deal, and Haidee she had never seen but

ones, and then for only a few moments.

Besides she was too occupied with her own

near. Even the scenes on the stage passed

panoramically before her eyes, unenjoyed.

she hardly knew but she meant to make a

and Jack close behind. The ordering of a

prised him. She had crept hastily down

he had named to the driver.

abruptly. "I will be back soon."

inquired for the last arrivals.

"I am sorry to have bothered you so,

mother, I cannot eat any lunch after all.

me anything. Only tell Haidee in the morn-

The matter he wished to speak of cul-

minated Haidee's triumph. After that in-

terview she wore Jack's diamond ring on

He had settled on this decision after com-

found Daffodil. She had tired of Kayter

back to her husband either, to judge

and never dreaming that she had not

had given a counter command to the cab-

driver, which change of destination brought

CHAPTER VII.

white and scarlet tents wherein parties of

in the days of the Herods, so this wave

of the promenade between the Seaside Home

lounged on low sofas and divans and in lux-

they were discussing triumphantly the suc-

"Dear me," cried Leda Yarwood, putting

take the place of these spun tresses and this

"An unlucky position for you perhaps,

ut a fortunate one for us. For if you had

troubled eyes-"

of the residents of the Queen City.

of her profession.

has her breakfast.'

securing a divorce.

her in the next chapter.

dise,"-Moore.

her engagement finger.

CHAPTER VI. - (CONTINUED)

In a very short time a parcel was sent up after her and opening it she found a black lace overdress, a wrap of prettily trimmed black satin and a large hat with drooping plumes—everything black save a shimmer When the end came and she stood up to go, hastily "Aren't you hot enough without such a series of walks and rows and sails of the fashionable yellow of oranges around the throat of the dress. A note in the parcel ran thus :-

Dear Mrs. Daycer :-Pray do as I ask you. In the box we shall occupy is a secluded corner in which you may sit, free from general observation. It would be impossible for me to leave till the last moment and if you wish courteous treatment from me you must let me have my own way. I will await you, here, in the reception room. Please join me as soon as possible.

Yours devotedly,

A. D. KAYTER. Daffodil read the note the second Her eyes lingered on words concerning the "courteous treatment" with rising fear and she took up he knew she was trying to do. There was fish." the dress and began to shake it out. A tap little time to do what he could but very at the door made her lay it down again and shortly, he had a cab wheeled up to her very when she once more took it up it was after hiding place and with a word 'I will help catching them. Has Charlie been complainshe had partaken gratefully of the best supper the hotel could afford sent up by her thoughtful protector below.

About the same time, in a more fashionable part of the city, Haidee Emfroy was carrying out her part of the scheme.

It was at the tea table where Mrs Daycer a brown haired and sweet faced woman and her son graver faced now but handsomer than ever were her only companions.

"Jack," said Haidee, lifting eyes that were most unlike what they had been in the afternoon, "I want you to do me a favor." Mrs. Daycer looked over at her in a manner that said "What now?" but she did

not speak. "What is it?" Jack asked. He did not look up and there was little interest in his

"Will you do it?" the girl coaxed.

Haidee clapped her hands. It was an established habit of hers, to act as like a child as possible. It might make Jack think of her in a more lenient light, in the face of all the shady escapades he knew she had indulged in, in her twenty-two years.

"You have promised now and you never go back on your word, I know. You are to be ready then at the right time this evening to take me to see The Matchless."

Jack looked up then. He was thoroughly annoyed.

"You know, Haidee-" he began. "Yes, I know!" interrupted the girl, in a strained tone. "But just this once!" "You know I hate the stage! And this is the Kayter troupe too," he said, rising from

the table. "But I have tickets for a box and I must go. Linda Horton and her escort have decided to go else where and I said I would get you to take me, Jack Daycer!" she finished, with a break in her voice. "You never go anywhere with me.'

"A married man must be careful how he goes about with young girls!" he told her with a bitter hard smile that made his mother say beseechingly, "Oh, Haidee, don't wound

Haidee was sobbing now. Real sobs they were too. Partly from fear of the failure of her plans, partly because of his coldness to her. This evident clinging of his to the memory of Daffodil gave her anguish hard to

Jack looked at her a moment and then said "There is no use of your crying, Haidee, I will go with you this time," and left the room with a composed demeanor.

Haidee left soon after without a word to Mrs. Daycer, who finished her tea alone and with a sigh escaping her frequently. Afterwards she went into her son's library

where she waited for him. "Jack, dear," she said, going up to him, the sparkling waves of Lake Ontario and shall I get a letter and is my wish closed?"

as soon as he entered, in his faultless even- the lovely little Island so dear to Toronto-

she not, mother?" he rejoined, kissing her. | weather intolerable in the city. "Never mind. I should go out with her | As the grove of Daphne was loved and remore perhaps.' His mother was silent.

"Mother," he said presently, "Do you washed up-heaval of sand and vegetation, think I should seek a divorce and marry with its walks and nooks, with its lily speak. But first please pass the butter." Haidee. You know it would mak her strewn pools, its fantastic structures, its happy, and I suppose some happiness ought | rows of cool inviting tents its days of rest, to come out of this mistake of mine, if pos- its evenings of music, is held in the hearts crowd. Not a large crowd-"

Mrs. Daycer drew back and looked up into | 'Twas here in the open sunlight on the left his face, with troubled eyes.

"Jack," she whispered, "Marry Haidee! and the Hotel Hanlan at the Point, in the Oh, Jack, I have said your wife should be days when Centre Island was less popular, forgotten, but I would have you marry any. | that a certain commodious red and white one but Haidee. She hesitated and flushed | tent sheltered a vivacious bevy of girls, this a little. "The girl is not good enough-" warm afternoon in July. "Hush, mother. Do you remember what | Laughing and chatting merrily as they

Mrs. Daycer's eyes shone, even through | urious easy chairs, clad in bright gowns and their tears. "You are not that now," she beautiful with health and youth, they cer-

"Thanks to a mother's prayers," he re- tions as the "Greek Tableaux Company," turned, softly.

The entrance of Haidee in a marvellous of it at one of the Toronto theatres, previous costume of red and black, was the signal for to the arrival of the hot weather. To-day

the conversation to cease. At the theatre in opposite boxes sat the cesses of the season with their manager, Mr. four with whom we have to deal in this Clayton, whose wife acted as their chapechapter, Daffodil shrinking and nervous, in | rone the "secluded corner" which was not secluded after all, Kayter, triumphant, at- her arm affectionately around the girl next

textive, audacious, with mask thrown off her, "Talk about success! If we had not and his heart in his eyes every time he found this lovely blonde of ours at the Detroit turned them on the girl at his side, Haidee | depot in the spring, I rather think our sucwith passonate heart thrilling with pleasure | cesses would not have been quite so pleasant as she saw the expression on the face of her to review. We ambitious lovers of Hellenic escort, Jack, who sat glowering dark mythology would have seen our castles in ly on the defiant Kayter. When he the air tumbling in ruins -our dreams of givlooked at Daffodil, his face changed. ing to the public a perfect representation of Wounded love and heartsick hopelessness Grecian fable-life would have faded into mingled with displeased surprise. And failure had we not discovered this dimpled Haidee realized with secret delight that he darling of a blonde. Golden wigs and pearl was fain now to believe in Daffodil's frail- and pink swansdown powder could never

Daffodil as eleven o'clock drew nearer, matchless complexion. And I do think we began to feel faint and weak. This manner | were in luck when we found her." of Kayter's now, -what did it mean. In a "Friendless, homeless, penniless"-finishsudden agony she leaned over and asked ed the idol of the troupe, with great tears breathlessly, "Mr. Kayter, do we leave at in her eyes. eleven for Pinkside -tell me !" And when he had said "No!" in a laugh-

ing tone, she sank back, so pale that Jack had money to pay for that ticket that you thought with a pang. "Her life of excite- asked for and then pushed back with such ment is telling on her health."

Daffodil did not recognize the couple "When I remembered I had no money to across the stage. Jack had changed a great | pay for it," was softly interjected.

we did to inquire if we could do anything of love you are;" explained Leda. the girl went on, gratefully.

"You have repaid us a thousand fold all." dearest girl, by the loan of your beauty in our tableaux," "And now if we are done | ment. with the past," spoke up a third young lady "let us drink to the present in libations of Chinese Pekoe and find the future in the thing in your cup before, my dear, worth

thoughts to look long at any of the people | bottom of our cups." "Yes, let's," echoed some of the rest.

she had made up her mind to escape, how, making tea in the middle of the day." "It's five o'clock." Mrs Cla ton said, desperate effort. Out into the moonlit | yawning. "Time for me to get over to the rose up and went and stood in the doorway night they passed, she and Kayter, Haidee city," her husband said.

carriage necessitated Kayter's leaving her going over to the city in the middle of the thing in the "fortune" jarred upon her. on the steps for one moment. Jack passed day?" some one asked, saucily.

touched her hand in helping her into their laugh.

at Daffodil. Her sudden movements sur- eatables. the street into the shadow of the projecting drew near and helped themselves. "I be- faces, Daffodil recognized Gus Howard and vestibule of a private house. He seized on lieve we ought to be more economical. We Annie, the little modest true-hearted asthe situation in a moment, and with a glad | should not waste our substance in riotous | sistant ! exclamation sprang to help her to escape as living. We must call a halt. Let's give up

> This caused a burst of laughter. "You're thinking of the hard work of

you. Come, get in !" he had handed her in ing." and the cab was rattling away to the hotel have fish three times a day after this. Back to Haidee then, he hurried and no know it's an awful sacrifice but something horrible death," he exclaimed. "But that waiting to witness the baffled rage of Kay- must be done or I'll resign and go home, ter as he missed his prey, he drove home in another girl said, tilting her nose disdaina haste that surprised Haidee, careful as he fully as she took a seat far away from the can follow it up all is well. You must help usually was with his team of thoroughbreds. | cold piscatorial dish.

"Tell mother to prepare lunch," he direct- | "What shall we have?" Mrs. Clayton ed, to Haidee, leaving her at the front door, asked.

While they discussed the momentous And away he went to the hotel where he question, they presented a pretty picture to presumed Daffodil would be by this time:" | those of the passers-by who were unmanner-"For one little interview," he said to himself. | ly enough to take more than a mere peep "I will be willing to suffer for years again. between the breeze stirred curtains at the Mr. and Mrs. Clayton completing the dozen His heart was aglow with hope. He would members of the troupe. Educated, beautiforgive every thing to have her back. There ful, with an enthusiastic love for the classics was nothing he would censure in her, be it of the Hellenes, nine of the girls had formwhat it might, and when he reached his des- ed a dramatic club in the small town they tination he went to the clerk eagerly and | called their home, near Detroit, and meeting with such unlimited praise from all critics An hour later he entered his own house under the management of a retired with a wearied step and met his mother's theatre owner and his wife they questioning eyes with only a few brief had made a tour of the States obtaining a high place among the best troupes Daffodil's story was not forced from her and ing I wish to speak to her as soon as she took her to themselves and having tried even in their savage fury. from the way she had eluded him her, now trusted, and more, idolized her.

The nine girls were generally styled the known whose assistance she had accepted, "Muses" a few of them never pretending to ters on the shore, she was not even bruised. he believed she was still the wilful heart- call each other any name but the ones assign- With tender hands we lifted the body less girl of old and gave himself up to the ed in the list. Leda Yarwood, a superb higher up on the sands, and, by and by, effort to make Haidee happy after he should | brunette, was the only one not so nicknamed | when the Coroner came and the fishermen complete the necessary arrangements for and Daffodil was given the befitting one of gathered, we hoped to find out who she Aphrodite, while to stray acquaintances she was. Never a line nor a scrap to identify While Daffodil, on this sudden appear- was introduced as Miss Brown, a name much her had she carried with her to her death. [ance of a third rescuer from dire straits laughed at by her companions but one she | She had a face which must have been winhad considered it only another flitting from studiously adhered to as good enough for an one cage to another, and in great trouble assumed name.

And for Mrs. Clayton, as mother," so to speak of the Muses, the name of "Mem" was her into a position in which we will meet chosen, Memory being the parent of the were missing; she had worn rings on her Nine, in fabled lore.

Muses, then, drinking tea and talking "for-

"Creatures so bright that the same lips and "Tell me mine first, Mem !" Euterpe, the They wear on earth will serve them in Para- charmer, said, laughing. "Am I going to our verdict, and the body was taken away it the best remedy for Indigestion, be in a crowd soon? and how many admirers across to the mainland, to be buried in the The summer sun shone down brilliantly on | are hovering around me now? How soon

Mrs. Clayton took the tea-cup handed to ing dress. "Why did you not refuse to nians, with its beach dotted with glistening her and looked at the scattered grounds in a critical silence. Thalia, or Tallie, as she was "She took an unfair advantage of me, did | merry idlers whiled away a season of hot | oftener called, the wit of the company, leaned forward with exaggerated solemnity and convulsed her observers with her tragic the sea gave up the body, that girl leaped sorted to by the pleasure seekers of Antioch, interest.

> the suspense. "The Oracle is about to "Yes," said Mem, gravely. "You are going to be in a crowd soon. A very jolly

"Just a nice crowd?" finished Euterpe, anxiously. The girls all laughed "That means a sprinkling of gentlemen," Leda remarked. "That's it, exactly, "Mem said, putting

the cup down, an act which the owner protested against, saying, "You haven't told me half enough." "It's too hot for me to think," Mrs. Clay-

ton said, reaching out her hand for a fan. "Tell mine, anyway, Mem, won't you?" Daffodil asked, holding out her cup in a tainly gave pleasing proof of their attracsnowy hand.

"Yes, tell hers, Mem!" the rest secondwhich had been making a successful thing ed, sitting up and looking interested. "You never find much in her cup, as a rule, but to-day it looks very portentous. Give our Aphrodite her Adonis to-day.

"But an Adonis who will appreciate and return her affection, not one who will be deaf as in the old tale to his worshipper's devo- discovery that the one original home of cash-

unrequited love !" murmured Leda. as she remembered the love given her in vain? sold as native products. They cost in Cal-She even sighed a little in regret that she cutta about apound. They sell for seven had not loved Jack as he did her.

"Love!" she uttered, aloud. "What is

The girls sat silent for a second, looking at her serious face, surprised.

"Are you in earnest?" some one asked. "Have you never loved?"

"No" she answered." I have never loved." The girls seemed amazed beyond measure -doubtless because each had decided that an affaire du coeur had been the main cause of wce in the past that she seldom referred

"She is teasing us, girls" at last gaid Tallie. "How well she plays the Innocent." "Nay," Daffodil continued, "I have never, never in all my life seen the man to whom I couldoffera devotion such as they say springs

from the grande passion!" "You little fraud of an Aphrodite, you

"-We could not have taken the liberty little humbug of a Venus, a pretty goddess

"I always told you you were making a "And I needed your kindness so much,' mistake in bestowing such an appellation on me. I often wonder if I have a heart at

"Here it is!" exclaimed Mem at this mo-

"What, my heart?" "Your fortune. I have never seen anyspeaking of. But now, your adventures are evidently going to begin over again. Here's "Tea!" ejaculated Mr. Clayton, rising a stranger with his heart in his hand! And and-oh girls it's going to be a sure case !"

Daffodil's creamy cheeks flushed. She to look out over the crocus sea as it lay "Isn't it hot enough for you without dimpling in a soft and reseate sunset. Some-She felt there could never be a "case" on with Haidee in a chill of silent gravity | "It's five o'clock !" he rejoined, as he went | with her. She had gone through so much that made his companion shiver as he out the tent door followed by a general she felt old and beyond such things. Two figures strolling down the beach, yonder, close carriage. He himself lingered, shut- The girls soon had the centre table decked | caught her eye. The slow idle happy manting the door on Haidee and turned to look out with china and glass and various dainty ner of both made her divine that they were lovers. She sighed—and started! They "Girls!" said the wit of them all, as they | had turned and in their contented smiling

> She turned back into the tent, sighing. A young man who had been watching her turned away too, when she had gone in.

"Gad!" said his friend, Telfer, to him. "You are not rid of that cursed fever yet. And you brood over that affair too "Well, I second that motion-let's not much. You want to quit thinking about it." The young man shuddered, "It was a was not what I was thinking of when you came up. I have made a discovery. And if I me. It is the last forlorn hope of my life.

long talk and afterwards Telfer went out and downstairs. "He is a regular fakir but | wanderers in the western part of the desert I must forget that. Ah! here he is now!" he murmured to himself as he stood under the electric light near the "cage" and watch- journey, however, his disguise was penetrat-And perhaps I may find out that she is tired entrance. There were just ten of the girls, ed the passengers landing from the loaded ed, and the native who found his body and ferry boats. The evening was drawing on and the band in their pavilion was already looking over the evening's music.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Some One Knows.

The gale had blown itself out with the night, and as the sun came up out of the still heaving ocean we went down to the of the day. At Detroit, they had fallen in | beach to see what had happened to the old with their "Aphrodite" as she was some- wreck, whose bones had been lying a Good night. Kiss me, dear, and do not ask time called, just as they were leaving for stone's throw away for many a month, Toronto, the first Canadian city visited. There, high up on the sands, where a great wave had flung it just as the tide changed, she told them only a part. That she had lay a body—the body of a girl seventeen or three married sisters but they cared little eighteen years old. We stood in awe for for her, that she had run away from a per- a long time, and when we advanced we sistent suitor and had forgotten in her mad stepped as softly as if we feared to awaken desire to leave the city that she had no money | the dead. There she was, poor girl, her to exchange for the ticket she asked for and fingers locked together, her eyes half open, ing from the R-hotel where he had not then so despairingly pushed back, and sat- her hair down about her shoulders, and on isfied that she had a right to withhold any. her white face a look to call forth all your but she had not been willing to come thing she did not wish to speak of, they pity. The waters had been kind to her

> While beams and planks had been wrenched from the old wreck and dashed in splinsome in life. She had a figure which had brought her flattery. Her wealth of chestnut hair was alone enough to make her proud. She had worn earrings but they slender fingers, but they had disappeared. Behold these charming nineteenth century | It was plain that she had gone about it in a deliberate way to conceal the identity of her corpse should the sea ever give it up.

village cemetery. And yet someone knows. There's a father somewhere, who is searching-a mother weeping and praying for her who will never return. That was not the face of a wicked

girl. She had friends somewhere who loved her. One night, three or four days before to her death because she could no longer "Hist!" she whispered, as a giggle broke face the world. There is a man somewhere who drove her to the awful step-a man who knows that she is dead and who feels safer for it. She cannot rise up to accuse him—the law will not lay its hand upon him. He may go about smiling and laughing. He may even make himself believe that he had nothing to do with her death. But there is a hereafter, and some day that dead girl is to rise from her grave, though it be overgrown and forgotten for generations, and she will stand again in the garments she wore as the sea cast her up, her child-face wearing that pitiful, despairing look which filled our eyes with tears-and what word can that man utter in defense?

> 106 Agnes St., Toronto, Ont., May 23, 1887; "It is with pleasure that I certify to the fact of my mother having been cured of a bad case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacob's Oil, and this after having tried other preparations without avail." Wm. H. McConnell. Londoners are very much interested in the

mere shawls is not Cashmere, but Germany. "Cruelist of all cruel things is the pain of Large quantities of German-made shawls are taken to India with imitations of Cashmere What pang shot through Daffodil's heart | marks on them and sent into the interior and pounds.

Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has remarkable success in coving every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck, or goitre, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness, and every other form of blood disease have yielded to the powerful effects of this medicine. Try it

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass-

RECOVERING AN EXPLORER'S BO DY

100 Poses One Dollar

The Remains of Douls, who was Killed in the Sahara, Restored to His Friends.

The body of the unfortunate French explorer, Camille Douls, has at last been returned from the Sahara Desert to Algeria. About three years have elapsed since Douls lost his life. In the dry desert air his body was remarkably well preserved, covered partly as it was by sand. It will be remembered that Douls lost his life while attempting to cross the desert south of Algeria to Timbuctoo. He was dressed as a Kabyle and passed himself off as a Mussulman. He They went away slowly to their breezy had an excellent acquaintance with the apartments in the hotel. There ensued a Arabic language, and about five years ago successfully imposed himself upon the nomad as a Mussulman from the Mediterranean coast. Upon the occasion of his last daring restored it to friends in Algeria gives some

> This native says that Douls met at Seli a caravan that had come from further south in the Sahara to secure a supply of dates. Douls paid to the members of this caravan 100 francs for the privilege of accompanying the party on its return to the south. It was while he was making this journey that he was assassinated by the men whom he had paid to guide and protect him. There is still to be seen on his neck the marks of the cord with which he was strangled.

additional facts concerning his tragic fate.

Retribution speedily svertook his murderers, for soon after they had killed Douls they were assailed by the Hoggar tribe, who killed nearly all of them and captured the supplies with which the camels were laden. Douls' body will probably be buried in France.

'August, Flower'

There is a gentle-Dyspepsia. man at Malden-onthe-Hudson, N. Y.,

named Captain A. G. Pareis, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and this is what he says:

"I have used your preparation called August Flower in my family for seven or eight years. It is con-"The body of a girl to us unknown," was | stantly in my house, and we consider and Constipation we

> Indigestion. have ever used or known. My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out

> Constipation of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed." 9

Observations.

In a friendship between two women there is either a man at the beginning or will be at the end of it.

A quarrel between two persons assumes its most serious aspect when a third party comes in who has nothing to do with it. Revenge is sweet, but foregoing it is

The rural visitor who comes to the city green usually goes out of it blue.

The egotist is in most cases the man who has the least reason to be one. Distrust makes miserable those who

cherish it. Confidence is a good thing to have, even if it is sometimes abused. The desire for social supremacy is one of the most pitiable weaknesses in human

Many of the disappointments of life come from mistaking acquaintances for friends.

