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CHAPTER IV.

1 Discover a Loss

I hied 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 Haut kept for their guests. I was drunk with enthusiasm and desire-for London. Aye, London-London was the fetich 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

I was so taken with these amorous thoughts that I heeded 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 apace; 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 fel low," 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-raky place. Lord Waters would have kept me at home an he had needed me. Why, damme! I served him when a slip of a boy, like you. I no better before he

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

"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 your self to the best of my ability," I returned graciously. "There may be a little pleasureable excitement for you even with young lords."

"Pleasureable!" 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. 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 con-

"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 nearer-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 tramped 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 thieving maid had picked my pocket. I cared not a jot for it—did not a went to Granada. Aye, I served him pair of blue eyes hold me? Yet, it before a woman made a mess of his was my letter of credit; with it l life, although, thank God! I was not could levy for pleasure and excite-



"You have news for me?" I asked.

with him at the time, being called | ment where I pleased among those home by a dying father. I could gilded youths. Without it London many a tale relate an I would." He concluded, and as was usual with him when he touched upon any incident in my father's life he shut up as tight as an oyster in its shell.

six feet two and corresponding breadth and muscle count for something.

Gil was dwarfish in stature, with arms so long they almost swept the ground when he walked stooping bleeding shoulder—a duel without slightly forward. The strength in his doubt," he now pointed to my shoularms and hands was something prodigious. He could hang from the limb of a tree and swing far out by rocking his body, propel himself into another tree, there catching a branch as easily as a monkey might. This strength and agility had earned him the name of "The ape" when a youth.

His head was massive and set low down on a bulky body. His face was covered with hair, and his mustachio had sweeping ends elaborately curled after him. upward. This style he had caught from a Hidalgo when in Spain. His eyes were grey with infinitesimal pupils. I need not tell you that his sight was the keenest. He was of Swiss extraction, and had come to London when a boy to seek a fortune. There, having saved his life, my father bound him to him ty the closest tie that can be knotted, the tie of gratitude.

We were a striking contrast. I was tall and muscular;" not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon me. I wore no hair upon my face; it seemed a filthy habit to me and emanated from a King or fashion leader no doubt, who had an imperfection to hide, as do most of our fashions.

"Come." I said, "I'll to Lord Waters to find out his disposition regarding the journey while you see faster Basil about the arrangements. Why, man alive! I should think you would welcome the change-you are fairly rusty with inaction. You are beginning to shake, you are getting so pudgy. I'll venture to say that now

would be tame indeed.

"Gil, an you love me hasten to Castle Drout," I said, "there you will find the paper either on the floor or in the possession of a black-eyed It was strange to be called a slip maid. Get it from her by crook or of a boy by Gil. True as years went hook, for if it reaches London in her I was when compared with him, but keeping-well, good-bye to a wifethe belle of London town."

I kissed my hand airily. "I see," he began slowly. "A blackeyed maid-a pale blue satin slipper" -he pointed to it on the ground, "a

der, "the play opens at Long Haut." He-chuckled dryly. 'Yes, a duel," I admitted with a "I bid you keep away from a

slender youth. He's an adept with the rapier." "If he has bested you, well I may." he said. "As for the thieving jade,

I'll throttle her." "Get the paper from her before you succumb to her charms," I called

He sniffed disdainfully at that, and strode off, resoluteness in his eye

CHAPTER V.

Lord Waters' Message.

I went into the house and down a long corridor until I reached the nook known as the library. Here my father was wont to spend most of his time. A quiet "herein" came in response to my resounding knock. It dampened my ardor so still was it in contract to my impetuousity, and recalled most vividly what was on the verge of slipping my mind, that Lord

Waters was a wretchedly sick man. His life, as Gil had said, had been ruined by a woman—his first wife. From a gay cavalier about that unfortunate King Charles I. court, he had become a morose Roundhead. A Roundhead for a short time only, but a morose man ever afterward.

It is a matter of history how after leaving the King's side and serving Cromwell at both the battles of Winceby and Marsden, he had as sudyou'd not be able to make that spring denly resigned from the army and

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 Haut 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 bridle 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 purlieus 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 flailing 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. Hogsheads 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

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 esacape. 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

"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 Eleanora 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, of 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. Lighthead 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 figares as to the total amount of beer brewed in the twelvemonth ending Aug. 31, in Austria, Bosnia and Her zegowina (excluding Hungary). The total amount is 19,899,174 hectolitres, or 600,000 rectolitres 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 voy

age first cabin. Our grand business undoubtedly is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at

RHEUMATISM IN TWO SEVERE CASES MASTERED IN FEW WEEKS.

meny Used by Mr. Schroeppel and by Captain Laifour in Great Demand in Vicinity of Their Homes

In the winter of 1902-3 Mr. Schroeppel 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 enthu-

"After five or six weeks of helpless ness and pain," said he, "during which was receiving regular visits from the loctor. 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 ielp 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 Schroeppel. His cure has therefore naturally attracted a great deal of attention. One of Mr. Schroeppel's neighbors, Captain George Balfour, after hearing of the salutary results in Mr. Schroeppel'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. Schroeppel 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 re turns 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 bow els, and restores the entire system to erfect condition of health. Sold by all druggists at 50c and \$1.00.

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 James Rumsey, who, it is asserted, antedated Robert Fulton in the invention of the steamboat.

Important to Mothers. e carefully every bottle of CASTORIA. a safe and sure remedy for infants and children

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where are the conditions most Favorable for the General Farmer, the Stock Raiser, Fruit or Truck Grower, the Stock Raiser, Fruit or Truck Grower, which is the Stock Raiser, t

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, 18 ounces, 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 Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.-JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900. No man's good intentions ever

boosted him into the hero class. Defiance Starch is guaranteed biggest and best or money refund ounces, 10 cents. Try it now.

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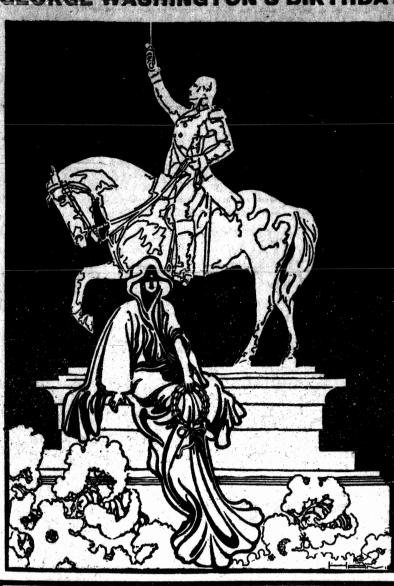
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Don't try to keep the measles quiet. You want them to get out.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrap. For children teething, softens the guras, reduc-fiammation, allays pain, cures wind colds. 250 a b Can the telegraph operator make a

## GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY



# THE FIRST ELECTION

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

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 disappointment and rage of the supporters of Jackson. Washington's cabinet had in it Thomas Jefferson, Edmund Randolph and Timothy Pickering as secretaries of state. Pickering was from Massachusetts, and he became secretary of

the electoral college gave Adams 16

more votes than Jackson received,

and Adams was declared President, to

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 war and navy.

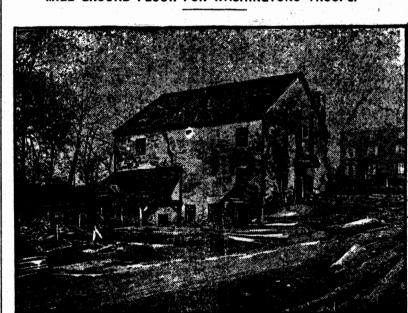
All was not harmonious in the Pres- | States.

Only ten states voted at this first | ident'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 Repub licans 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 himelf back on his peaceful Mt. Vernor Pickering and James McHenry served farm, leaving behind all the vexatious at different times as secretaries of cares of state that must be the por tion of every President of the United

MILL GROUND FLOUR FOR WASHINGTONS TROOPS.



companying photograph represents ers and chop feed for their cattle.

When Gen. George Washington the mill as it stands at the present went into winter headquarters at Val-time. Flour of rye and wheat was ley Forge in 1777, he had very few ground at this mill, drawn in wagons grist mills within reach to draw sup- two miles to the Schuylkill river, and plies from. About twenty miles north floated down the stream on rafts to of Valley Forge was the Henton grist Washington's camp. The old mill is mill, erected 136 years ago. The ac- still grinding out flour for the farm-

# Washington's Will

Continental army and to expose himself to especial risk of life that Washdone in Philadelphia, with the aid of 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 | ments.

It was when he found himself in every other respect is a model of bound to accept the charge of the thought, care and legal correctness. Despite all the changes and chances to which it has been subjected since ington framed his first will. This was his death, the will of George Wash ington still exists and finds its place his friend, Col. Pendleton, and it was in the very spot wherey it was pro bated. This cherished heirloom of our greatest American reposes 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 re posed 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 evac nated the Virginia capital the will was left to its fate, and it was found among other ancient county docuTo Florida Thro' Old Battlefield

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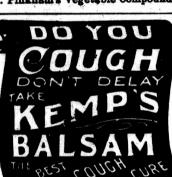


To be a successful wife, to retain the should be a woman's constant study. At the first indication of ill-health, painful or irregular menstruation, headache or backache, secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and

begin its use. Mrs. Chas. F. Brown, Vice-President Mothers' Club, 21 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:-Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"For nine years I dragged through a miserable existence, suffering with infianmation and falling of the womb, and worn out with pain and weariness. I one day noticed a statement by a woman suffering as I was, but who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I determined to try it. At the end of three months I was a different woman. Every one remarked about it, and my husband fell in love with me all over again. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound built up my entire system, cured the womb trouble, and I felt like a new woman. I am sure it will make every suffering woman. I am sure it will make every suffering woman strong, well and happy, as it has me." Women who are troubled with pain-

ful or irregular menstruation, back-ache, bloating (or flatulence), leucor-rhea, falling, inflammation or ulceration of the uterus, ovarian troubles, that "bearing-down" feeling, dizzi-ness, faintness, indigestion, or nervous prostration may be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,



It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once, You will see the excellent effect after tabling the death of Sold by declare graphs.



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