

MADGE EARLSCOURT.

BY MARION VAUGHAN.

CHAPTER I.

"How sweet are the echoes that start,
When memory plays an old tune on the heart."

"I have some pleasant news to tell you," said Mrs. Charteris, gayly. "Madge Earls-court sails for home on the 15th. You were an old friend of hers, if I remember rightly, and so with the rest of us will be glad to welcome her home."

Frank Durward's handsome face brightened for the moment, and then as suddenly resumed its wonted expression.

He was a man of thirty years perhaps, rather distinguished looking, with regular features, and a long, drooping blonde mustache. The look that for an instant had shone in his deep blue eyes was not lost on Mrs. Charteris. She was a keen observer, one who found human nature a most interesting study.

"You surely have not forgotten Madge," she added, looking up with an arch smile, and mentally noting the effect of her words.

"Forgotten! Ah! no, Mrs. Charteris. That would be impossible after once having had the pleasure of meeting her."

"Very prettily said Mr. Durward. But then you're an adept in the art of saying pleasant things. Cousin Madge told me as much long before I met you, and that, let me see, was nearly five years ago. It seems an age since Madge went away, doesn't it? We shall find her wonderfully accomplished I suppose. Her voice was something far above the ordinary, and now after all these years of cultivation, we shall be quite proud of our little nightingale—as papa used to call her. I was always a most ardent admirer of Cousin Madge, you know; and now I am counting the days before her return as impatiently as a lover."

So in her pleasant, sprightly manner Mrs. Charteris, talked on to her companion, but at length other callers were announced and their tete-a-tete suddenly came to an end.

Alone with her husband late that evening Mrs. Charteris seemed very quiet, like one in deep study.

"Where are your thoughts, little one?" said Will, noticing her silence, something quite rare with his charming wife.

"I've been thinking of Madge and Frank Durward. Do you know, Will, I fancy there must have been something of a romance between these two. Madge was never quite the same after that summer at Mt. Desert. Something came between them doubtless though what it was I could never imagine. Frank has changed greatly of late years; has devoted himself so closely to business that the gay society world sees but little of him. I have often thought what a charming couple he and Madge would make. Do you know I would enjoy nothing better than to bring these two together."

"What a veritable matchmaker you are?" said Will, smilingly. "You will never rest content, I fancy, till all your friends have embarked on the matrimonial sea."

"And is it strange, dear? I have found it such pleasant sailing myself that naturally I want others to follow my example," was the smiling reply.

Meanwhile in his luxurious bachelor apartments sat Frank Durward deep in reverie.

So she was coming back again, coming from over the sea, this girl whom he had said good-bye to some five years ago. From a secret drawer in his desk he took a picture at length, a picture encased in a velvet frame.

It was a lovely face indeed that he gazed on, a fair face and sweet in its girlish beauty, with great brown eyes, cheeks softly rounded, and hair that curled in a waving mass over a broad, low forehead.

"Ah! why did you leave me, Madge!" he exclaimed, half-reproachfully, a little sadly, too. "Are you happy, I wonder, and have I passed completely out of your thought and memory. Strange that I cannot forget you—that your face should haunt me so all these years."

And then in fancy he lived over the past with its sweet yet bitter memories.

The beautiful shores of Mt. Desert rose before him. He stood beside the sea, and Madge was with him, wayward, winsome Madge, who one moment was all smiles, and then again was grave, a sweet seriousness about her that suited her well at times.

She had proved a most interesting study to him in those far-off days by the sea. He had been charmed by her artlessness, by her bright, piquant manner, by her varied moods. It was that infinite variety, added to her beauty, perhaps, that made Madge Earls-court one of the most attractive of her sex.

He had had many fancies in his day—but he had learned to smile over them—they had proven after all but the amusement of the hour. With Madge Earls-court came a new experience—a knowledge that there was something unattainable.

It was that calm, smiling indifference that attracted him at first. She seemed to have so little faith in him, and the fact amused him for a time.

Then came a wish that she might think better of him—that she might believe in him more. After that he sought her side very often.

They had many a long talk sitting out there on the beach, and plainer truths from woman's lips he had never listened to perhaps.

"You're a good fellow spoiled," she told him once, half-smilingly, half-seriously.

"And do you think my case a hopeless one?" he questioned.

"As to that I cannot tell as yet. You have drifted over summer seas all your life, without a wish ungratified, I fancy. It takes sterner discipline than this to bring out one's latent possibilities. A life of ease and leisure is seldom conducive to one's highest development."

"So you think the sunshine of prosperity has not been good for me. Well, perhaps your words are true. I'm only an idler after all, simply because having so many of the world's good gifts there seems nothing to strive for."

"My, friend, there is everything to strive for in a world like this. No one should live without a aim. It is that which glorifies life and makes it something more than mere existence."

Her words were often recalled in the days that followed; they took root deeper than he realized, and in the after-time had their

influence for good, but of this Madge Earls-court little dreamed.

"A happy joyous summer-time was that season at Mt. Desert, but it came to an end at last. As the hour drew near when he must say good-bye, Frank Durward awoke to the knowledge that he was madly in love, that to him Madge Earls-court was the one woman in the world.

They were sitting on the bluffs. Below them was the moaning sea. It was their last evening, and the night was glorious.

He took her hand in his, and in words of passionate love and entreaty told her how dear she was to him, that the one dream of his life was to call her his own.

She had never seemed lovelier to him than in that hour as she sat there in her cool white dress, with the moonlight falling full upon the sweet, upturned face. She seemed a creature from some purer realm than his; he was not worthy of her, and yet he would have gone through fire or flood to win her.

But it was not to be. Kindly but firmly she gave her answer.

"Forget these words—let it be as though they were never spoken. I shall always be your friend, shall always wish you well, and some day you will smile over this old-time fancy which some sweet woman will prove was but a mistaken one after all."

Was it a mistaken one? So he questioned to-night after the lapse of five years.

This he knew at least, that no other had ever held the place in his heart that Madge Earls-court once had held. The years had brought their changes. He had awoke one morning and found his princely fortune almost swept away. No longer could he live the idle, aimless life of old. So he began his new career as junior partner in one of the leading business firms of the city.

A busy life truly, and yet on the whole far more satisfactory than the old had been. If at times a girlish face with dark eyes flitted across his memory, the world was none the wiser. His past was buried deep, yet not so deep that it did not at times come back to him, recalled by so slight a thing as the odor of violets, by a song, or some strain of music that had been a favorite one in that summer of long ago. Ah! well he thought:

"'Tis somewhat to have known, albeit in vain, One woman in this sorrowful had earth. Whose very loss can yet bequeath to pain New faith in worth."

The day following Frank Durward's call on Mrs. Charteris, he was suddenly called away on a long journey. Certain business matters in the West required his immediate presence.

A month passed by ere he was enabled to return.

On the night of his arrival he found several invitations awaiting him, one to a ball given that evening by Mrs. Colonel Devine.

He had half decided to remain at home. Affairs of this kind had somehow lost their charm, but Will Raymond, an old acquaintance, chanced to drop in just then, and urged him to go.

After much persuasion he finally yielded, and an hour later found him with the rest of the gay world at the palatial home of Mrs. Colonel Devine.

It was truly a most brilliant gathering. The air was heavily perfumed with rare exotics, and strains of exquisite music came floating in from the ball-room. Frank Durward stood talking with his hostess for some little time.

In his faultless evening suit he was looking his best to-night. He seemed quite like the Frank Durward of old as he stood there exchanging the idle compliments of the hour. So thought his hostess, with whom he had always been a favorite.

"I was half-afraid you would not be here," she said to him, at length; "it was getting so late. By the way, let me introduce you to one of our new arrivals, Miss Earls-court. She has lately returned from abroad, and is quite the belle of the evening. Let me present you at once. I know you are anxious."

"I shall be most happy to see Miss Earls-court, especially as she is an old acquaintance."

"Indeed! then the pleasure will be all the greater."

Making their way through the throng, they at length came to one of the drawing-rooms furnished in red and gold.

Standing beneath the blazing chandelier he saw a beautiful woman robed in creamy silk and lace, with diamonds gleaming in her hair and on the snowy throat.

A smile parted those perfect lips, her eyes shone like stars; the exquisite bloom of her complexion seemed enhanced by the rosetinted lights above her.

Frank Durward felt his heart give a sudden throb as he saw her, this girl whom he had loved so madly in the years gone by. She was lovelier than ever now, a rose in the perfection of its bloom.

They were standing side by side now; their hands met, and words of pleasant greeting passed between them, such as old friends might exchange after long absence.

It was but a few moments that he could linger with her; he was but one of the many friends who were thronging near, anxious to welcome their old-time favorite. Her card was nearly full he found; only one waltz remained, and this, at his request, she smilingly gave to him.

Quite the centre of attraction was Madge Earls-court that evening. Among the many admirers who followed in her train was Gerard Haynes, the only son of one of the richest bankers of the day. Society already coupled their names together, and prophesied a grand wedding in the near future.

"Of course she'll accept him; no woman would refuse a chance like that. 'Twill be the greatest catch of the season. As for young Haynes he worships the ground she treads on. They met in Europe, so I hear, and crossed the water on the same steamer. Possibly they're engaged already, if not, will be very soon, judging from appearances."

So said one of the dowagers that evening in half whispered confidence to a friend; but the words, though low, were distinctly heard by Frank Durward.

He moved away, feeling somehow that the pleasure of the evening had suddenly vanished.

He could not but note the air of devotion in Gerard Haynes's manner, and the sight

caused a jealous pang to stir within him. Did Madge care for him, he wondered. And yet what was it to him, after all, he added, bitterly. Nothing whatever. Madge Earls-court had passed out of his life long ago. It was hardly worth while to waste an undue interest. He had had one lesson—that was enough.

Yet as the time drew near for the waltz he found himself counting the moments, and thinking them immeasurably long. It came at last; he was by her side again, and arm in arm they strolled out to the ball-room.

She was enchantingly sweet, and talked so prettily, so naively, and once more as of old he felt the fascination of her presence, a fascination such as no other had ever exerted over him. After the waltz was over they strolled out to the conservatory.

"You can surely spare me a few moments, for auld lang syne's sake," he pleaded.

"Certainly, if you wish," she answered, smilingly.

Out there among the flowers and softly-playing fountains, the gay world without was for a time forgotten. They sat down on a rustic seat in the shade of an immense palm. The lights were dim, and the air was redolent with perfume.

"This is like fairy-land, is it not?" she exclaimed.

"Yes; or the land of enchantment, now that you are here."

"You shouldn't indulge in flattery, my friend," she replied, half-smilingly, half-reprovingly. "I had hoped that with added years you would overcome this weakness of yours, but you're the same incorrigible, I fear. Time has not changed you in the least."

"Not in some things, I admit. I shall always be a hopeless case in your eyes I presume."

"I am afraid so—unless you change for the better," she answered, smilingly.

And so with jest and merry repartee they whiled away the few brief moments.

Other couples soon came strolling in, and ere long Gerard Haynes followed, in search of Madge, who was to be his partner in the next dance.

There was something in Gerard Haynes's manner that Frank Durward resented: it was the air of one who felt quite sure of his prize, and would brook no rival. From that moment he conceived a hearty dislike for the man, a dislike which grew deeper as time went on.

An hour or so later, just before the guests took their departure, Madge Earls-court was asked to sing. Requests came to her from all sides, and at length she consented.

Had Madge Earls-court no other gift than her voice, it would have compensated for all else. It was a rich mezzo-soprano. Song after song was called for, and many were the words of praise heard on every side.

Good night was said at last, and the happy throng took their departure.

Frank Durward again sat and mused by his fireside that night—mused till the wee sma' hours had come and gone.

The love which he thought buried had stirred to life once more, brought back from its grave by the touch of a woman's hand, by the glance of a pair of dark eyes. Oh! but it was pleasant to dream of her—to recall her every word and smile.

"Little darling!" he whispered, passionately, as he gazed once more on that pictured face. "I'd give the world to call you mine."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

New Way to Get a Drink.

An elegantly attired stranger walked into a Detroit saloon the other afternoon and asked leave to use the telephone.

"Certainly," said the polite bartender. The visitor walked to the phone, rang the bell, and probably without waiting for an answer, gave a number.

"Is that Mr. B.'s residence?" asked he, giving the name of a very prominent and wealthy citizen of Detroit.

"Is Mr. B. There?"

"Well, when he comes will you please tell him that I can't come up to dinner to-night. This is Mr. Hendrickson."

"Yes, Mr. Oliver Hendrickson."

"I am sorry, too, but a business engagement makes it impossible. I will call to-morrow. Good-bye."

He stepped away from the instrument, thanked the bartender, and said:

"Give me a gin fizz, please."

He swallowed the drink, ordered an imported cigar, lit it, and then discovered that he had no change. Looked embarrassed and then gave his name again. "Mr. Oliver Hendrickson. I'll be in to-morrow and fix it," he said.

The barkeeper didn't kick at all, the telephone conversation had fixed it. Mr. Hendrickson hasn't "come in" yet, nor has he "fixed it." The drink mixer doesn't remember the telephone number that the fellow used, but he is sure it wasn't the number of the prominent citizen's call.

Makes Her Husband an Idiot.

The Aborigines of Ecuador use against their enemies and in the capture of game, arrows tipped with a mysterious poison of unknown origin, which is sure and sudden death to man or beast. These deadly weapons are fired from blowpipes ten feet in length and are effective at a distance of 160 feet. Among these people, if a woman is tired of her husband, she gives him a draught of "floripondio," distilled from a plant resembling the stramonium, by drinking which the Delphic priests of old sought inspiration for their oracular utterances. The beverage transforms the man into an idiot, and the wife marries again. Another curious custom prevalent in the same region obliges a man, when his wife is confined, to go to bed himself and receive all the attentions ordinarily due to a lady in childbirth.

True.

"The patent medicine man usually has the good sense to confine himself to ordinary, everyday diseases. He leaves to the physician cases in which there is immediate danger to life, such as violent fevers. He does this because, in the treatment of such cases, there are other elements of importance besides medicine, such as proper dieting, good nursing, a knowledge of the patient's strength and so on. Where there is no absolute danger to life, where the disease is one which the patient can diagnose for himself or which some physician has already determined, the patent medicine maker says fearlessly: 'I have a preparation which is better than any other known and which will cure you.' In nine cases out of ten his statement is true."—N. Y. World-Interview. It is absolutely true as regards St. Jacob's Oil, the great remedy for pain.

The Relation of Health to Beauty.

The *Medical Record* gives the following report of an address recently delivered by Dr. Louise Fiske Bryson, before a New York working girls' club. The Doctor is reported as saying that "Systematic efforts to be beautiful will insure a fair degree of health, and happiness is the best safeguard against vice. The difference between one woman and another, really, is more than anything else an affair of style—that beauty of beauties so hard to define and so easy to recognize, which makes the girl of no-colored hair, features of indifferently turn and lines none too perfect, infinitely more attractive than other maids of faultless curves and innumerable strong points not cemented by this magic quality. Style may be defined, for want of something better to express it, as an attractive manner of holding the body, a firm, graceful way of doing things and of moving about. It is the visible sign of inherent power and reserve force. It is the outcome of long, deep breaths, and the use of many muscles. The prayer of the New York child, 'Lord, make us very stylish,' when viewed aright, is recognized as an aspiration based upon sound scientific principles, and worthy of universal commendation.

"Proper breathing is the first art to cultivate in the pursuit of beauty. The lungs have their own muscular power, and this should be exercised. The chest must be enlarged by full, deep breathing, and not by muscular action from without. Inflate the lungs upward and outward, as if the inflation were about to lift the body off the ground. Hold the shoulders on a line with the hips, and stand so that the hips, chin, chest, and toes come upon one line, the feet being turned out at an angle of sixty degrees. It is wrong to make the bone structure do most of the work in keeping the body upright. The muscles should hold it in position. In walking, keep face and chest well over the advanced foot, and cultivate a free, firm, easy gait, without hard or jarring movements. It is impossible to stand or breathe aright if the feet are pinched. When correct posture and breathing are interfered with, the circulation is impeded, and deleterious substances in the blood tend to make the complexion bad. This is one of the many evils of tight shoes. To be well shod has a marked influence on style. The feet symbolize the body in their way as much as do the hands. A clever shoemaker says that in a well-fitting shoe the human foot feels like a duck's foot in the mud. It is held firmly in place, but nowhere compressed. Nothing can exceed the vulgarity and hygienic wickedness of a shoe that is manifestly too tight. For misery-producing powers hygienically as well as spiritually speaking, perhaps tight boots are without a rival. Next to the search for style pure and simple as a means of health, the care of the complexion and the cultivation of the right kind of expression are of great importance. The first is largely a matter of bathing and the general hygiene of the skin, while the second—a good expression—is best secured by the constant preference of higher thoughts over lower ones. This is the essence of intellectual living, and is fortunately within reach of us all.

Beauty, that is lasting and really worth while is more or less dependent upon a good circulation; while a good circulation is made possible by correct poise, proper breathing, and the judicious care of the skin, something else is also necessary to insure the normal quality and activity of the blood. And this something consists in a combination of sunshine and exercise in the open air. Town dwellers have too little of these blessings, partly from circumstances, and partly from lack of wit. Exercise is the most important natural tonic of the body. Without it there can be no large, compact, muscular frame. It is as essential to physical development as air is to life, and an imperative necessity in the maintenance of beauty. To keep the complexion and spirits good, to preserve grace, strength, and ability of motion, there is no gymnasium so valuable as the daily round of housework, no exercise more beneficial in its results than sweeping, dusting, making beds, washing dishes, and the polishing of brass and silver. One year of such muscular effort within doors, together with regular exercise in the open air, will do more for a woman's complexion than all the lotions and pomades that ever were invented. Perhaps the reason why housework does so much more for women than games, is the fact that exercise which is immediately productive, cheers the spirit. It gives women the courage to go on with living, and make things seem really worth while.

"In a general way the great secrets of beauty, and therefore of health, may be summed up as follows: Moderation in eating and drinking; short hours of labor and study; regularity in exercises relaxation, and rest; cleanliness; equanimity of temper, and equality of temperature. To be as good looking as possible, and to be physically well, one must in general be happy. And to be happy, it is necessary to carry out ideas of personal taste and preference, as many of them as can be put into definite form without infringing upon the rights of others. Happiness has distinct esthetic and hygienic value. In itself it will secure perfect poise and respiration.

Talking Through His Hat.

"Before you coldly reject me, Laura Kajones," said the excited young man, getting on his feet and speaking with the eagerness of a grandstand crank shouting to old Cliff Carroll to pound out another three-bagger, "I want you to hear what I have to say. A cat can look at a Queen, Miss Kajones, and the humblest individual on the footstool has a right to aspire to the fairest and best of earth's possessions. Nature knows no aristocracy. She bestows the same protection, the same kindness, the same fostering care on the cocklebur that she does on the ten dollar orchid. Men are equal. Why shouldn't I dare lift up my eyes to you? I am as good a man as George Ferguson any day. He hadn't the capacity to love you a thousandth part as well as I do. Who is George Ferguson, anyhow? Why should I be afraid to rush in where George Ferguson doesn't fear to tread? Who made George Ferguson and better than—"

"Mr. Hankinson," interposed the young lady, "will you listen to me a moment?"

"A moment, Laura? I'll listen an hour, a month, a—"

"A moment will do, Mr. Hankinson," said Miss Kajones yawning dismally. "You are simply talking through your hat."

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A Titled Temperance Worker.

Lady Henry Somerset, the president of the British Woman's Temperance association, is to attend the National Temperance convention in Boston in November, but, in a private letter received, says she will be in New York in the early autumn. Lady Henry Somerset is Margaret Bright Lucas's successor in the office she holds. She is the eldest daughter of Earl Somers of Eastnor Castle, near which is the quaint old town of Ledbury, where John B. Gough spoke for temperance thirty years ago, and wife of Lord Henry Somerset, second son of the Duke of Bedford. Eastnor castle is beautiful in situation, historic in its surroundings and set on a pinnacle in the hearts of the London poor, for into it and its surrounding cottages are received every summer scores and hundreds of waifs from the slums of Soho. Lady Henry Somerset is a fresh-air mission all by herself, and Eastnor, sun-crowned, heaven-kissed, with its terraces and gardens and conservatories, is as hospitable to sad-eyed women and forlorn children, used only to fetid air and filth, moral and physical, as to the beautiful woman who counts it her ancestral home. Within a few months Lady Henry Somerset has organized an English branch of the King's Daughters.

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'r, Woodbury, N.J.

Haying.

From the soft dyke-road, crooked and wagon-worn,
Comes the great load of rustling, scented hay,
Slow drawn, with heavy swing and creaky sway,
Through the cool freshness of the windless morn.
The oxen, yoked and sturdy, horn to horn,
Sharing the rest and toil of night and day,
Bend head and neck to the long, hilly way,
By many a season's labor marked and torn.

On the broad sea of dyke to the gathering heat,
Waves upward from the grass, where road on road
Is swept before the tramping of the teams.
And while the oxen rest beside the sweet
New hay, the loft recovers the early load,
With hissing stir among the dusty beam



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