepers. Daylight ride through the most picturesque and historic section of the South. "Chicago and Florida Limited" leaves Chicago over C. & E. I. 1:15 p. m., and arrives Jacksonville 7:55, St. Augustine 9:25 the next evening. Solid Train with Dining and Observation Cars.

Both trains use the NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA AND ST. LOUIS RAILWAY, between Nashville, Chattanooga and Atlanta, the famous "Battlefields Route."

For folders and interesting literature call on or write to BRIARD F. HILL, Northern Pass. Agent, N. C. & St. L. Ry., 350 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Time and silence often win out where all other agencies go lame.

WOMEN WHO CHARM

HEALTH IS THE FIRST ESSENTIAL.

It Helps Women to Win and Hold Men's Admiration, Respect and Love

Woman's greatest gift is the power to inspire admiration, respect, and love. There is a beauty in health which is more attractive to men than mere regularity of feature.

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